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Mus
N

NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS CHOISIES.

TOME SECOND.

TROISIEME EDITION.

A LA HAYE;
Chez JEAN NEAULME.
M. DCC. XXXV.

394050
19.6.41

AVERTISSEMENT

DU

LIBRAIRE.

M'*Etant engagé envers le Public à lui donner de tems en tems un nouveau Volume de* Chanſons Choiſies, *je m'acquitte aujourd'hui de cette Promeſſe; & je lui fais avec d'autant plus d'Agrément, que ce m'eſt une Occaſion fort naturelle de lui témoigner ma Reconnoiſſance du bon Accueil dont il a honoré le prémier.*

J'oſe me flatter, qu'on ne ſera pas moins content de celui-ci; & que les Connoiſſeurs y trouveront, de même que dans le précédent, ce Choix & cette Variété qui ont paru ſi fort de leur Goût. On a eu ſoin de ſatisfaire ceux qui ont paru ſouhaiter plus de Duo: *& dans la ſuite, on aura le même*

égard pour ceux qui ont témoigné qu'un grand nombre de Vaudevilles *leur feroit plaisir : mais, ce sera toujours sans m'éloigner du Plan que je me suis proposé ; c'est-à-dire, sans perdre de vue le Caractere essentiel à ces sortes de Recueils, qui se font pour tout le Monde, & où chacun s'attend à trouver quelque chose qui lui plaise.*

*Je ne répête point ici ce que j'ai dit, tant de mes Correspondans, que du Soin auquel je me suis engagé de ne laisser mettre aucune Piéce qui puisse choquer la Modestie. Les Lecteurs pourront le voir dans l'*Avertissement *que j'ai mis à la tête du prémier Volume.*

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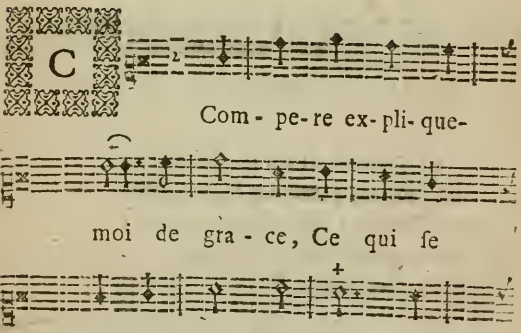
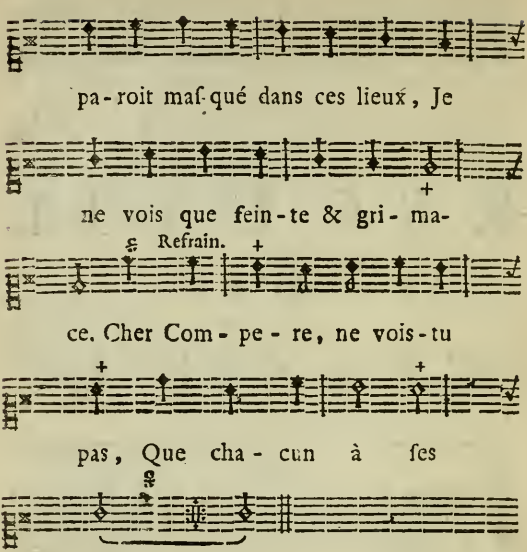
NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS.





La Fourbe dit qu'il eſt ſincere,
Le Poltron vante ſes hauts faits :
La Coquette emprunte les traits,
De la prude la plus ſevere.
Cher Compere, &c.

Sur

Sur le ton plus dogmatique,
Parle l'Aprentif-Magiſtrat;
Et l'oiſif à petit rabat,
En termes amoureux s'explique:
Cher Compere, &c.

Un Gaſcon dit, que comme un Prince
Il peut briller dans ſon Païs;
Pour l'honneur d'être ici Commis,
Il abandonne ſa Province;
Cher Compere, &c.

Souvent la vieille liberale,
Paye un Cavalier indigent,
Tandis que de ce même argent,
Il en entretient ſa rivale;
Cher Compere, &c.

Tel qui ne voit preſque plus goute
Du Vin qu'il vient de s'entonner,
Attend toujours pour raiſonner,
Que ſa raiſon ſoit en déroute;
Cher Compere, &c.

Un vieux Epoux d'humeur jalouſe,
Toujours prêt à ſe gendarmer,
S'aviſe pour ſe faire aimer,
De tourmenter ſa jeune Epouſe ;
Cher Compere, &c.

Telle qui dans le Mariage,
N'a jamais eu que du tourment,
Aime une Fille tendrement,
Et voudroit la mettre en ménage :
Cher Compere, &c.

Un Vieillard fait groſſe dépence,
Paye Dentelles, & Galons,
Mène ſouvent les Violons ;
Mais c'eſt un plus jeune qui danſe.
Cher Compere, &c.

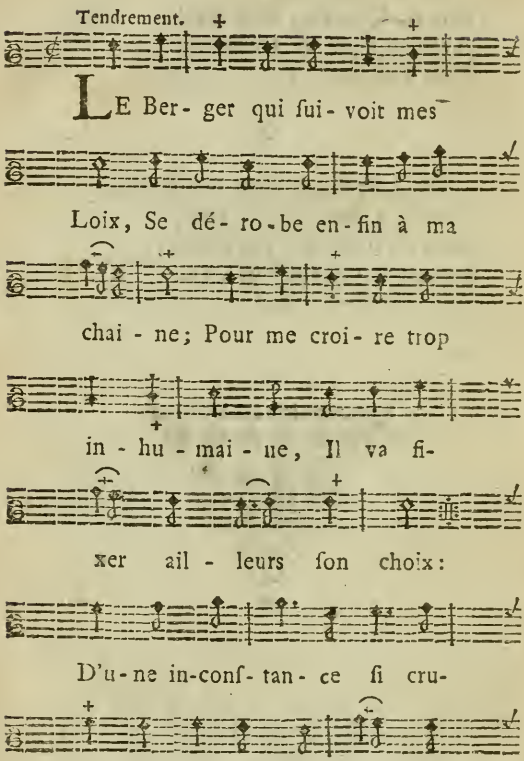
Un Moine... : Paix ! qu'allez vous dire !
Sur ce ſujet doit-on parler !
O ! Ciel ! qu'alliez vous reveler !
Contentez-vous tout bas d'en rire ;
Cher Compere, &c.

Voiez.

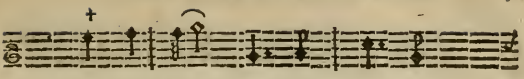
Voiez-vous cette pâle mine,
Et cet air prude concerté,
Qui vient prendre la chasteté,
Avec un cœur de Messaline?
Cher Compere, &c.

Un Auteur qui croit être habile,
S'amuse à faire des Couplets;
Mais celui qui fait des sifflets,
Sait un Art encor plus utile.
Cher Compere, &c.

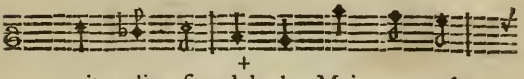
MUSETTE.


Tendrement.
LE Ber- ger qui fui- voit mes
Loix, Se dé- ro- be en- fin à ma
chai - ne; Pour me croi- re trop
in - hu - mai - ne, Il va fi-
xer ail - leurs ſon choix:
D'u - ne in-conſ- tan- ce ſi cru-
el - le, Je me plain - drois a-

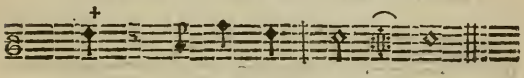
vec



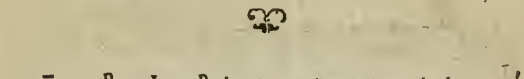
vec é - clat, Si Tir - cis n'é-



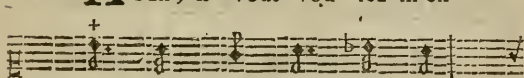
toit qu'in - fi - del - le; Mais par mal-



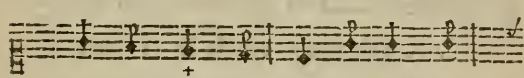
heur, il eſt in - grat. grat.



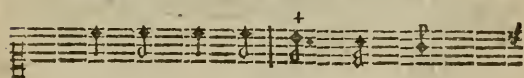
A-Mis, ſi vous vou - lez m'en



croi - re, Vous n'au - rez ja-

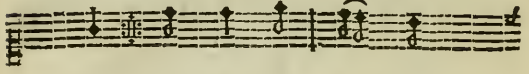


mais que d'heu-reux jours, Li-vrez-vous

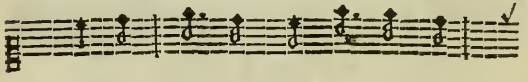


au plai - ſir de boi - re, Sui-

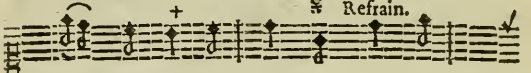
vez Ba- chus, fu- yez les A-



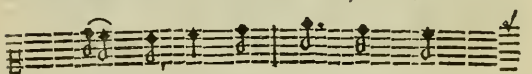
mours: No- yez l'im - por - tu-



ne ten- dref- fe, Dans les flots de

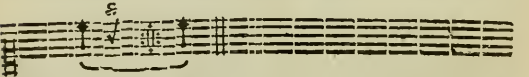


ce Nec-tar di- vin, Et n'a- yez



plus d'au-tre Mai - tref - fe Que

vo - tre Bou - teil-le & le bon



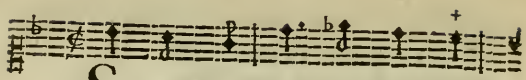
Vin. Vin.

Le

Le Dieu, qu'on adore à Cythère,
En vain prétend regler nos désirs,
Bachus peut seul les satisfaire,
Et nous veut procurer de vrais plaisirs:
Sous les appas de la tendresse
L'Amour cache un dangereux poison;
Ce Dieu nous tourmente sans cesse,
Et Bachus endort notre raison.

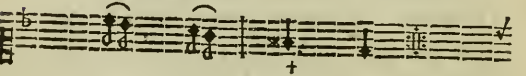
Souvent pour toute récompense,
Pour prix de n'avoir jamais changé,
Par une juste préférence,
Un jeune Cœur se voit outragé:
Mais par un plus juste partage,
Bachus sait dispenser ses faveurs;
Il fait à tous même avantage,
Et traite également les Buveurs.

Une beauté coquette & fière,
Nous fait ressentir mille tourmens,
Le Caprice pour l'ordinaire,
Est la règle de ses sentimens:
Mais quand on chérit la Bouteille,
On n'éprouve jamais ces malheurs;
Plus on est assidu pour elle,
Plus elle fait goûter de douceurs.

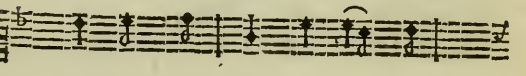


SI vous vou- lez vi - vre con-
Il n'eſt point de plus doux inſ-

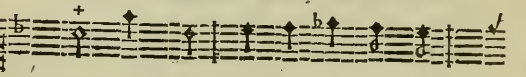
tens, Bu - vez, A - mis, dai-
tans, Que les inſ - tans qu'on



gnez m'en croi - re;
paſ - ſe à boi - re.

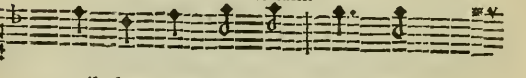


E - par-gnons-nous le triſ - te



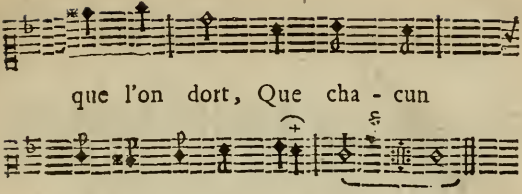
ſort D'un mor- tel oi- ſif qui ſom-

Refrain.



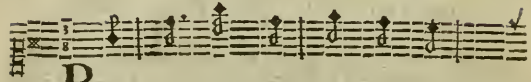
meil-le, On ne boit point lorſ-

que

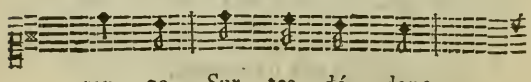


Si le ſommeil par ſes pavots,
Dans ce reduit nous vient ſurprendre,
Le bruit des verres & des pots,
Peut aiſément nous en défendre :
S'il calme les maux d'un Amant,
Que l'Amour contraint à ſe plaindre,
Pour les Jaloux il eſt charmant,
Pour les Buveurs il eſt à craindre.

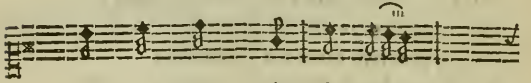
LE GASCON.



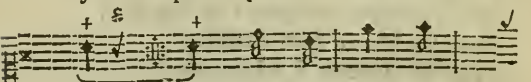
BEau-té qu'Amour ſous ſes Loix



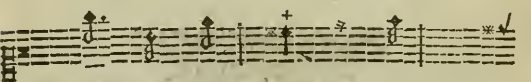
ran-ge, Sur tes dé-dans



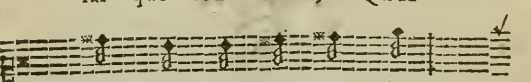
Je ne prens point le chan-



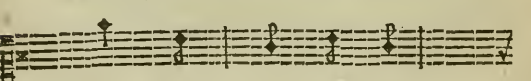
ge: ge: Ca-de-dis, je



ſai que ton Cœur, Qu'A-

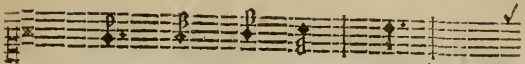


mour pour moi vi-ve-ment

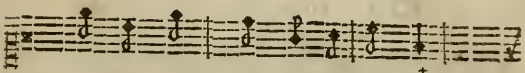


preſ-ſe, Sous un A-

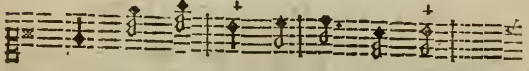
tôme



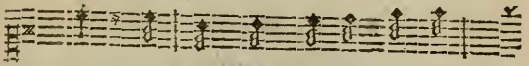
tô - me de ri - gueur,



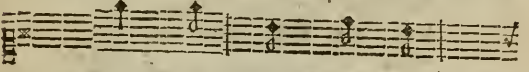
Me cache un Mon-de de ten-dref-



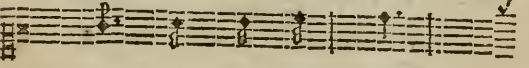
fe. Ca-de-dis, je fai que ton



cœur, Qu'Amour pour moi vi-ve-ment

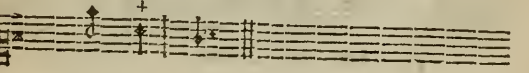


pref - fe, Sous un A-

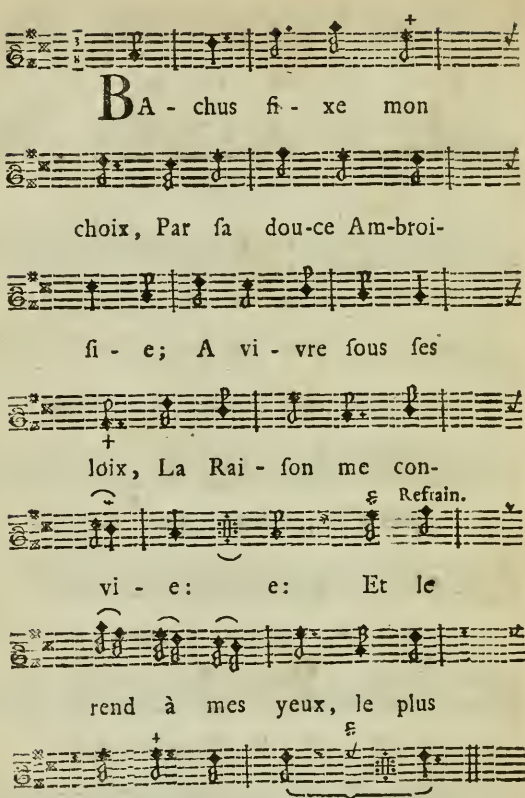


tô - me de ri - gueur,

Me ca - che un Mon-de de



ten-dref - fe.


BA - chus fi - xe mon
choix, Par ſa dou-ce Am-broi-
ſi - e; A vi - vre ſous ſes
loix, La Rai - ſon me con-
Refrain.
vi - e: e: Et le
rend à mes yeux, le plus
puiſ-ſant des Dieux. Dieux.

L'A-

L'Amour & les Plaiſirs,
Dépendent du Caprice,
Bachus à nos déſirs
Se rend toujours propice;
Il eſt de tous les Dieux
Le plus cher à mes Yeux.

Aux ardeurs d'un Amant,
Bachus n'eſt point contraire;
Ce Dieu rend ſeulement
Sa chaine plus legère;
Et Bachus à ſes Yeux,
Eſt le plus doux des Dieux.

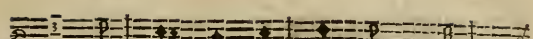
T'elle aux vœux d'un Amant
Refuſe ſa tendreſſe,
Qui l'accorde aiſément,
Lors que Bachus l'en preſſe;
Et toujours ce Dieu ſut
Mettre un Amant au but.

Que dans les Champs de Mars,
L'Homme courre à la gloire;
A l'abri des hazards,
Philis me verſe à boire:
Bachus eſt à nos yeux
Le plus brave des Dieux.

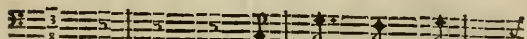
L'Avare plaint l'argent,
Et le cache ſous terre ;
Mon bien eſt évident,
Il brille dans mon verre :
Bachus eſt à mes yeux
Le plus riche des Dieux.

Vous autres, Beaux-Eſprits,
Votre Science eſt vaine,
Si vous n'avez Apris,
A Boire à taſſe pleine :
Bachus plus qu'Apollon
Flatoit Anacréon.

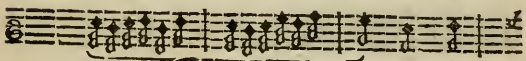
Pour donner du Caquet
A leur fine Sageſſe,
Il falut un Banquet
Aux Sages de la Grèce :
Bachus fut à leurs yeux
Le plus ſage des Dieux.



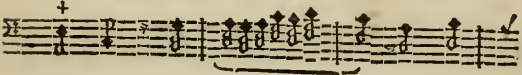
LE Jus de la Treil-le, Re-



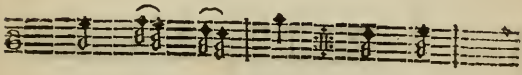
Le Jus de la



veil- - - - le L'A-

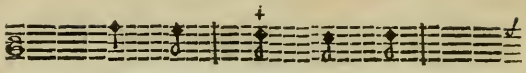


Treil-le, Re - veil- - le L'A-



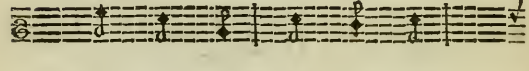
mour dans les cœurs: Sa Li-

mour dans les cœurs: Sa Li-

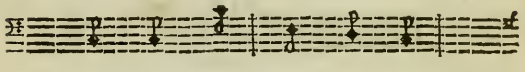


queur puiſ - ſan - te Aug-

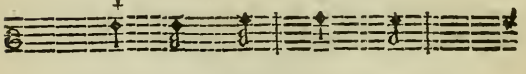
queur puiſ - ſan - te Aug-



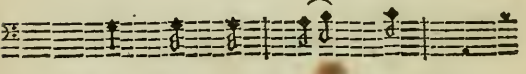
men - te Les ten - dres ar-



men - te Les ten - dres ar-

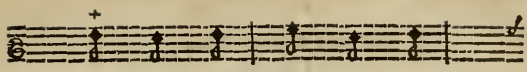


deurs; Sa Li - queur puiſ-

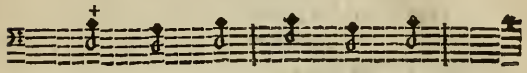


deurs; Sa Li - queur puiſ-

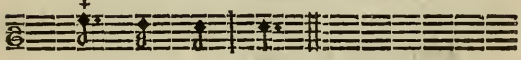
ſante



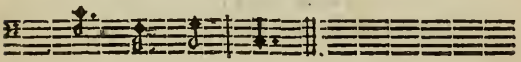
ſan - te Aug - men - te Les



ſan - te Aug - men - te Les



ten - dres ar - deurs.



ten - dres ar - deurs.

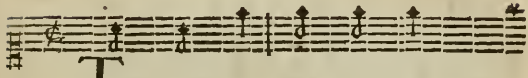
Verſe, Ami Grégoire,
A boire
De ce Jus charmant:
Je ſens que mon ame,
S'enflame
A chaque moment.

Je vois ma Charmante,
Riante,
Quand elle a du Vin:
Vîte pour lui plaire,
Un verre
De ce Jus divin.

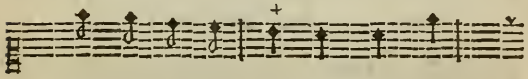
A force de boire,
Victoire
Marche ſur mes pas:
Puiſque ma Climeine
Sans peine,
Tombe entre mes bras.

CHANSON BURLESQUE ET MORALE.

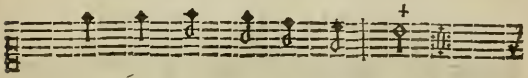
COUPLET BURLESQUE.



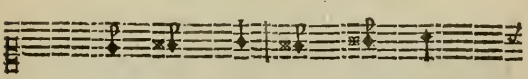
TU - re - lu, tu - re - lu,



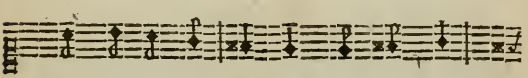
tu - re - lu - re, lu - re, Voi - là



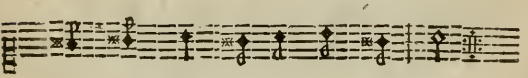
ma Chan-ſon dans un re - pas.



Trop d'Eſ- prit en man-geant



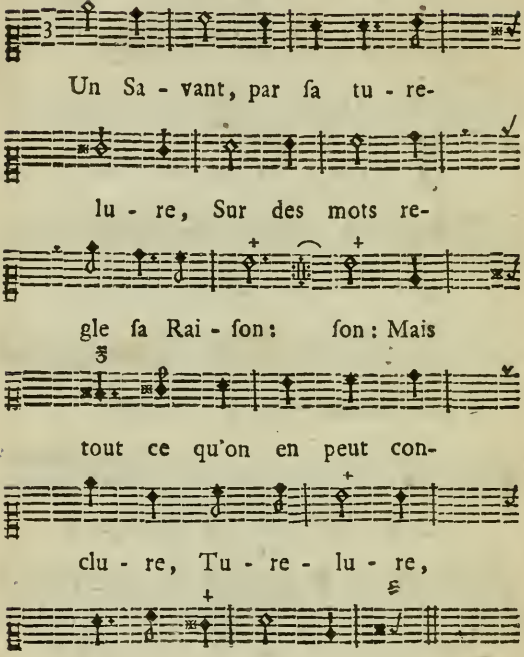
fait tort à na - tu - re, Un pro-fond



Rai - ſon - neur ne di - ge - re pas.

COU-

COUPLET MORAL.



BUR-

BURLESQUE.

En tapinois, quand les nuits ſont brunes,
Au Jardin, ma Femme va ſans moi;
Mais ſans doute elle y va pour cueillir des prunes:
Elle même le dit, & moi je la croi.

MORAL.

O! crédulité déſirable,
Ceux qui te blâment ſont les Sots;
Croyons juſques à l'incroyable,
Qui nous procure le repos.

BURLESQUE.

Faiſons tant, tant, tant de tope & tingue,
Que Bachus augmente mon tréſor,
Quand j'ai bû, mon œil trouble à peine diſtingue,
Si mes ſous, mes déniers, ſont de cuivre ou d'Or.

MORAL.

Que ce trouble heureux puiſſe encore
Me cacher le monde & ſon train;
Il faut qu'un ſage Yvrogne Ignore,
Tout le mal que fait ſon prochain.

BURLESQUE.

Au Tric-trac petit coup déſeſpère,
Par les grands coups, nous nous enfilons,
J'ai le dé malheureux, tout coup m'eſt contraire;
J'ai le Vin plus heureux, tous coups me ſont bons.

MORAL.

Pour nous recréer, dit le Sage,
Uniſſons les Jeux & les Ris;
Les jeux Unis avec la Rage,
Sont pourtant nos jeux favoris.

BURLESQUE.

Tic, toc, choc, eſt bon à coups de verre,
A coups de Mouſquet il n'eſt pas ſain:
Ce Guerrier eſt mort brave, on le met en terre;
Ce Buveur eſt mort yvre, il boira demain.

MORAL.

Lucifer, d'affreuſe mémoire,
Dans nos Cœurs grava de ſa main,
Que les humains mettroient leur gloire,
A détruire le Genre-Humain.

BUR-

BURLESQUE.

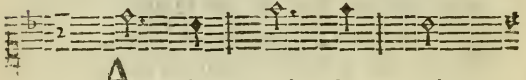
Plus je bois, & plus ma Femme crie;
Mais plus elle crie, & plus je bois:
Trop crier & trop boire abrege la vie;
Faiſons tant qu'elle ou moi ſoyons aux abois.

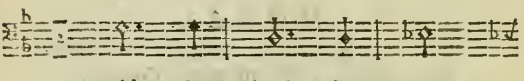
MORAL.

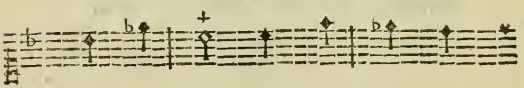
Deux Epoux, dit un grand Oracle,
Tout-à-coup deviendront heureux,
Quand deux Epoux par un Miracle,
Pourront devenir Veufs tous deux.

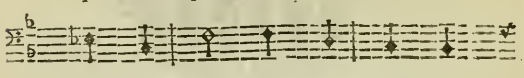
DIVERTISSEMENT BACHIQUE.

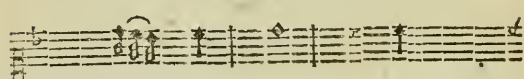
DEUX BUVEURS.

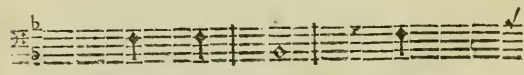




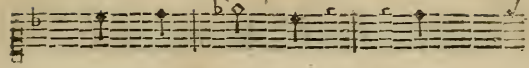




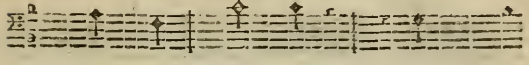




met-



met-te en bro-che, At-



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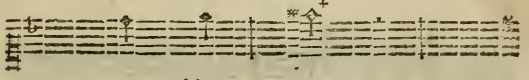
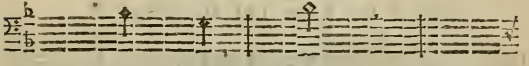
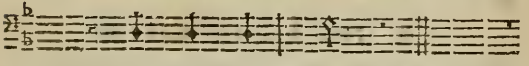


ta-blons-nous,



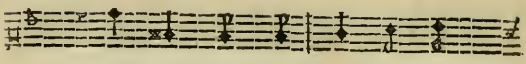
ta-blons-nous,

At-ta-blons-nous.

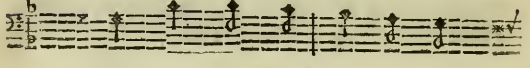


At-ta-blons-nous.

Le Chœur repète ceci.



Gar-çons em-preſ-ſez à nous

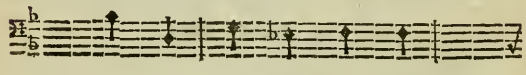


Gar-çons em-preſ-ſez à nous

plai-re, Vous qui ſui-vez i-

plai-re, Vous qui ſui-vez i-

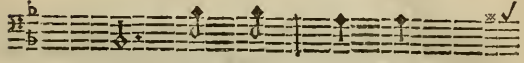
ci tous nos com-man-de-



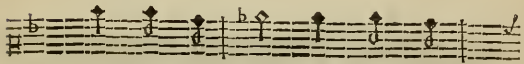
ci tous nos com-man-de-

mens,

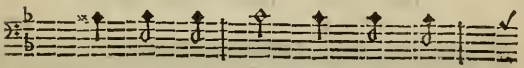
mens, Vô - tre ſoin nous



mens, Vô - tre ſoin nous

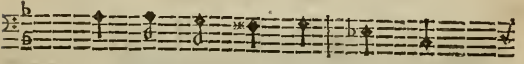


eſt né-ceſ - ſai - re, Com-men-

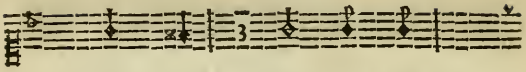


eſt né-ceſ - ſai - re, Com-men-

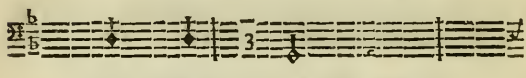
cez à ver - ſer à boi - re à



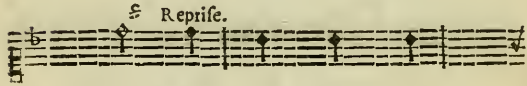
cez à ver - ſer à boi - re à



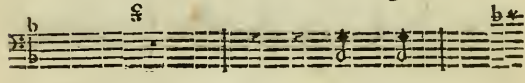
tous mo - mens. Que cha-



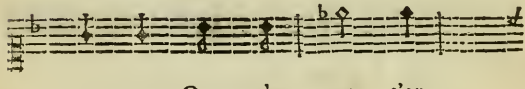
tous mo - mens.



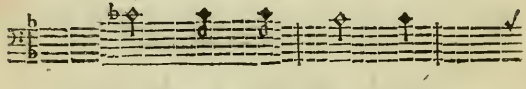
cun s'ar - me d'un grand



Que cha-



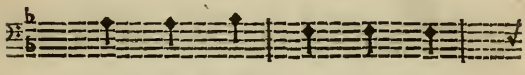
ver - re, Que cha - cun s'ar-



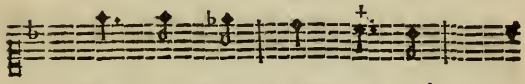
cun, Que cha - cun s'ar-

me

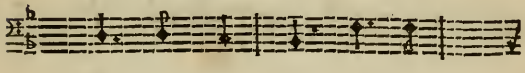
me d'un grand ver - re, Pour



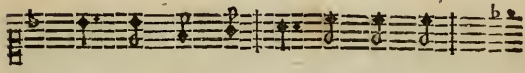
me d'un grand ver - re, Pour



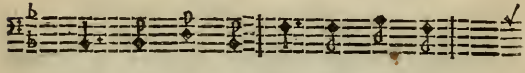
bien com - men - cer ce re-



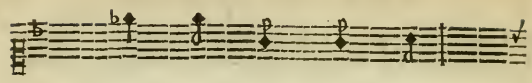
bien com - men - cer ce re-



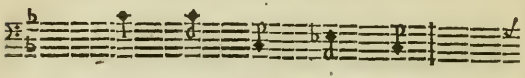
pas. Paſ-ſons i - ci la nuit en-



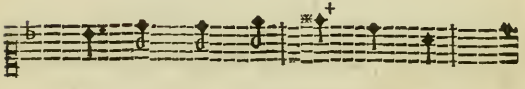
pas. Paſ-ſons i - ci la nuit en-



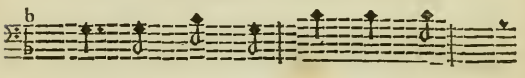
tiè - re, Paſ - ſons i-



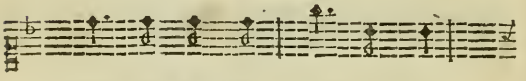
tiè - re, Paſ - ſons i-



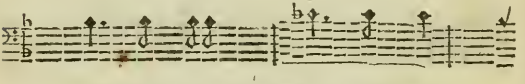
ci la nuit en - tiè - re, Mi-



ci la nuit en - tiè - re, Mi-

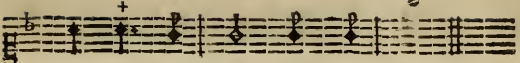


niſ - tres du Buf - fet, Ne vous

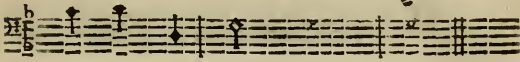


niſ - tres du Buf - fet, Ne vous

en-



en-dor-mez pas. Que cha-, &c.

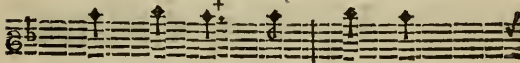


en-dor-mez pas. &c.

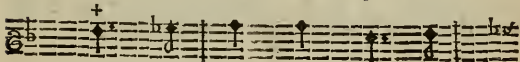
Le Chœur repète depuis la Repriſe à la page 30.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.

Vous m'or-don-nez, I-

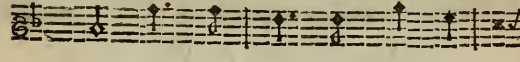


ris, de ne plus boi-re,



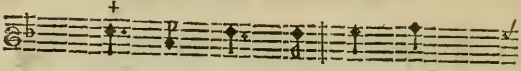
Mais vous l'or-don-nez en

vain, Je ſuis trop A-mi du

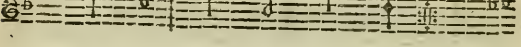


Vin, Il y va trop de ma

gloi-

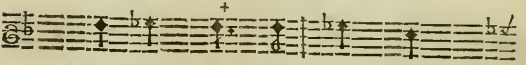


gloi - re, Ceſ - ſez d'eſ - pe-

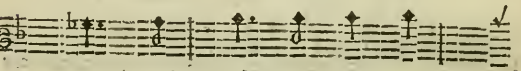


rer cet - te Vic - toi - re;

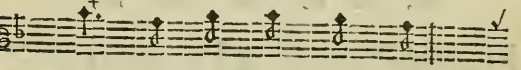
Il faut, bel - le I - ris, ſouf-



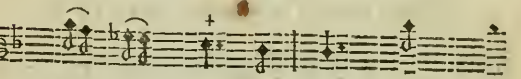
frir u - ne ri - va - le,



La Bou - teil - le a des at-



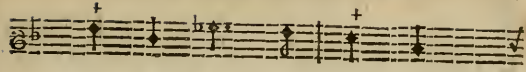
traits, Que vos beaux yeux n'ef-



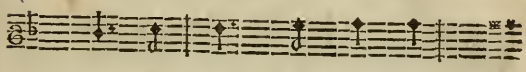
fa - ce - ront ja - mais; Souf-

frez donc qu'el - le vous é-

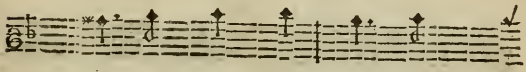
gale;



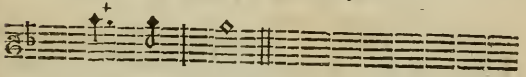
ga - le; Bu - vez a - vec



moi le jour, Tou - te la



nuit a - vec vous je fe-



rai l'A - mour.

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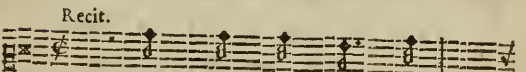

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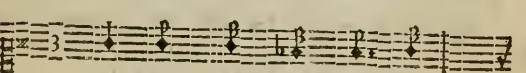

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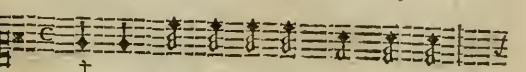

mon-de, Cha-cun ſe cou-choit en tous

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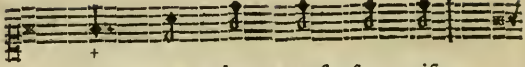

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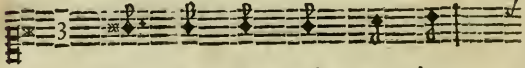

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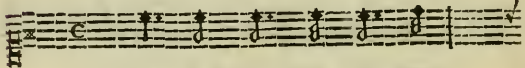

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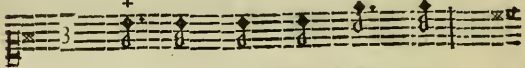
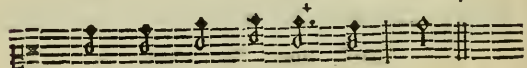


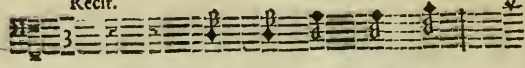
leil al - loit au fond de

l'on - de, chez la bel - le The-



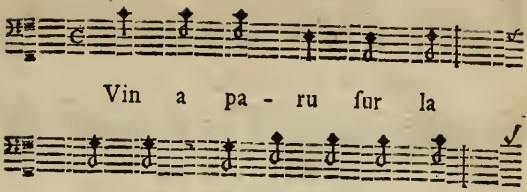
ris, Dor-mir ou fai - re mieux.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.

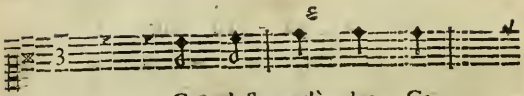


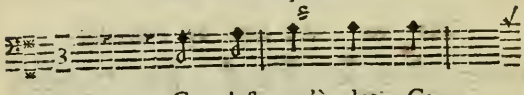
Mais, de-puis que le

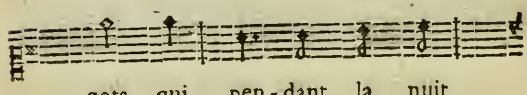
Vin

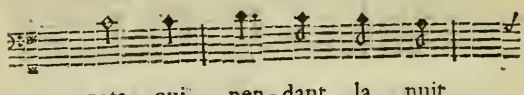

Vin a pa - ru ſur la
Ter - re Au lieu de s'en-dor-
mir, On boit de tou - tes
parts; Par tout mil - le Bu-
veurs é - pars, A - vec
cet - te Li - queur au ſom-
meil font la guer - re.

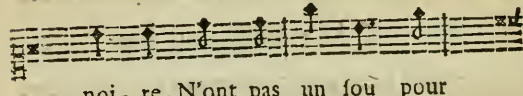
ENSEMBLE.

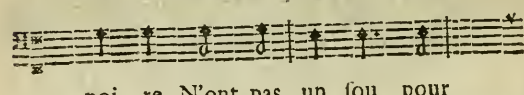












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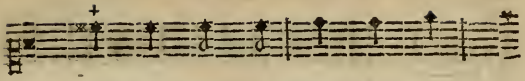

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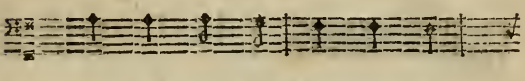

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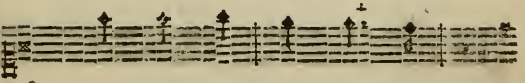

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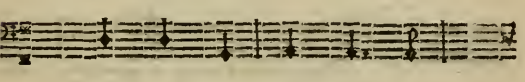

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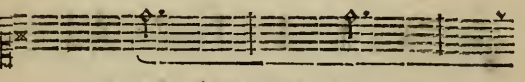

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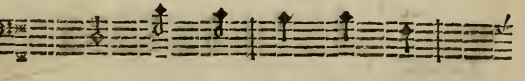

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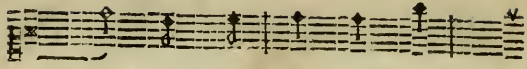

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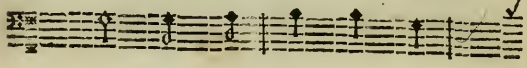

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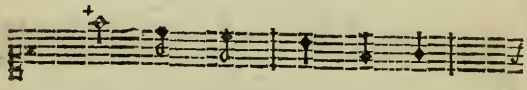

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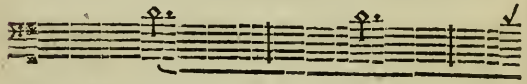

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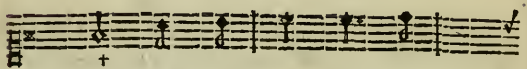

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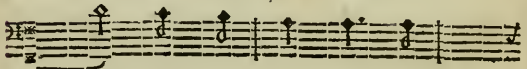

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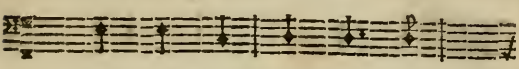

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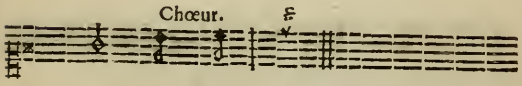

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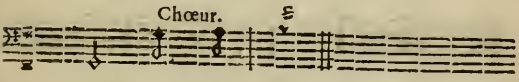

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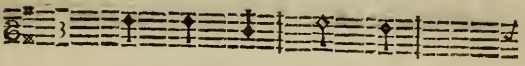
DEUX BUVEURS.



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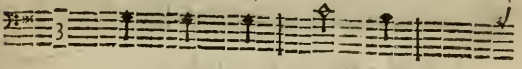

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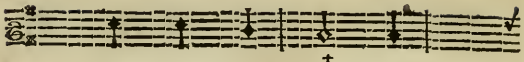
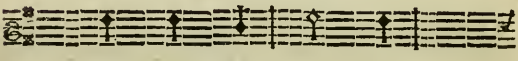
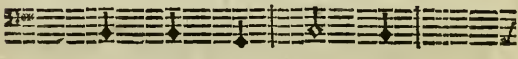


lui qui nous mei - ne,

lui qui nous mei - ne,



Tout doit ſen - tir ſon



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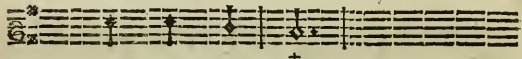

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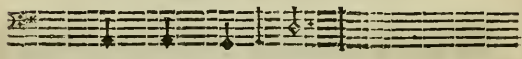
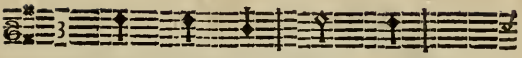
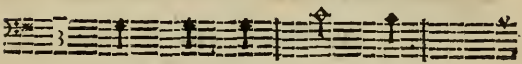


ai - ma-ble ar - deur.

CHOEUR.

CHOEUR.


Sui - vons Ba - chus, c'eſt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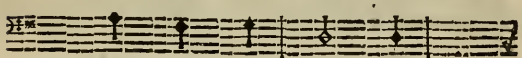
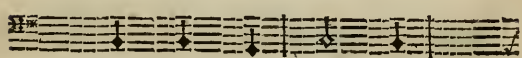
lui qui nous mei - ne,


lui qui nous mei - ne,

Tout doit ſen - tir ſon


Tout doit ſen - tir ſon

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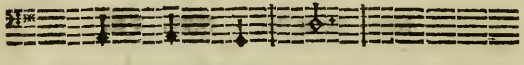

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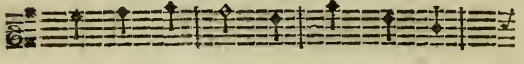
DEUX BUVEURS.

Un peu de Vin ſou-

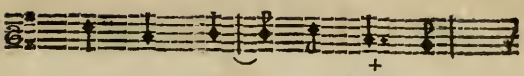
Un peu de Vin ſou-



la - ge la pei - ne, Qu'un fol A-

la - ge la pei - ne, Qu'un fol A-

mour



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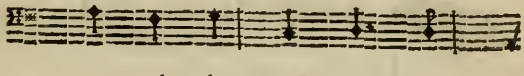

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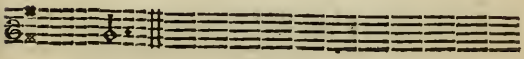

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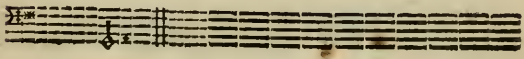
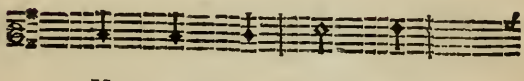
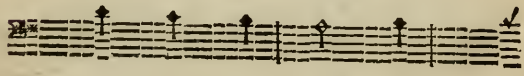


cœur.

CHOEUR.

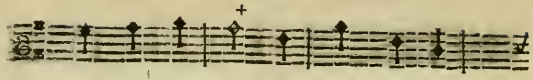


Un peu de Vin ſou-

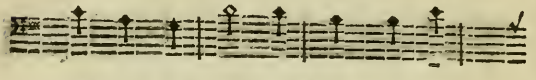


Un peu de Vin ſou-

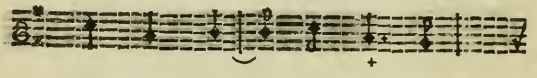
lage



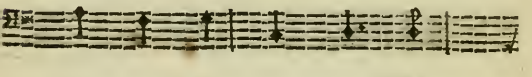
la - ge la pei - ne, Qu'un fol A-



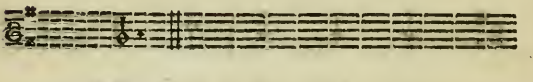
la - ge la pei - ne, Qu'un fol A-



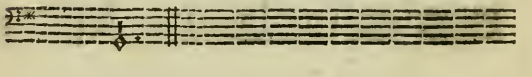
mour al - lu - me dans un



mour al - lu - me dans un



cœur.



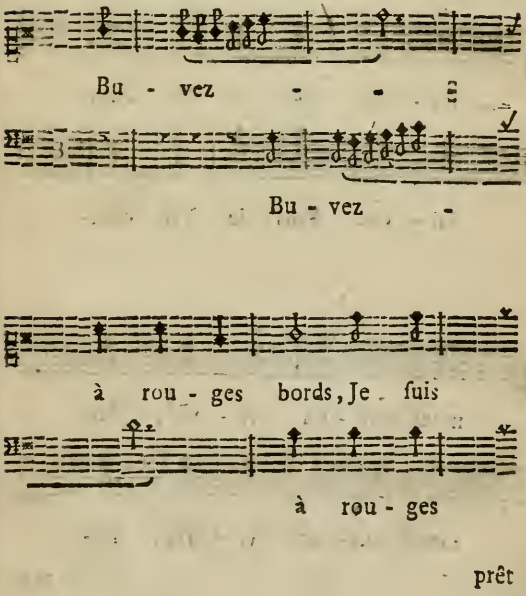
cœur.

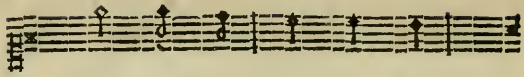
DEU-

DEUXIEME COUPLET.

Lorſque l'Amour nous défend de boire,
N'en croyons pas ſes Conſeils trompeurs;
Un peu de Vin noye la mémoire
De tous les maux que cauſent ſes rigueurs.

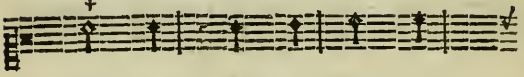
DEUX BUVEURS.



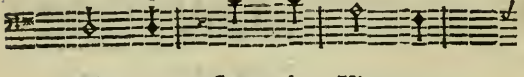


prêt, je ſuis prêt, à vous

bords je ſuis prêt à vous



ſui - vre. Sans le Vin com-



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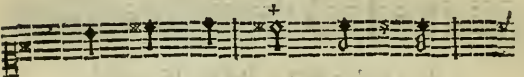
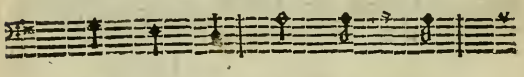
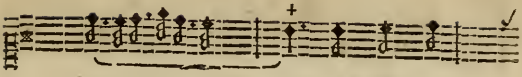


ment peut - on vi - vre, Bu-



ment peut - on vi - vre, Bu-

vez,



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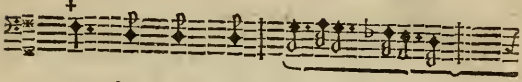
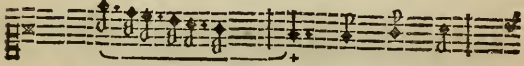
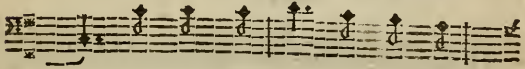


vez, bu-vez, bu-vez - -



vez - - à rou-ges



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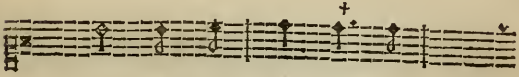

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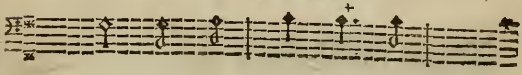

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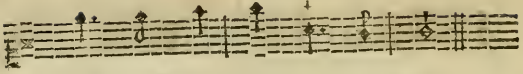
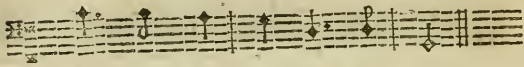
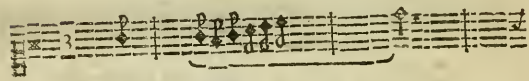


dit, qu'on le met - te de - hors.

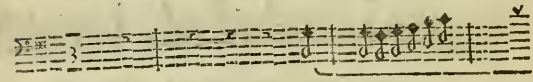


dit, qu'on le met - te de - hors.

CHOEUR.

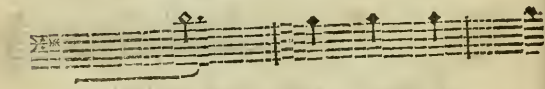


Bu - vons - -



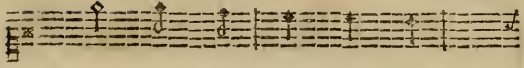
Bu - vons -

à rou - ges bords, Je fuis



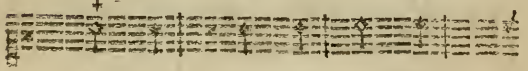
- - à rou - ges

prêt,

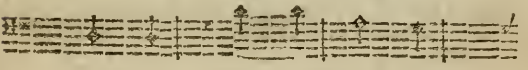


prêt, Je ſuis prêt à vous

bords, Je ſuis prêt à vous



ſui - vre. Sans le Vin com-



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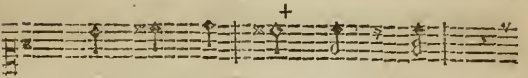

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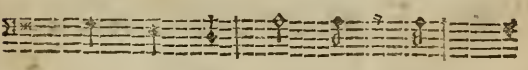

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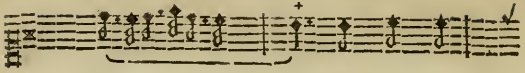
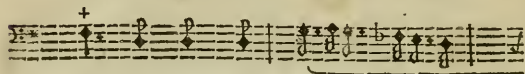
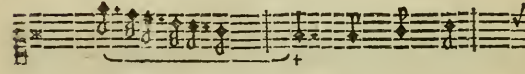


vons - -, bu-vons, bu-



vons, bu-vons, bu - vons -



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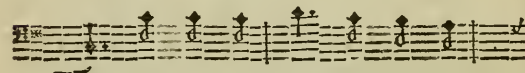
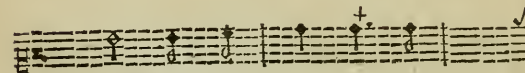


-, bu-vons, bu- vons à rou- ges



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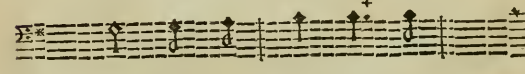
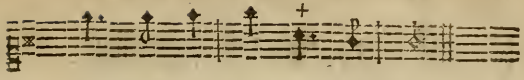
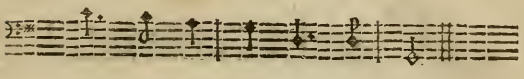


bords, Si quel- qu'un s'en dé-

dit,

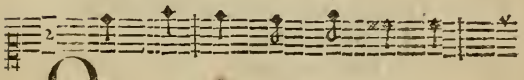


dit, qu'on le met-te de-hors.

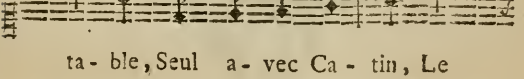


dit, qu'on le met-te de-hors.

VAUDEVILLE.

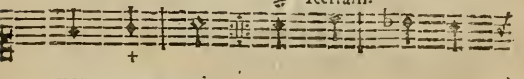


QUel plai-ſir quand je ſuis à
Dans ce lieu tout m'eſt fa-vo-

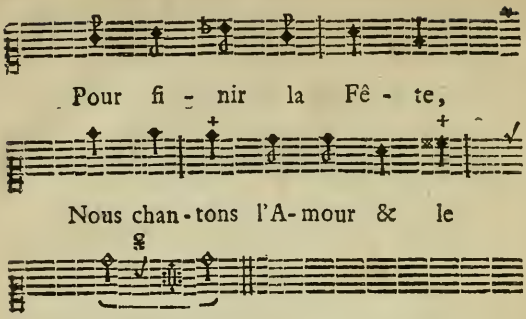


ta-ble, Seul a-vec Ca-tin, Le
ra-ble, Et je ſuis cer-tain De

Refrain.



ver-re en main:
mon deſ-tin: Tê-te à tê-te



Chaque coup que boit cette Belle,
Je baiſe ſoudain
Sa blanche main.
Souvent elle fait la Cruelle,
Mais voyant enfin,
Que c'eſt en vain;
Tête à tête, &c.

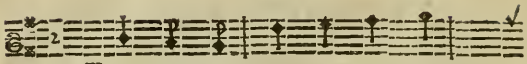
Pour former une tendre yvreſſe,
Courez au bon Vin
Soir & matin;
Sur ce Jus flote tendreſſe;

Puiſ-

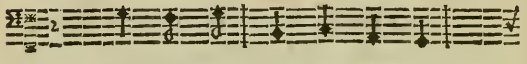
Puiſqu'avec Catin,
D'un air badin,
Tête à tête, &c.

Pour bannir chez vous l'humeur noire,
Amans, ſans chagrin,
Prenez du Vin;
Vous voyez, qu'à force de boire,
Ce Nectar divin,
Fait que ſans fin,
Tête à tête, &c.

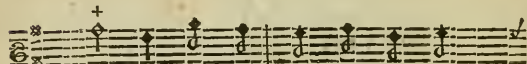
D U O.



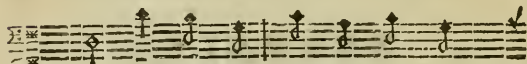
LE Vin a des char-mes puiſ-



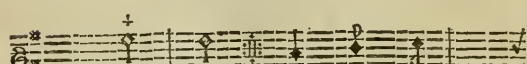
Le Vin a des char-mes puiſ-



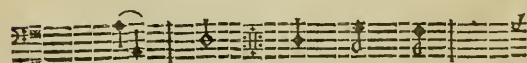
ſans, Et ma Mai-treſſe eſt jeune &



ſans, Et ma Mai-treſſe eſt jeune &

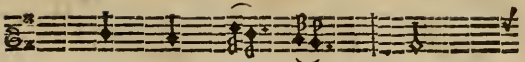


bel-le: Je don-ne à

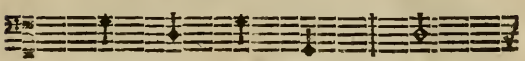


bel-le: Je don-ne à

Ba-

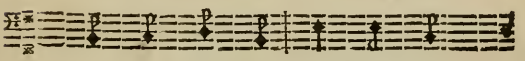


Ba - chus les mo - mens,

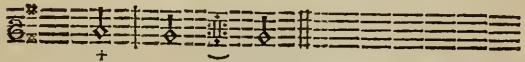


Ba - chus les mo - mens,

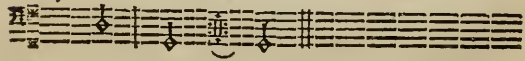
Où je ne puis ê - tre a - vec



Où je ne puis ê - tre a - vec



el - le. le.



el - le. le.

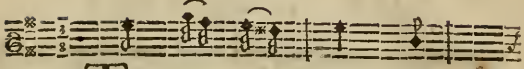
Non,

Non, le bonheur des plus grands Rois,
A mon sort n'eſt point comparable :
Quand je vois briller à la fois
Le Vin & mon Iris à table.

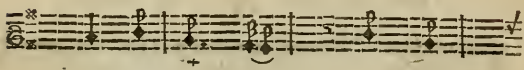
Objet divin, Jus plein d'appas,
Quel heureux deſti vous raſſemble !
Mon Cœur, dans ce charmant repas,
Goûte tous les plaiſirs enſemble.

Amour, tout cede ſous les Cieux
A cette adorable Merveille ;
Cher Bachus, le Nectar des Dieux
Ne vaut pas ta Liqueur vermeille.

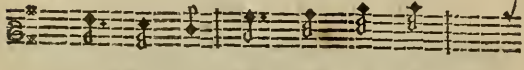
LE DEFFI.



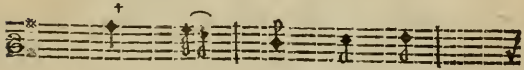
TU dis par tout, que



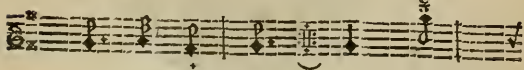
je ſuis ſa - ge: Pour un



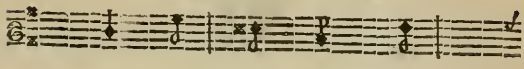
ten - dre Ber - ger, C'eſt un ou-



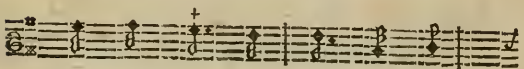
tra - ge, Dont je pré-



tens me van - ger: ger. Rens-

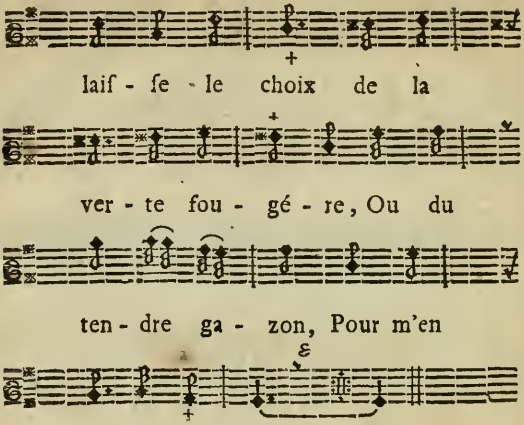


toi, Ber - gè - re, Dans

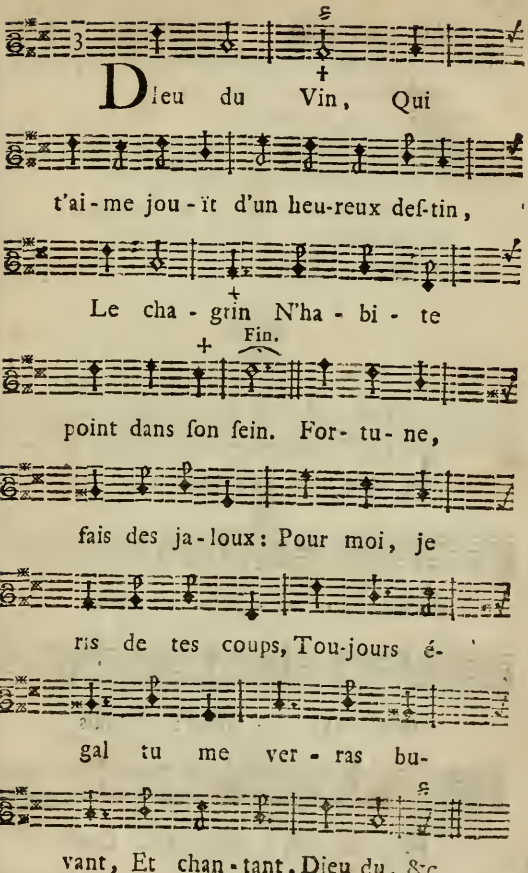


le pro - chain Ver - ger: Je te

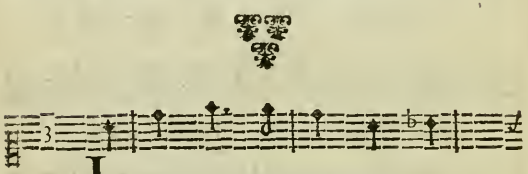
laiſſe


laif - ſe - le choix de la
ver - te fou - gé - re, Ou du
ten - dre ga - zon, Pour m'en
fai - re rai - ſon. ſon.

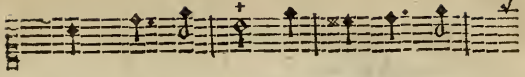
Dieu


Dieu du Vin, Qui
t'ai-me jou-ït d'un heu-reux deſ-tin,
Le cha-grin N'ha-bi-te
Fin.
point dans ſon ſein. For-tu-ne,
fais des ja-loux: Pour moi, je
ris de tes coups, Tou-jours é-
gal tu me ver-ras bu-
vant, Et chan-tant, Dieu du, &c.

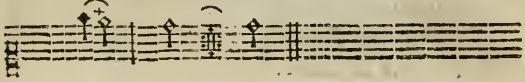
De mon cœur
Le tendre Amour eſt quelquefois Vainqueur;
Son ardeur
Peut amuſer un Buveur.
Mais, ſi la volage Iris,
N'a pour moi que des mépris;
Je m'en conſole auſſi-tôt, en buvant,
Et chantant,
Dieu du, &c.



bor-



bor- ner le tems, De l'in-dif-fé-



ren - ce. ce.

Oui, c'eſt trop attendre,
Philis, à vous rendre
Au Dieu des Amours:
Tandis qu'on héſite,
Le tems fait ſon cours,
Et l'Amour nous quitte.

La Prude farouche,
Voit d'un regard louche
L'Amour ſur vos pas;
Triſte d'être ſage,
Et de n'avoir pas
Du moins un volage.

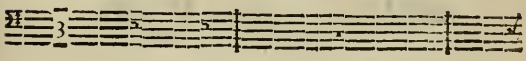
Eliſe Edentée,
Toute Dépitée,
Pleure ſes beaux jours;
Coquette Elimée
Du feu des Amours,
N'a que la fumée.

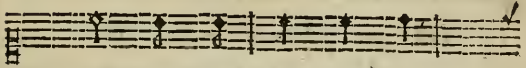
En vain deux Déeſſes
Flattoient de promeſſes,
Le Berger Pâris:
Venus leur Cadette,
Avec un Souris,
Eut Pomme & Houlette.

C'eſt dans le Bel Age,
Qu'il faut faire uſage
De tous vos attraits:
Cent ans de vieilleſſe
Vaudront-ils jamais
Un jour de jeuneſſe?

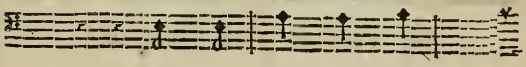
DUO.

AU - ras - tu bien - tôt

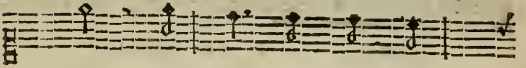




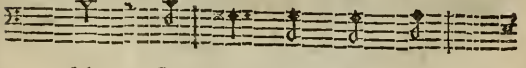
fait, Au - ras - tu bien - tôt



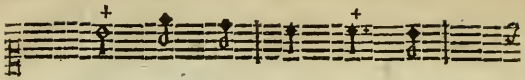
Au - ras - tu bien - tôt



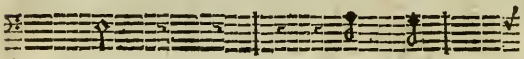
fait, La - quais, mau - dit La-



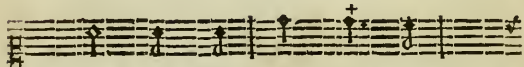
fait, La - quais, mau - dit La-



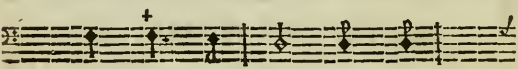
quais? Ah! je ſens que la



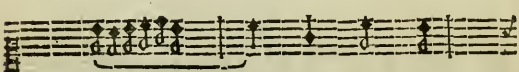
quais? Ah! je



ſoif me dé - cla - re la



ſens que la ſoif me dé-

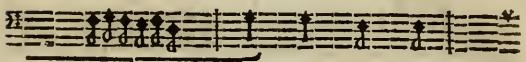


guer- - re. Ah! je

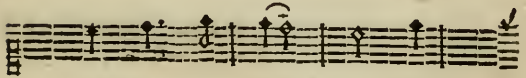
cla - re la guer-

ſens

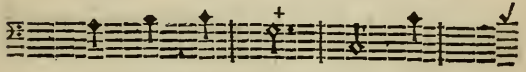
ſens que la ſoif me dé-



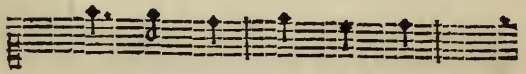
- - - re me dé-



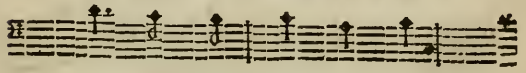
cla - re la guer - re. Tan-



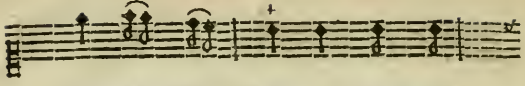
cla - re la guer - re. Tan-



dis que tu rin - ces, tu

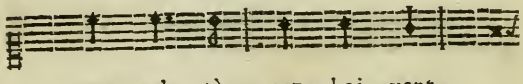


dis que tu rin - ces, tu



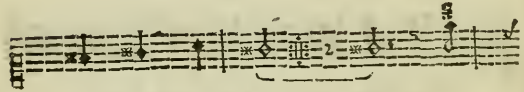
rin-ces mon ver-re, Ces Bu-

rin-ces mon ver-re, Ces Bu-

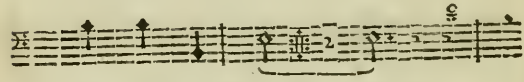


veurs al-tè-rez boi-vent

veurs al-tè-rez boi-vent



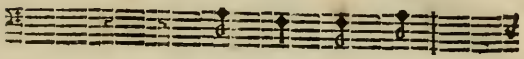
tout le Vin frais: frais. Il



tout le Vin frais: frais.

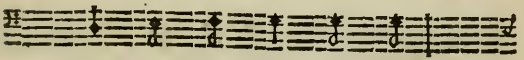
eſt

eſt aſ - ſez clair, dou - ble

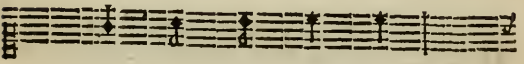


Il eſt aſ - ſez

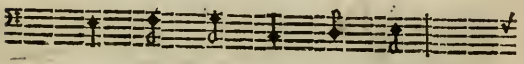
Trai - tre, Il eſt aſ - ſez



clair, dou - ble Trai - tre, Il



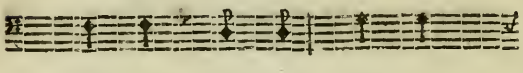
clair, dou - ble Trai - tre,



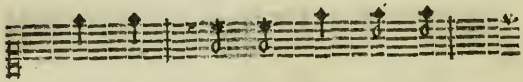
eſt aſ - ſez clair, dou - ble

dou-

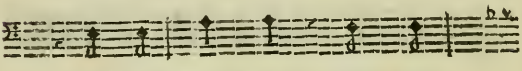
dou- ble Trai - tre, dou - ble



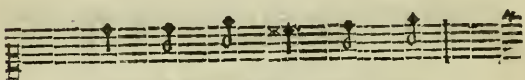
Trai - tre, dou - ble Trai - tre,



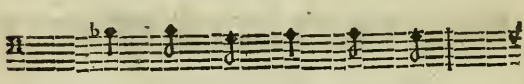
Trai - tre, dou - ble Trai - tre; Il



dou - ble Trai - tre, dou - ble

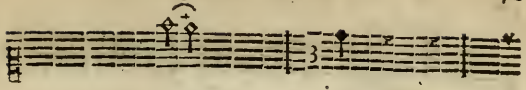


eſt aſ - ſez clair, dou - ble

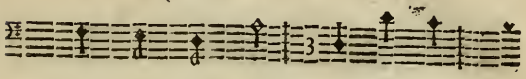


Trai - tre; Il eſt aſ - ſez

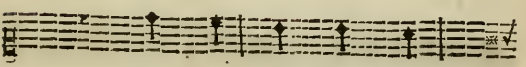
Trai-



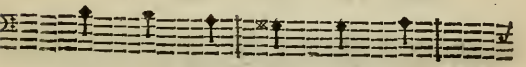
Trai - tre.



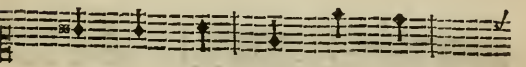
clair, dou- ble Trai - tre. Ver-ſe



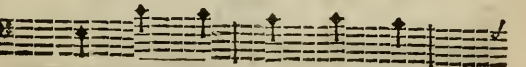
Ver - ſe donc, & bien-



donc, & bien - tôt, ver - ſe

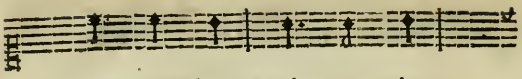


tôt, ver - ſe donc, ver - ſe

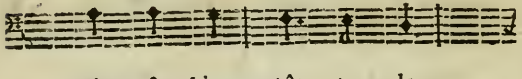


donc, ver - ſe donc, & bien-

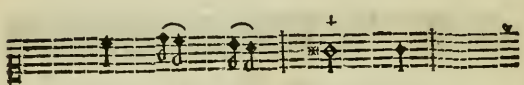
donc,



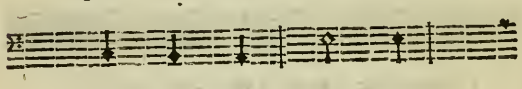
donc, & bien - tôt tu le



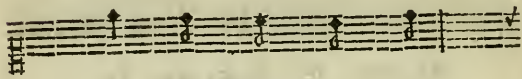
tôt, & bien - tôt tu le



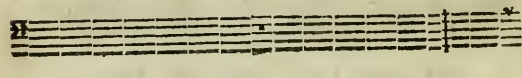
pou - ras con - noi - tre.



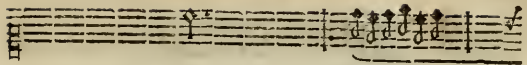
pou - ras con - noi - tre.



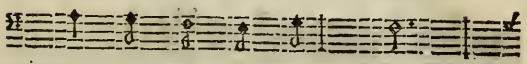
Ver - ſe ſans te laſ-



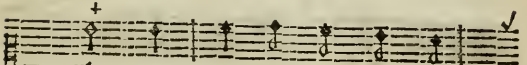
ſer,



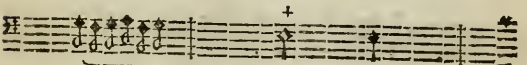
ſer, Ver- -



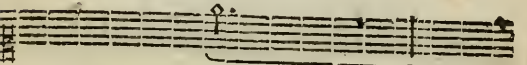
Ver- ſe ſans te laſ - ſer,



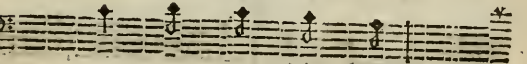
- ſe, ver- ſe du Vin clai-



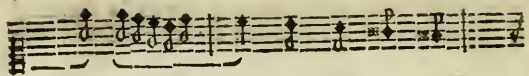
Ver - - - ſe,

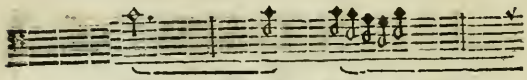


ret - -

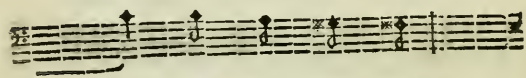


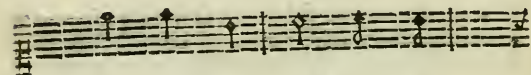
ver - ſe du Vin clai-

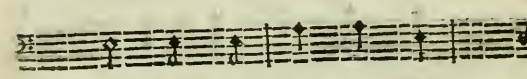

- ver- - ſe du Vin clai-


ret - Ver-

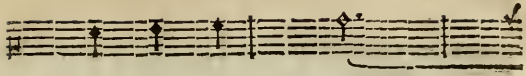
ret. Quand il


ſe du Vin clai-

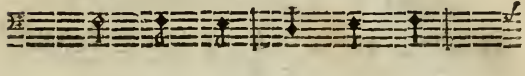

eſt tou-jours plein,quand il


ret. Quand il eſt tou-jours

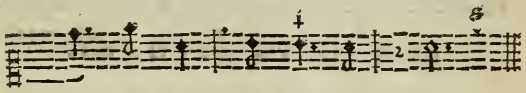
eſt



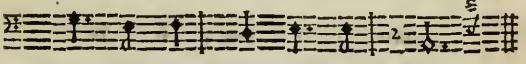
eſt tou- jours plein -



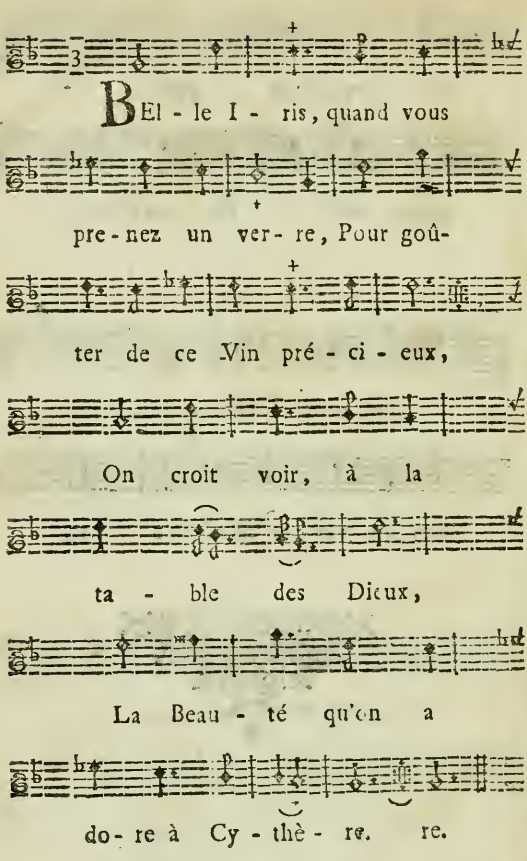
plein, quand il eſt tou- jours



- un ver- re eſt aſ- ſez net.



plein, un ver- re eſt aſ- ſez net.


BEl - le I - ris, quand vous
pre - nez un ver - re, Pour goû-
ter de ce Vin pré - ci - eux,
On croit voir, à la
ta - ble des Dieux,
La Beau - té qu'on a
do - re à Cy - thè - re. re.

A vos yeux cette Liqueur puiſſante,
Donne un feu plus brillant & plus beau;
Vôtre tein prend un éclat nouveau.
Votre humeur en devient plus charmante.

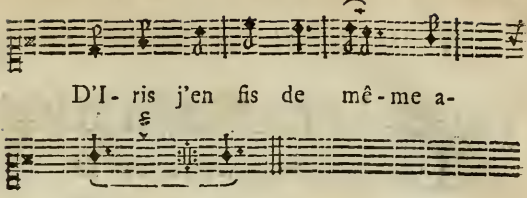
On diroit que ce jus délectable,
A l'Amour va livrer vôtre cœur:
Cet eſpoir redouble nôtre ardeur:
Mais, Iris, vous n'aimez que la table.

Ah! joignez au doux plaiſir de boire,
Les douceurs que vous promet l'Amour:
Que ce Dieu vous engage à ſon tour;
Que Bachus n'ait pas toute la gloire.

Mais, hélas! c'eſt en vain qu'on vous preſſe,
De laiſſer enflammer votre cœur;
La fierté, les mépris, la rigueur,
Sont chez vous le prix de la tendreſſe.

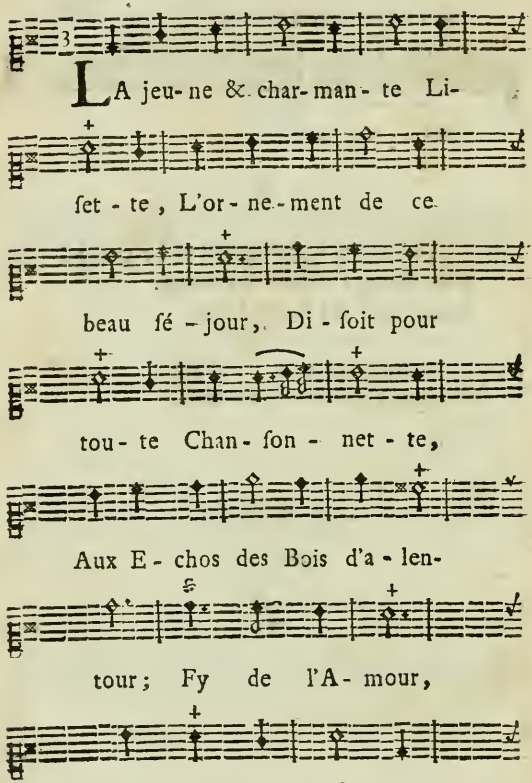
Chers Amis, pour plaire à cette Belle ;
Banniſſons les langueurs, les ſoupirs :
Et bornons ici tous nos plaiſirs,
A Chanter, Rire, & Boire avec elle.

D'Iris

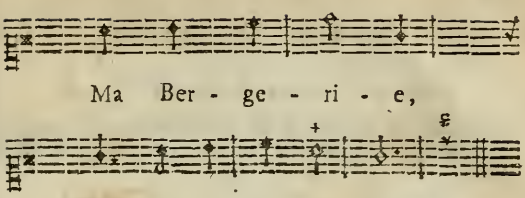


Amans, ſi vous voulez m'en croire,
Vangez-vous ainſi de l'Amour.
Si ſur vous il à la Victoire,
Vous l'obtiendrez à vôtre tour.
Amuſez-vous ſouvent à boire,
Pour lui jouër le même tour.

BRUNETTE.


LA jeu-ne & char-man-te Li-
set-te, L'or-ne-ment de ce
beau sé-jour, Di-soit pour
tou-te Chan-son-net-te,
Aux E-chos des Bois d'a-len-
tour; Fy de l'A-mour,
C'est trom-pe-ri-e,

Ma.



Tircis, la rencontrant ſeulette,
S'approcha d'elle doucement,
En joüant deſſus ſa Muſette,
Ce petit Air qu'elle aimoit tant!
Fy de l'Amour, &c.

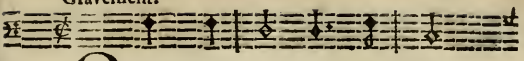
Un moment après il lui chante
Des paroles qu'il avoit fait,
Et d'une voix douce & touchante,
Redit pluſieurs fois ce Couplet:
Tous mes deſirs, c'eſt la Conſtance;
L'Indifference vaut-elle ſes plaiſirs?

Taiſez-vous, Tircis, lui dit-elle;
J'aime mieux ma vieille Chanſon.
Mais ſans y ſonger cette Belle
Repeta ſur le même ton,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.

D'abord à ſes pieds il ſe jette,
Et tendrement la regarda ;
Tant que l'innocente Fillette
Par complaiſance lui chanta,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.

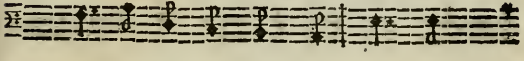
Depuis cet inſtant, dans la plaine,
On les a vû cent & cent fois
Aſſis au bord d'une Fontaine,
Tous deux chanter à haute voix,
Tous mes deſirs, &c.

Gravement.

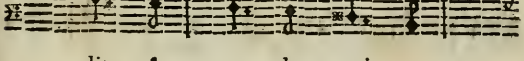


QUand au Stix ar - ri - va

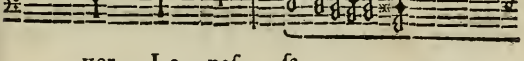
le ce- lè - bre Gré - goi - re, Ca-



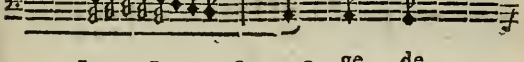
ron, l'a - va - re Nau - to - nier, Lui



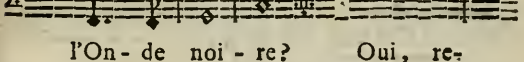
dit, As - tu de quoi pa-



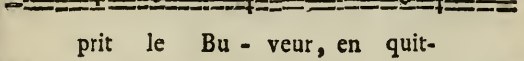
yer Le paſ - ſa-



- - - - ge de

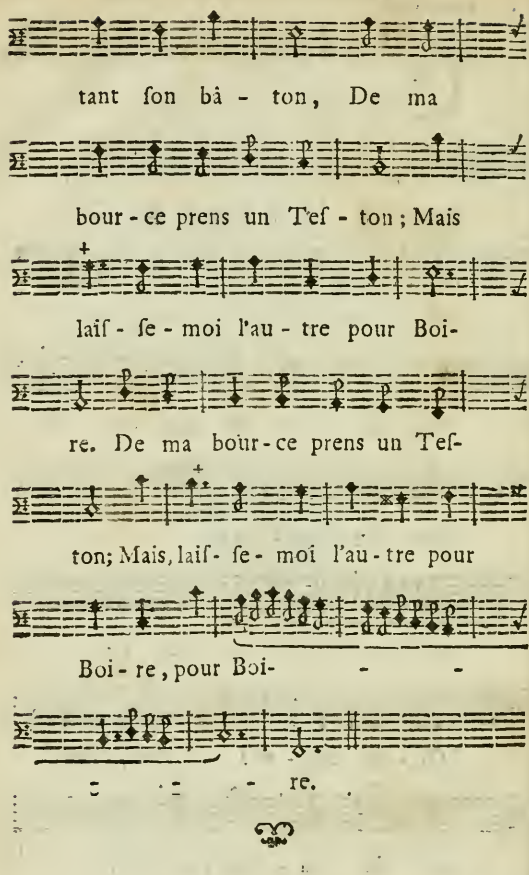


l'On - de noi - re? Oui, re-



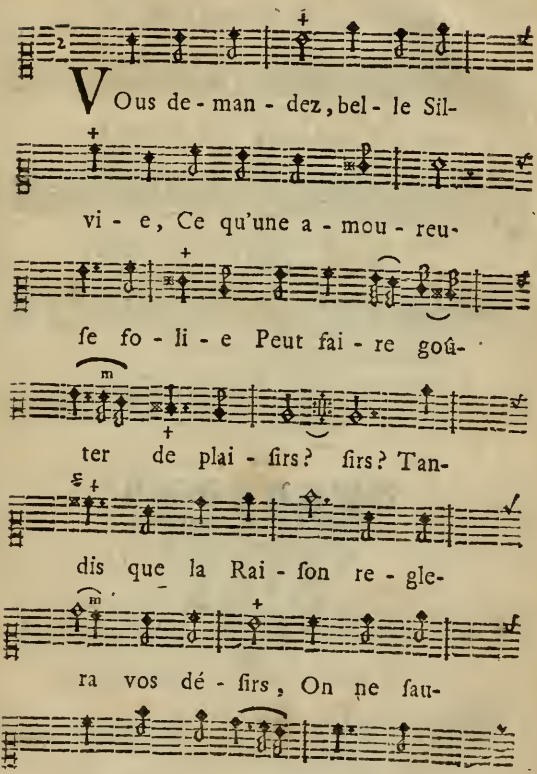
prit le Bu - veur, en quit-

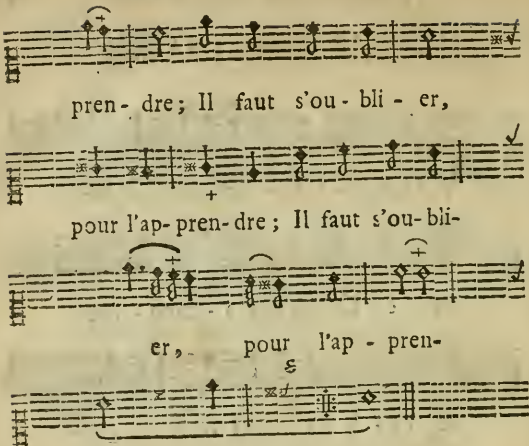
tant


tant ſon bâ - ton, De ma
bour - ce prens un Teſ - ton ; Mais
laiſ - ſe - moi l'au - tre pour Boi-
re. De ma bour - ce prens un Teſ-
ton; Mais, laiſ - ſe - moi l'au - tre pour
Boi - re, pour Boi - - -
re.

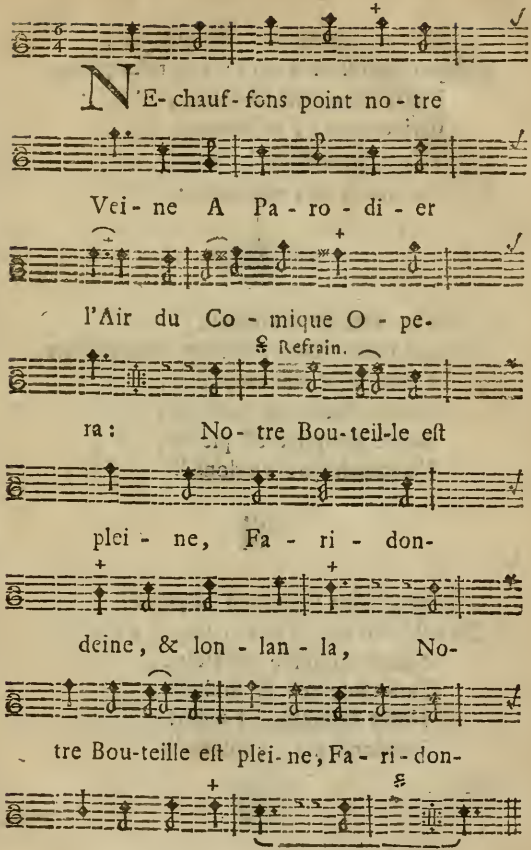
AIR

AIR TENDRE.


Vous de-man-dez, bel-le Sil-
vi-e, Ce qu'une a-mou-reu-
se fo-li-e Peut fai-re goû-
ter de plai-firs? firs? Tan-
dis que la Rai-son re-gle-
ra vos dé-firs, On ne sau-
roit vous le fai-re com-


pren- dre; Il faut s'ou - bli - er,
pour l'ap- pren- dre; Il faut s'ou- bli-
er, pour l'ap - pren-
dre. Tan-, &c. dre.

N'E-


NE-chauf-fons point no-tre
Vei-ne A Pa-ro-di-er
l'Air du Co-mique O-pe-
Refrain.
ra: No-tre Bou-teil-le eſt
plei-ne, Fa-ri-don-
deine, & lon-lan-la, No-
tre Bou-teille eſt plei-ne, Fa-ri-don-
dei-ne, vui-dons-là. No-, &c. la.

Beaucoup mieux que l'Hypocrêne,
Lorſque j'aurai bien bû le Vin m'inſpirera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

Par la ſanté de Climène,
Amis, ſi vous voulez, chacun commencera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

Nôtre Hôte vaut bien la peine
D'avoir ſon tour après; raiſon il nous fera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

A ce bon Vin de Surenne,
Un Champagne excellent bien-tôt ſuccedera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

Que chacun prenne la ſienne,
Et nous verrons après, qui mieux la ſablera.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

Pour que la rime nous vienne,
N'ayons de la Raiſon que ce qu'il en faudra.
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Nôtre Bouteille eſt pleine,
Faridondeine, vuidons-là.

COUPLETS TENDRES.

Sur l'Air précédent.

PHILENE.

QUoi que tu faſſes ma peine,
Jamais de t'adorer mon cœur ne ceſſera:
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Je ne ſuis plus incertaine;
Parle de ton Amour, mon cœur l'aprouvera.
Toujours ta chère Iſmene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ta chère Iſmene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

PHILENE.

Tu ceſſes d'être inhumaine,
L'Amour de mille biens te recompenſera.
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Que ta flamme s'entretienne,
Malgré tous les plaisirs qu'Amour te donnera.
Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

PHILENE.

Quelque faveur que j'obtienne,
De me vœux satisfaits un nouveau feu naîtra.
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

ISMENE.

Quoique Tircis entreprenne,
Mon cœur avec plaisir te le sacrifira.
Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

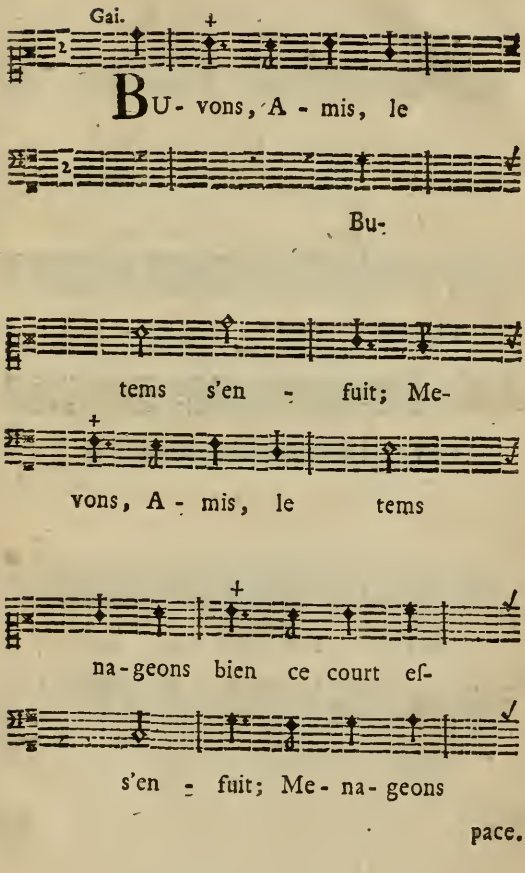
PHILENE.

Ne crains point qu'on me surprenne ;
Doris à m'engager en vain s'obstinera.
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
Toujours ton cher Philene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

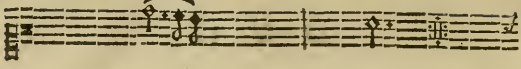
PHILENE & ISMENE, *ensemble.*

Rien ne rompra notre chaîne,
Notre fidelité nous éternisera.
{ Toujours ton cher Philene,
{ Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, & lonlanla,
{ Toujours ton cher Philene,
{ Toujours ta chère Ismene,
Faridondeine, t'aimera.

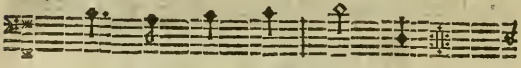
DUO.


Gai.
BU- vons, A - mis, le
Bu-
tems s'en - fuit; Me-
vons, A - mis, le tems
na-geons bien ce court eſ-
s'en - fuit; Me- na- geons

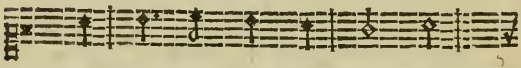
pace.



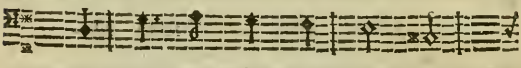
pa - ce.



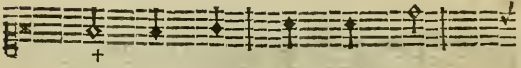
bien ce court eſ - pa - ce.



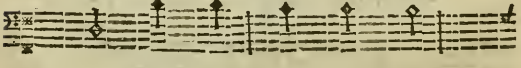
Peut- ê-tre u-ne é - ter - nel - le



Peut- ê-tre u-ne é - ter - nel - le

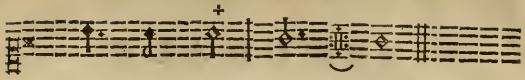


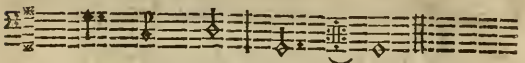
nuit é - tein - dra le jour



nuit é - tein - dra le jour

qui



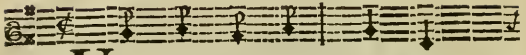


Peut-être que Caron demain
Nous recevra tous dans ſa Barque :
Saiſiſſons un moment certain ;
C'eſt autant de prix ſur la Parque.

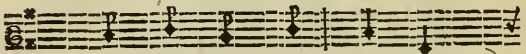
A l'envi laiſſons-nous ſaiſir
Aux tranſports d'une douce Yvreſſe :
Qu'importe, ſi c'eſt un plaiſir,
Que ce ſoit folie, ou ſageſſe.

PAS-

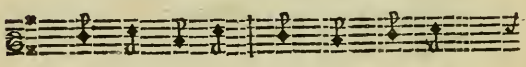
PASTORALE.



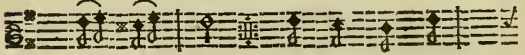
Vien, char-man-te An-net-te,



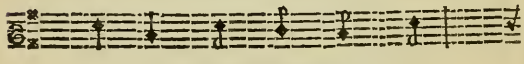
Sau-ter sur l'Her-bet-te,



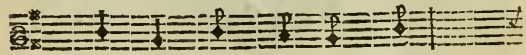
Vien sous ces Or-meaux, Dan-ser aux



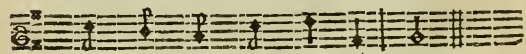
Cha-lu-meaux. La Sai-son nou-



vel-le Les plai-sirs rap-



pel-le: Voi-ci les beaux



jours; Com-men-çons nos A-mours.

Ici

Ici le Zéphire
Pour Flore soupire,
Sur des lits de Fleurs,
Lui conte des douceurs:
Parlons d'amourette,
Contons la fleurette;
Ces tapis charmans
Sont faits pour les Amans.

Sous ce verd feuillage,
J'entens le ramage,
D'Oiseaux amoureux,
Qui parlent de leur feux;
J'entens Philomelle,
Son chant nous appelle
Viens à notre tour,
Celebrer notre Amour.

Vois-tu, ma Bergêre,
Vois-tu ce Liêre,
D'un lien nouveau
Embrasser cet Ormeau?
Et cette Prairie,
D'un Ruisseau cherie,
Qui par ces détours
Y prolonge son cours?

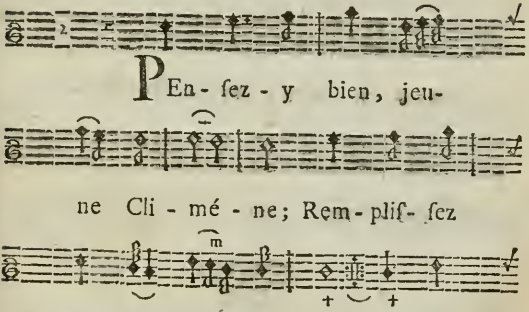
Par tout la Nature,
Reprend ſa parrure,
Les triſtes frimats,
Ont quitté nos Climats.
Puiſqu'ici tout aime,
Faiſons en de même;
De ton Jeune cœur
Diſſipe la froideur.

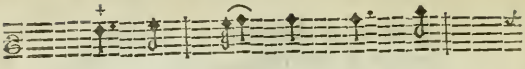
Mêle en ta Coiffure,
L'aimable Parrure.
Des vives couleurs,
Qui brillent ſur ces Fleurs.
La riante Flore,
Les a fait éclore
Dans ſon ſein exprès,
Pour te prêter ſes traits.

Tu ſerois plus belle,
Si ton cœur rebelle
Partageoit l'ardeur
Qui regne dans mon cœur;
Toi ſeule au Village,
Porte un cœur ſauvage;
Quand on ſait charmer,
Ne doit-on pas aimer?

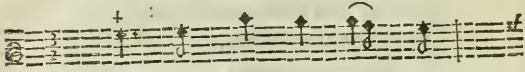
Dans cette Retraite,
Paiſible & Diſcrete,
Eteins donc les feux,
Que j'ai pris dans tes Yeux:
Ces charmans Aziles,
Ces Moutons dociles,
Savent nos ſécrets;
Mais ils ſeront diſcrets.

PETIT AIR TENDRE.

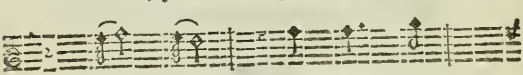




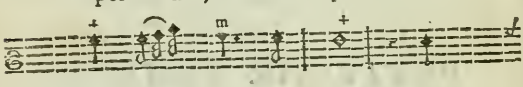
las! hé - las! ſi, près de



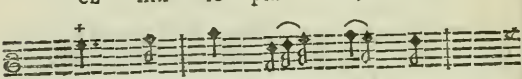
vous, j'al - lois per - dre ma



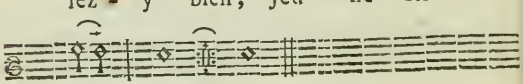
pei - ne, Vous per - dri-



ez mil - le plai - ſirs; Pen-



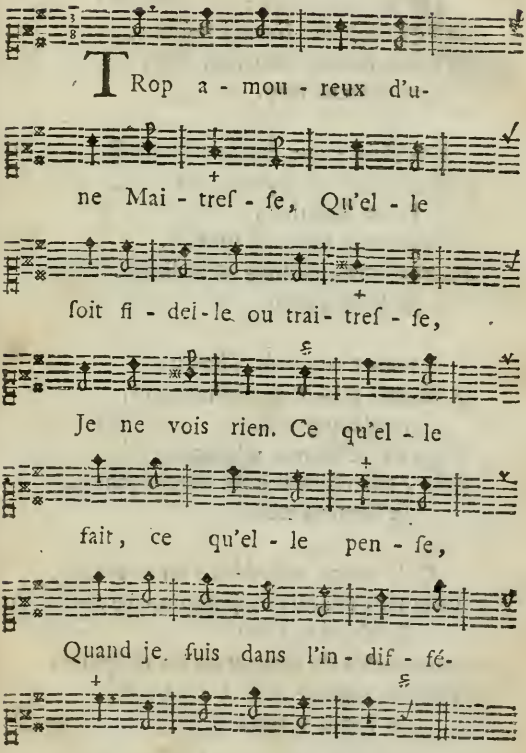
ſez - y bien, Jeu - ne Cli-



mè - ne, ne.

VAU-

VAUDEVILLE.


Trop a - mou - reux d'u-
ne Mai - treſ - ſe, Qu'el - le
ſoit fi - del - le ou trai - treſ - ſe,
Je ne vois rien. Ce qu'el - le
fait, ce qu'el - le pen - ſe,
Quand je ſuis dans l'in - dif - fé-
ren - ce, Je le vois bien.

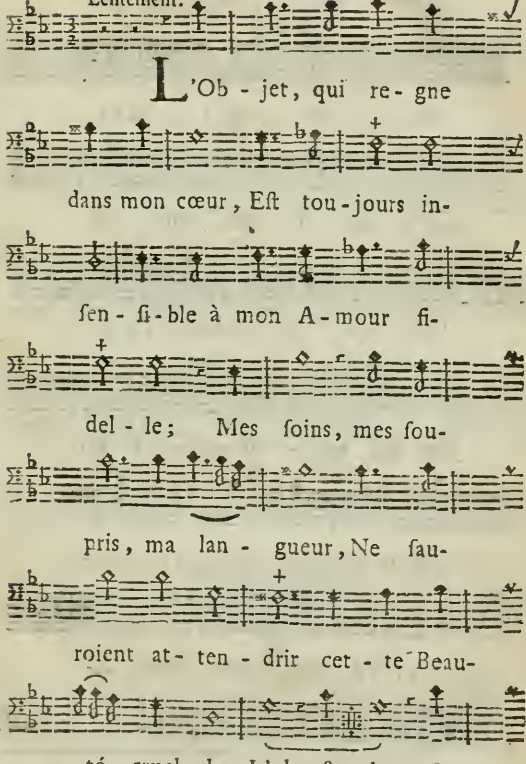
Qu'un vieux ſoupirant à lunettes,
S'amuſe à me conter fleurettes,
Je n'entends rien;
Mais qu'un jeune Galand ſoûpire,
Qu'il me regarde ſans rien dire,
Je l'entens bien.

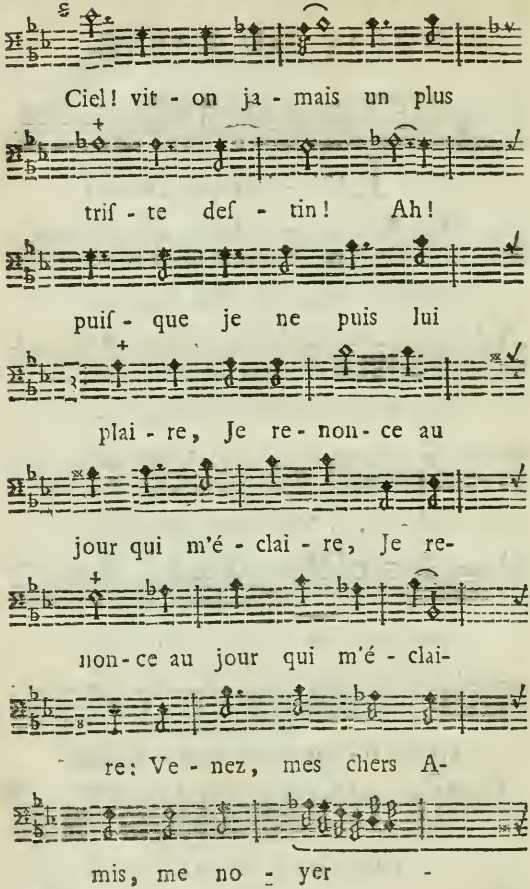
Des plaiſirs que dans ma jeuneſſe,
L'Amour me prodiguoit ſans ceſſe,
Je ne ſens rien;
Ce qu'il m'a laiſſé de funeſte,
Rhumatiſme, Goute, & le Reſte,
Je le ſens bien.

A porter une rude Chaine,
A languir près d'une Inhumaine,
Je n'entens rien;
Trop de réſiſtance m'étonne;
Mais, quand l'heure du Berger ſonne,
Je l'entens bien.

Qu'à coups redoublez l'on m'éveille,
Pour mes Créanciers je ſommeille,
Je n'entens rien:
Quand c'eſt de l'argent qu'on m'aporte,
Pour peu qu'on grate à ma porte,
Je l'entens bien.

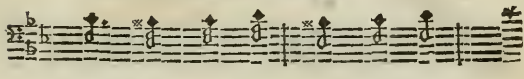
RECIT DE BASSE.



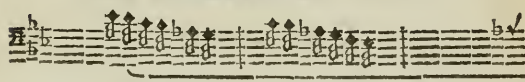

Ciel! vit - on ja - mais un plus
trif - te def - tin! Ah!
puif - que je ne puis lui
plai - re, Je re - non - ce au
jour qui m'é - clai - re, Je re-
non - ce au jour qui m'é - clai-
re: Ve - nez, mes chers A-
mis, me no - yer -

dans

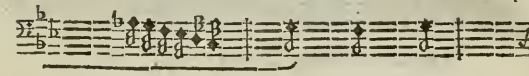
- dans le Vin, Ve-



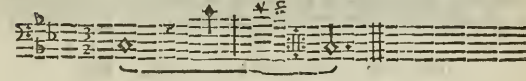
nez, mes chers A - mis, me no-



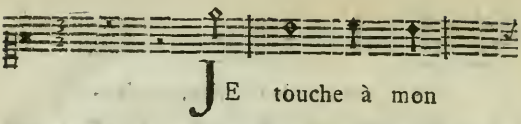
yer - - -



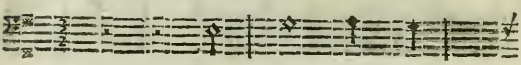
- - - dans le



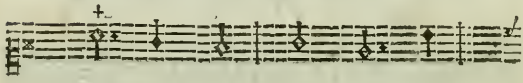
Vin. O, &c. Vin.



JE touche à mon

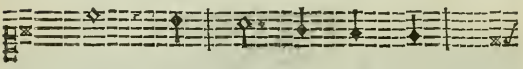


Je touche à mon

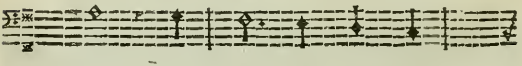


heu - re der - niè - re, A-

heu - re der - niè - re, A-



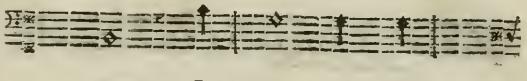
mis, Je vais au mo - nu-



mis, Je vais au mo - nu-

ment,

ment, Je vois à re-



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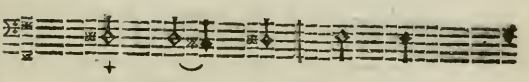

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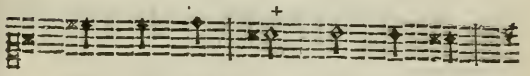

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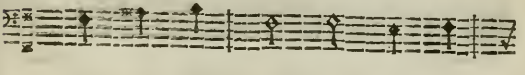

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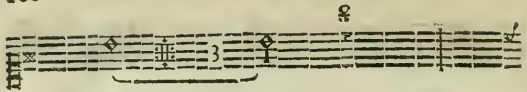

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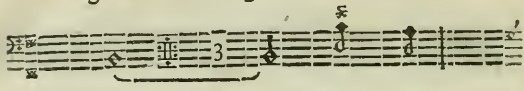

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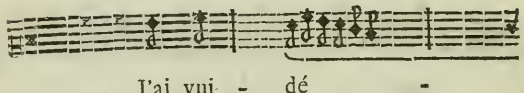

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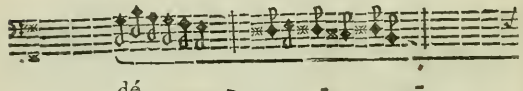

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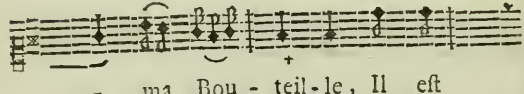

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- ma Bou - teil - le, Il eſt

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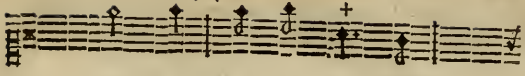

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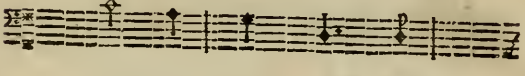

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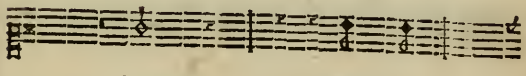

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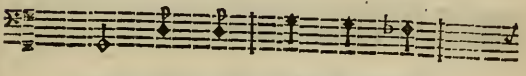

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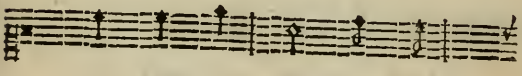

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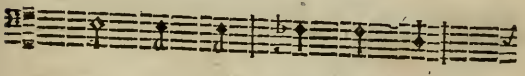

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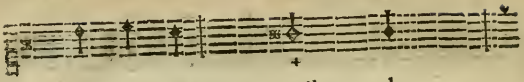
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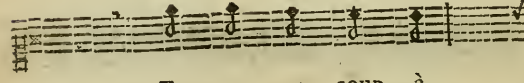
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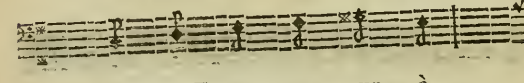
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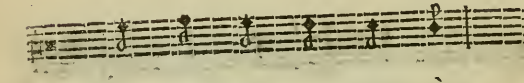
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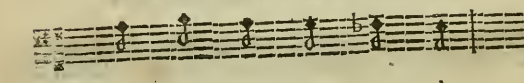
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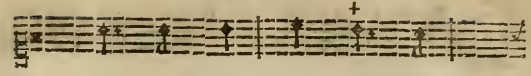

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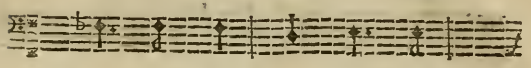

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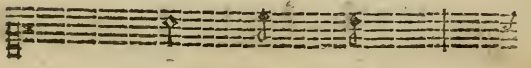

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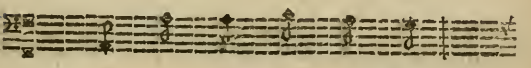

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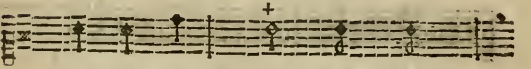

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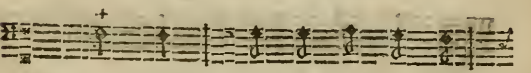

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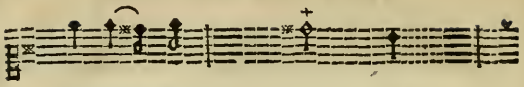

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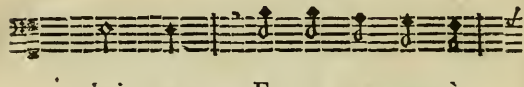

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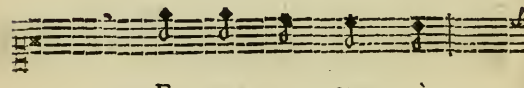

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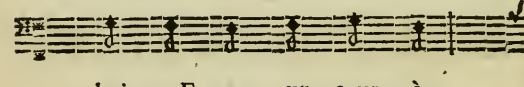

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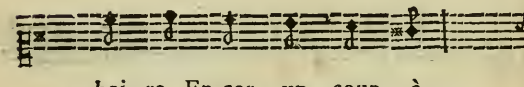

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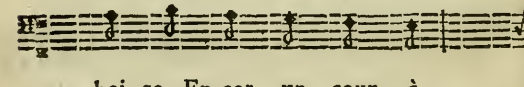

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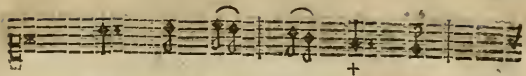

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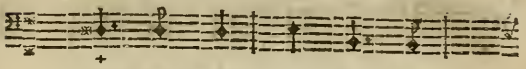

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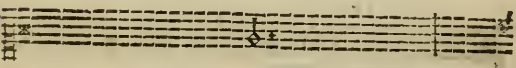

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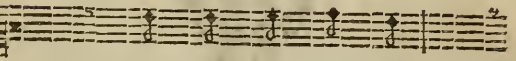

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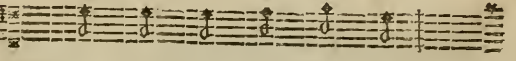

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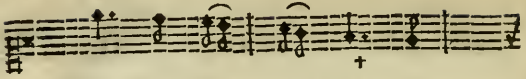

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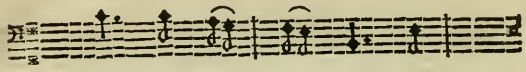

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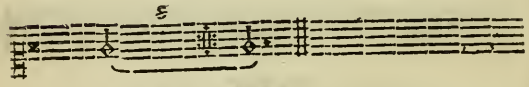

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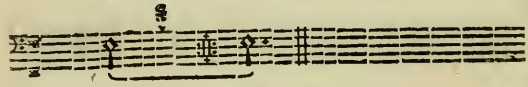

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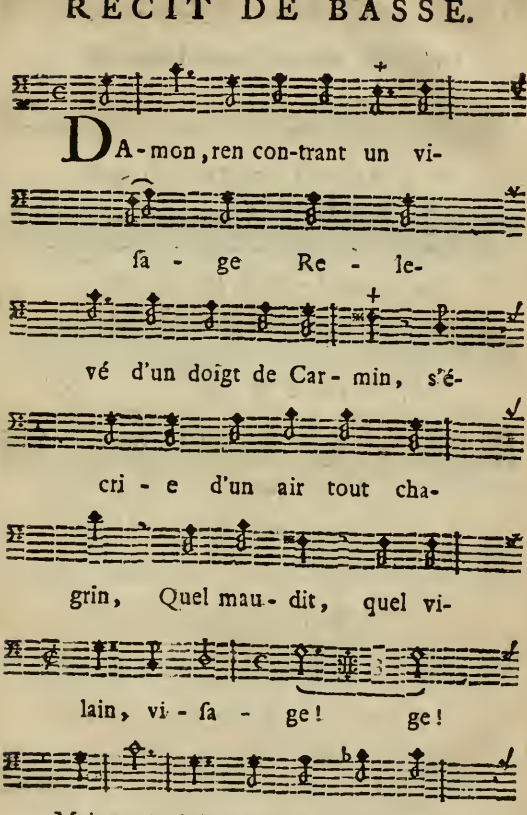
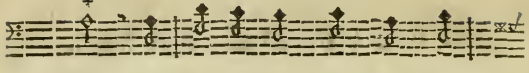
RECIT DE BASSE.





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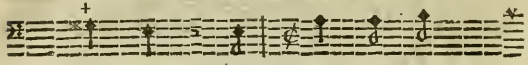

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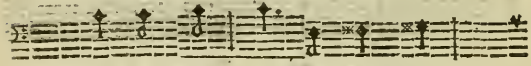

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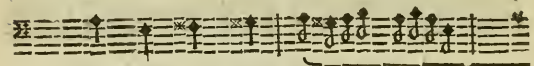

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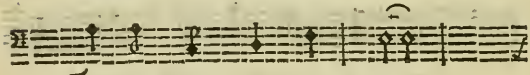

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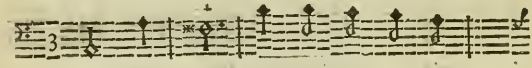
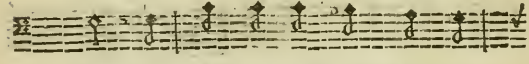


re. Mais moi, loin que cet-te cou-



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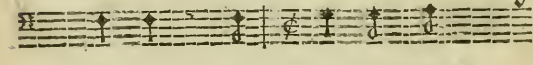

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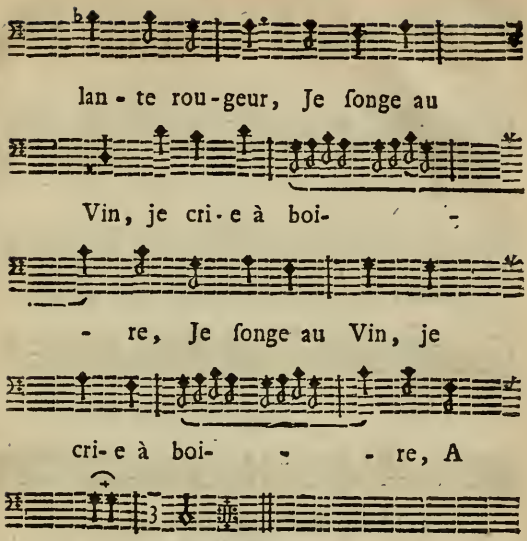
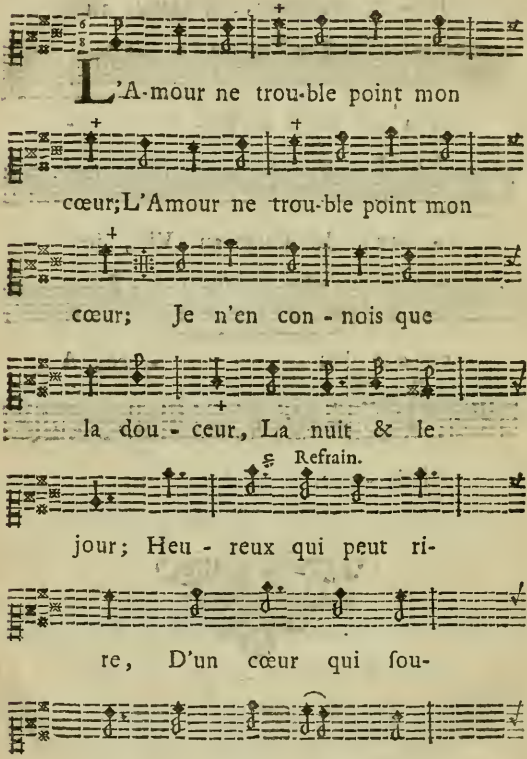
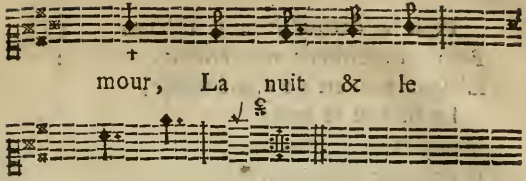
lante


lan - te rou - geur, Je ſonge au
Vin, je cri - e à boi -
- re, Je ſonge au Vin, je
cri - e à boi - - re, A
boi - re.

CHANSON A DANSER.





jour. Heu-, &c.

Je me ris des folles ardeurs, } bis.
Je me ris des folles ardeurs;
Qui s'expriment par les langueurs,
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui soupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

Quand une Belle a pris mon cœur, } bis.
Quand une Belle a pris mon cœur,
Je n'en deviens pas plus rêveur
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui soupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

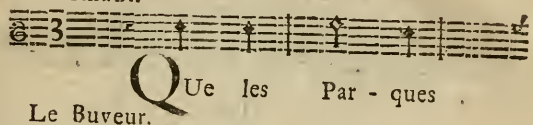
Pour

Pour lui découvrir mon ardeur, } bis.
Pour lui découvrir mon ardeur,
L'eſpoir me ſert de Conducteur,
La nuit & le jour:
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

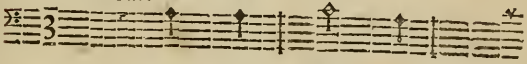
Lorſqu'on ſe pique de rigueurs, } bis.
Lorſqu'on ſe pique de rigueurs;
Je vais chercher fortune ailleurs,
La nuit & le jour;
Heureux qui peut rire,
D'un cœur qui ſoupire
De trop d'Amour,
La nuit & le jour.

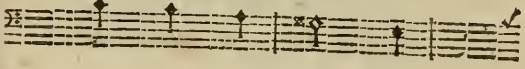
DIALOGUE TENDRE ET BACHIQUE.

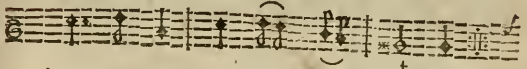
L'Amant.

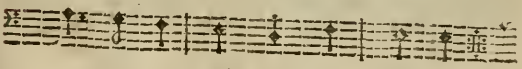


Le Buveur.



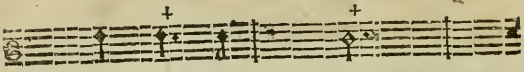




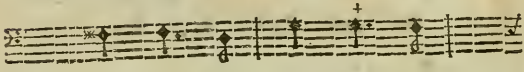


Pour les paſ - ſer ſans ſou-

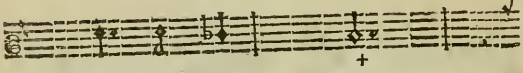
Pour les paſ-



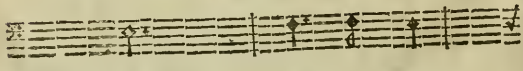
ci, ſans cha - grin,



ſer ſans ſou - ci, ſans cha-



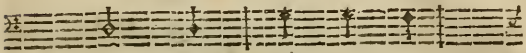
Jeu - ne Tir - cis



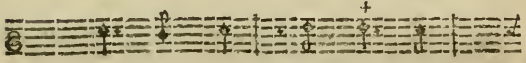
grin, Bel - le Sil-

avec

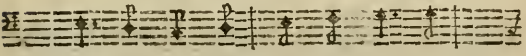
a - vec beau - coup d'A-



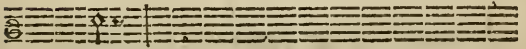
vi - e, A - vec un



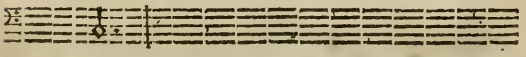
mour mê - lons un peu de



peu d'Amour mê - lons beaucoup de

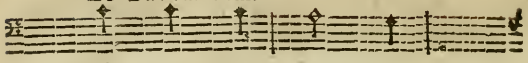


Vin.

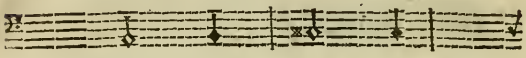


Vin.

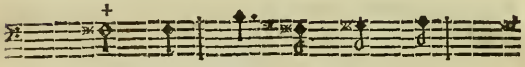
Le Buveur seul.



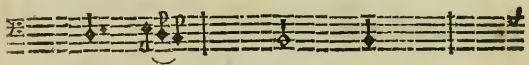
A - vec un peu d'A-



Basse continue.



mour mê - lons beau-coup de



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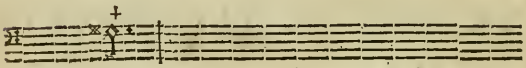
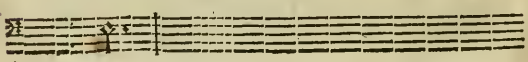


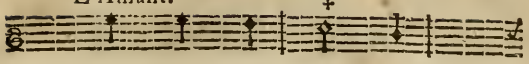
Vin.



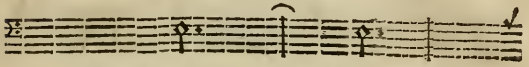
Basse continue.

Avec

L'Amant.

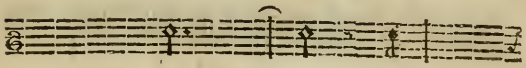


A - vec beau - coup d'A-

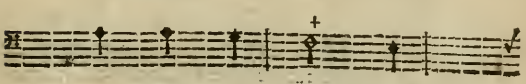


Basse continue.

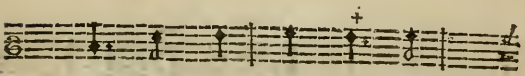
ENSEMBLE.



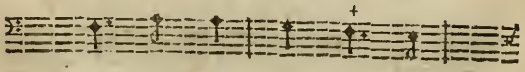
mour - mê-



A - vec un peu d'A-

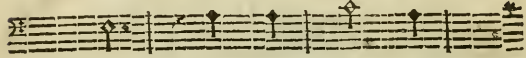


lons, mê - lons un peu de

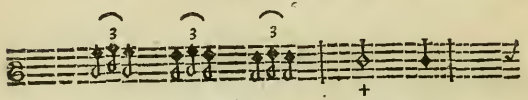


mour, mê - lons un peu de

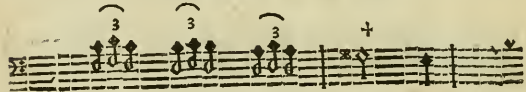
Vin. Que les Par - ques



Vin. Que les Par - ques



fi - lent ſans fin, Les

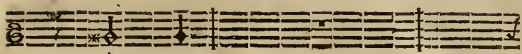


fi - lent ſans fin, Les

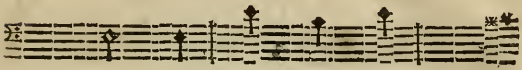
jours de no - tre ai - ma - ble

jours de no - tre ai - ma - ble

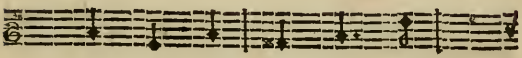
vie;



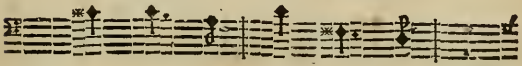
vi - e;



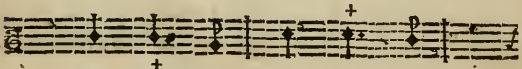
vi - e; Pour les paſ-



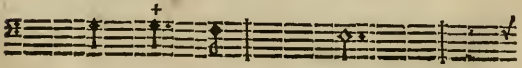
Pour les paſ - ſer ſans ſou-



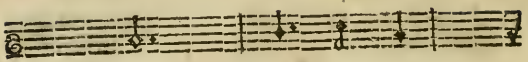
ſer ſans ſou - ci, ſans ſou-



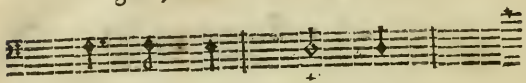
ci, ſans ſou - ci, ſans cha-



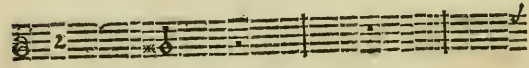
ci, ſans cha - grin.



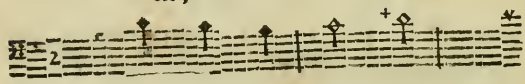
grin, Jeu - ne Tir-



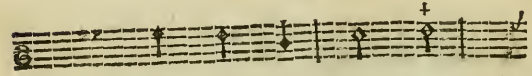
Bel - le Sil - vi - e,



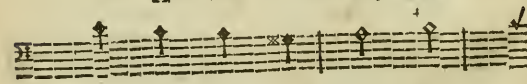
cis,



A - vec un peu d'A-



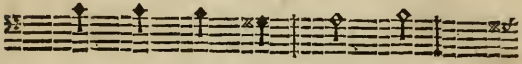
A - vec beau - coup d'A-



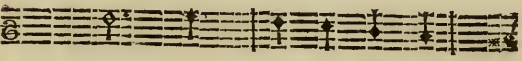
mour, mê - lons beau - coup de

mour

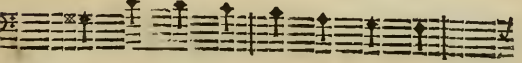
mour, mê-lons un peu de



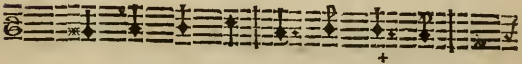
Vin, A-vec un peu d'A-



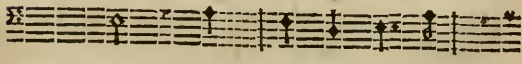
Vin, Mê - lons un peu de



mour, Mê-lons, mê-lons beaucoup de

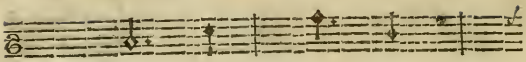


peu de Vin, mê-lons un peu de



Vin, Mê - lons beaucoup de

Vin,



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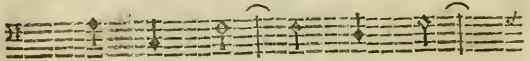

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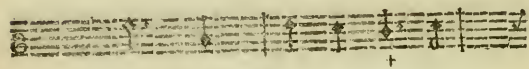

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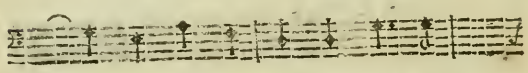

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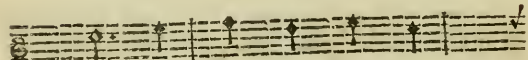

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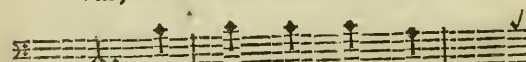
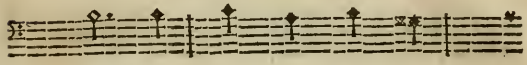


Vin, A - vec un peu d'A-

mour,

mour, mê - lons un peu de



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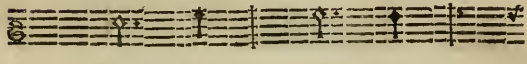

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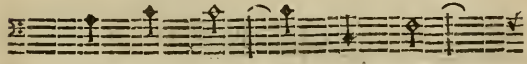

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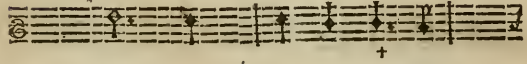

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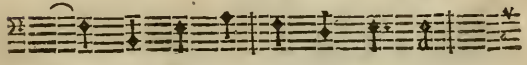
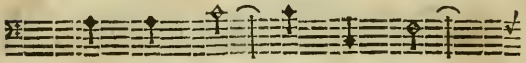


- beaucoup, Mê - lons beaucoup de

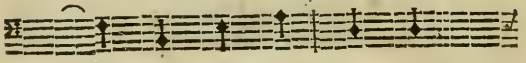
Vin,

Vin, Mê - lons un



Vin, Mê - lons beau-coup,

peu, Mê - lons un



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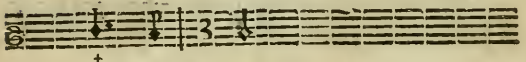

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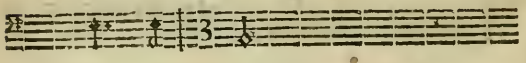
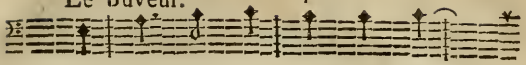


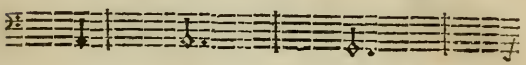
peu de Vin.

Le

Le Buveur.

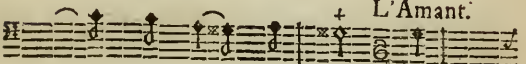


Le Jus de la Treil - le Eſt

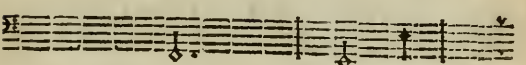


Baſſe continue.

L'Amant.



- rem - pli d'ap - pas. L'A-



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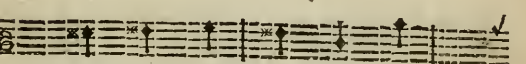
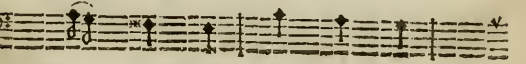


mour nous re - veil - le, A-



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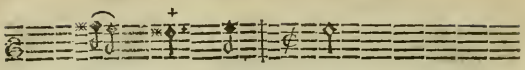
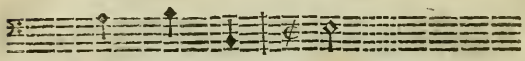


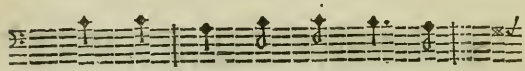
près le re - pas.



Basse continue.

ENSEMBLE.

Quand Ba- chus & l'A- mour s'u-



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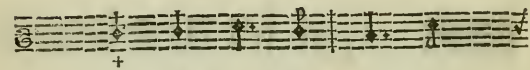
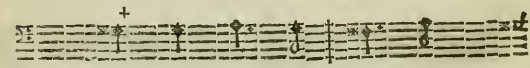


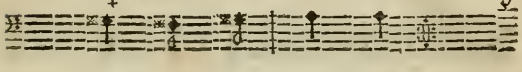
nif - fent, Les plai - firs ja-



nif - fent, Les plai - firs ja-

mais

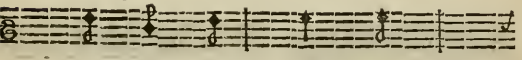
mais ne fi - niſ - ſent:



mais ne fi - niſ - ſent:

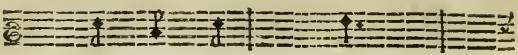
Ai-mons tou - jours,

Bu - vons ſans



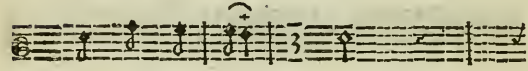
Bu - vons ſans ceſ - ſe,

ceſ - ſe, Ai - mons tou-



Ai-mons tou - jours,

jours, Bu-vons ſans



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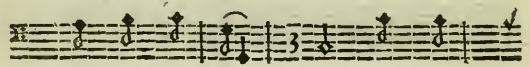
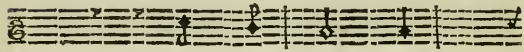
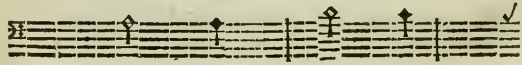


ceſ-ſe, ſans ceſ - ſe. Pour-roit-



Pour-roit - on paſ-

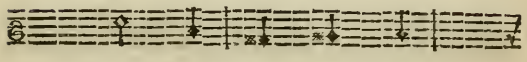


on paſ - ſer, paſ-

ſer,

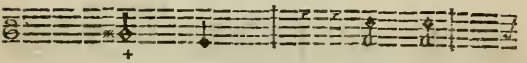
ſer d'heu-reux jours, Sans le

ſer d'heu-reux jours, Sans le

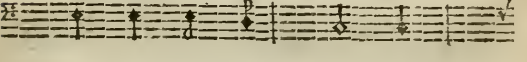


Vin & ſans la Ten-

Vin & ſans la Ten-

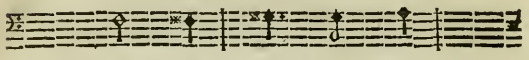


dreſ - ſe, Pour-roit-

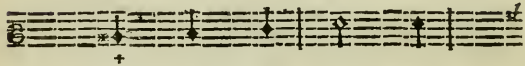


dreſ- ſe, Pour-roit - on paſ-

on paſ - ſer d'heu - reux

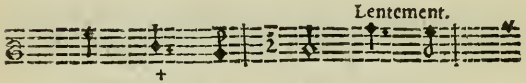


ſer, paſ - ſer d'heu - reux

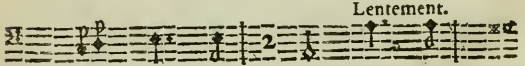


jours, Sans le Vin &

jours, Sans le Vin &

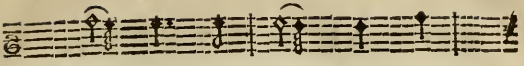


ſans les A - mours? Sans le

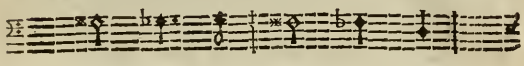


ſans les A - mours? Sans le

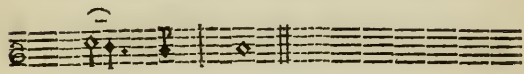
Vin,



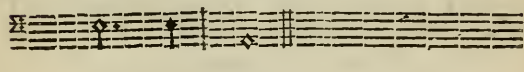
Vin, ſans le Vin, & ſans



Vin, ſans le Vin, & ſans

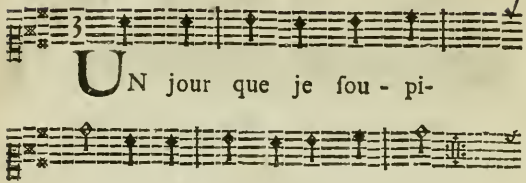


les A - mours.



les A - mours.

RONDE DE TABLE.



Ba-

Bachus me dit à l'Oreille,
Si tu veux ſuivre mes Loix:
Tu n'auras pas bû Bouteille,
Tu ſeras gai comme moi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Tu n'auras pas bû la Bouteille,
Tu ſeras gai comme moi,
Tu n'auras plus de Foibleſſe,
Amour fuira loin de toi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Tu n'auras plus de Foibleſſe,
Amour fuira loin de toi:
Loin d'accepter ſa promeſſe,
Je repondis plein d'effroi;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Loin d'accepter ſa promeſſe,
Je repondis plein d'effroi,
Quoi ! moi, j'oublierois ma mie,
Je lui manquerois de Foi !
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Quoi ! moi, j'oublierois ma mie,
Je lui manquerois de Foi !
J'aurois plûtôt la Pépie,
Je mourrois plûtôt de Soif.
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

J'aurois plûtôt la Pépie,
Je mourrois plûtôt de Soif;
Rien ne m'en ferai dédire,
A moins d'un Ordre du Roi.
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Rien ne m'en fera dédire,
A moins d'un Ordre du Roi :
Même au Roi, je dirois, Sire,
Sauf le reſpect qu'on vous doit ?
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Même au Roi, je dirois, Sire,
Sauf le reſpect qu'on vous doit,
Je voudrois ſuivre votre Ordre;
Mais en vain j'y tâcherois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Je voudrois ſuivre votre Ordre,
Mais en vain j'y tâcherois;
Mon cœur n'en ſauroit démordre,
Quand il s'attache une fois;
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Mon cœur n'en ſauroit démordre,
Quand il s'attache une fois;
M'en demandez vous la cauſe,
La raiſon, & le pourquoi?
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

M'en demandez vous la cauſe,
La raiſon, & le pourquoi?
Je ne puis dire autre choſe,
Quand je ſerois aux Abois:
Je ne ſaurois,
Je chéris trop ma Brunette,
J'en mourrois.

Je ne puis dire autre choſe,
Quand je ſerois aux Abois.
Mais, j'eus beau dire & beau faire,
Fallut boire malgré moi;
Je ne ſavois,
Je croyois qu'aimer & boire,
Se nuiſoient.

Mais,

Mais, j'eus beau dire & beau faire,
Fallût boire malgré moi;
Je vis bien-tôt le contraire,
Plus je bûs, & plus j'aimois;
Je ne ſavois,
Je croyois qu'aimer & boire,
Se nuiſoient.

Je vis bien tôt le contraire,
Plus je bûs, & plus j'aimois;
Ainſi je finis par dire,
Après avoir bû cent fois:
Je ne ſaurois,
Amour quitter ton Empire,
J'en mourrois.

COUPLETS *sur le même Air.*

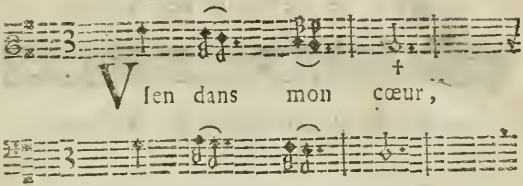
BAchus me sert à merveille,
Il chasse tous mes ennuis;
Phi.is me dit à l'Oreille,
Nous aurons de douces nuits;
Point de choix,
Si je quittois l'un pour l'autre,
J'en mourrois.

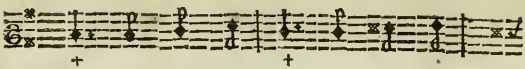
Je ne mêts point de divorce,
Entre Bachus & l'Amour;
Tant que j'en aurai la force,
J'en uſerai tour à tour;
Point de choix,
Si je quittois l'un pour l'autre,
J'en mourrois.

Je boirai, quoiqu'il en coûte,
Du Vin tant vieux que nouveau:
Cher Ami, tu crois ſans doute,
Que j'y vais mettre de l'eau;
Je ne ſaurois,
Si j'en mettois une goute,
J'en mourrois.

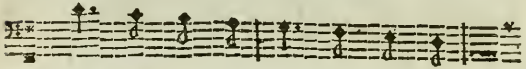
DUO.

DUO.


Vien dans mon cœur,
Vien dans mon cœur,
Dieu de la Treil - le, Vien chaſ-
Dieu de la Treil - le, Vien chaſ-
ſer le cru - el A-
ſer le cru - el A-

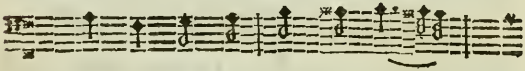


mour, Par le ſe-cours de la Bou-

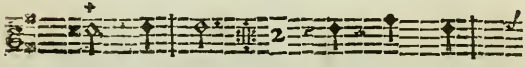


mour, Par le ſe-cours de la Bou-

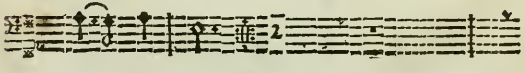
teil-le, Que j'en ſois Vain-queur



teil-le, Que j'en ſois Vain-queur

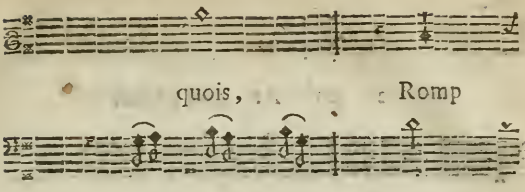


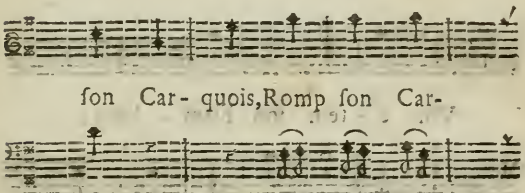
à mon tour: Romp ſon Car-

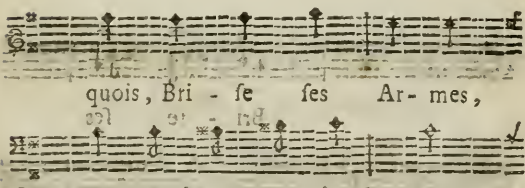


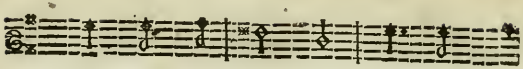
à mon tour:

quois,

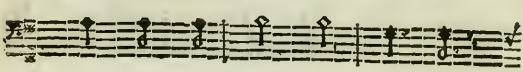

quois, Romp
Bri - ſe ſes Ar-


ſon Car- quois, Romp ſon Car-
mes, Bri - ſe ſes

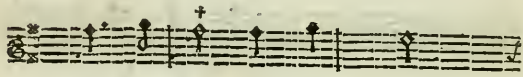

quois, Bri - ſe ſes Ar- mes,
Ar- mes, Romp ſon Car - quois,



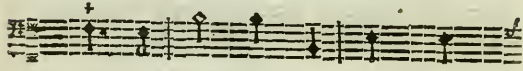
Bri - ſe ſes Ar - mes, Dans le



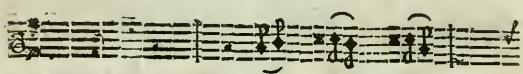
Bri - ſe ſes Ar - mes, Dans le



Vin é - tein ſon Flam - beau;



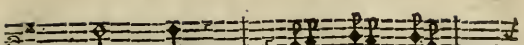
Vin é - tein ſon Flam-beau; Romp



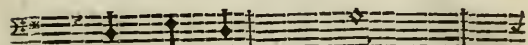
Bri - ſe ſes

ſon Car - quois,

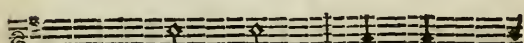
Ar-



Ar - mes, Bri - ſe ſes

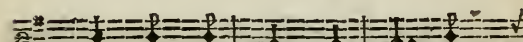


Romp ſon Car - quois,

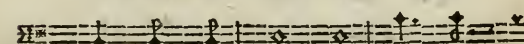


Ar - mes, Bri - ſe,

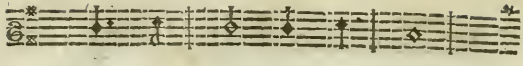
Romp ſon Car - quois,



bri - ſe ſes Ar - mes, Dans le



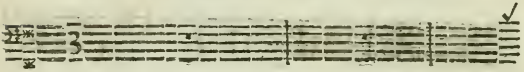
Bri - ſe ſes Ar - mes, Dans le

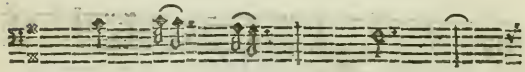


Vin é - tein ſon Flam - beau:

Vin é - tein ſon Flam - beau:

Ne lui laiſ - ſe

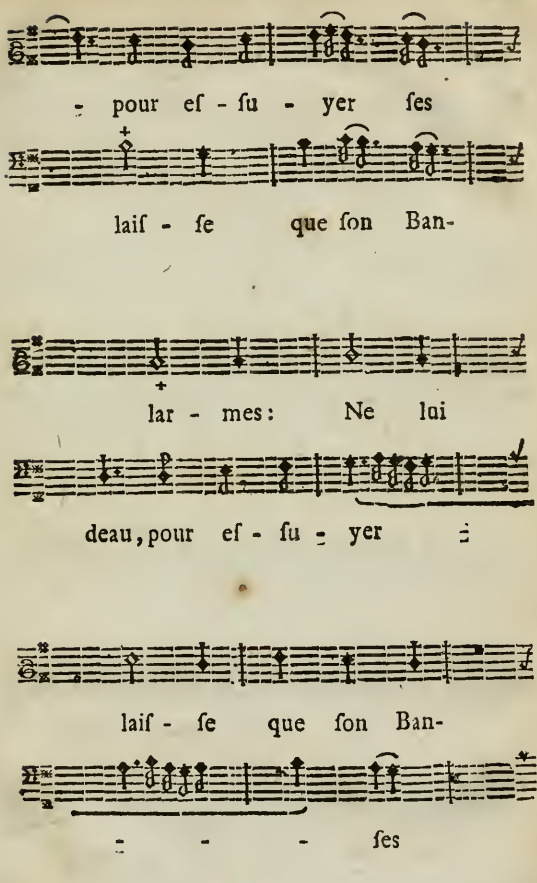




Que ſon Ban - deau,

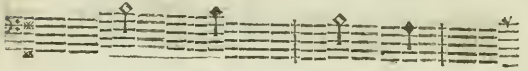
Ne lui

pour

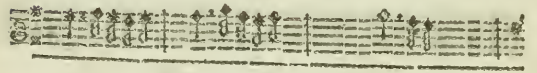

pour ef - fu - yer ſes
laiſ - ſe que ſon Ban-
lar - mes: Ne lui
deau, pour ef - fu - yer
laiſ - ſe que ſon Ban-
ſes

deau,

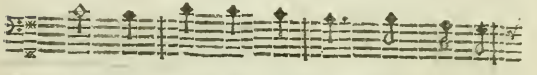
deau, pour ef - fu - yer -



lar - mes, Ne lui

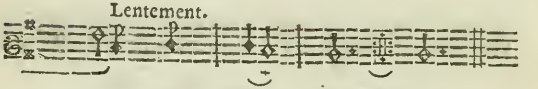


- - - - -

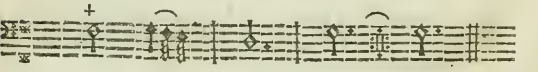


laif- fe - que fon Ban-deau, pour ef- fu-

Lentement.



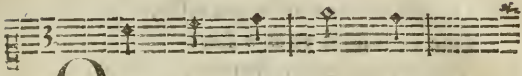
- fes lar - mes. mes.



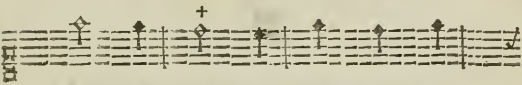
yer fes lar - mes. mes.

CRI-

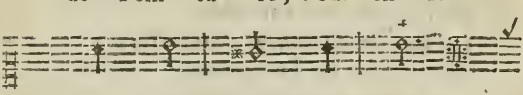
CRITIQUE DU ROUGE.



QUand par les mains de
Deſſous des Roſes

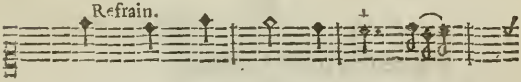


la Nature, Vos traits pa-
de Peinture, Vous enfe-



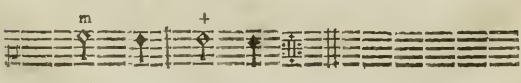
roiſſent embellis,
velifſez vos Lis.

Refrain.



Tenez-vous en à la pa-

rure, Que vous a donné



la Nature.

L'Art

L'Art avec toute ſon adreſſe,
Ne fera rien de ſi parfait,
Que les préſens de la Jeuneſſe,
Que la Nature vous a fait:
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

Lorſque l'Amour chez vous raſſemble,
D'appas un précieux tréſor,
Ne réüniſſez pas enſemble,
Le faux du Clinquant, avec l'Or:
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

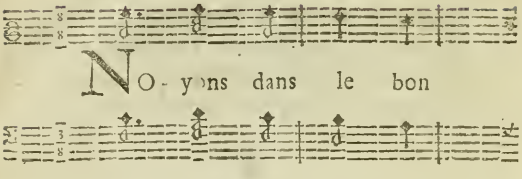
Par cette parure étrangere,
Vous établiſſez vos appas;
Quand on s'efforce de trop plaire,
Iris, ſouvent on ne plaît pas;
Tenez-vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

Laiſ-

Laiſſez à la vielle Coquette,
Par le Coloris du Pinceau,
Rappeller Amans & Fleurette,
Et de ſon tein faire un Tableau :
Tenez vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

On peut avec délicateſſe
Ranimer ſes traits languiſſans ;
Mais le trop grand excès nous bleſſe ;
Et choque le goût & les ſens ;
Tenez vous en à la parure,
Que vous a donné la Nature.

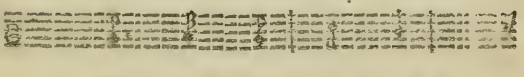
D U O.


NO - yons dans le bon
No - yons dans le bon
Vin, Le Sou - ci, la Trif-
Vin, Le Sou - ci, la Trif-
tef - fe, Chan - tons, chan-
tef - fe, Chan - tons, chan-

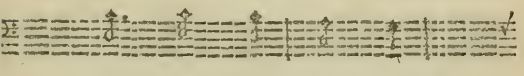
tons,

tons, Bu - vons ſans ceſ - ſe,

tons, Bu - vons ſans ceſ - ſe,



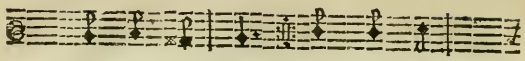
Mo - quons-nous du deſ-



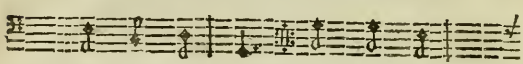
Mo - quons-nous du deſ-

tin, Tin, tin, re - lin-

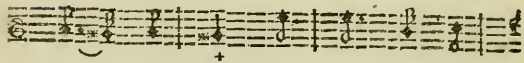
tin, Tin, tin, re - lin-



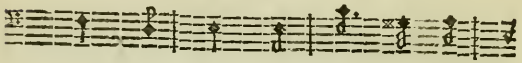
tin, tin, tin, tin: C'eſt dans ce



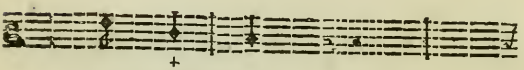
tin, tin' tin, tin: C'eſt dans ce



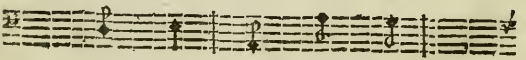
Jus di - vin, Qu'on pui - ſe la



Jus di - vin, Qu'on pui - ſe la

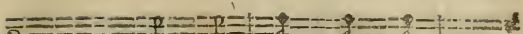


ten - dref - ſe.

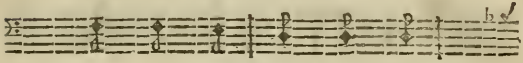


ten - dref - ſe. Plus j'en

Plus

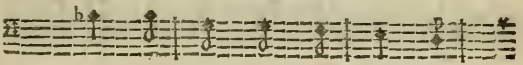


Plus j'en bois, plus j'a-

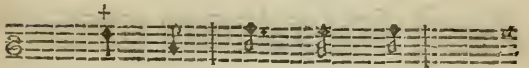


bois, plus j'en bois, plus j'a-

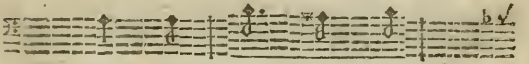
dref- fe, De vœux à ma Ca-



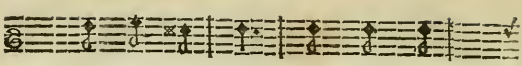
dref- fe, De vœux à ma Ca-



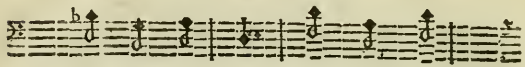
tin, Tin, tin, re - lin-



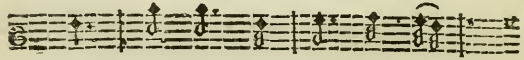
tin, Tin, tin, re - lin-



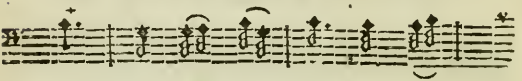
tin, tin, tin, tin; Le ver-re en



tin, tin, tin, tin; Le ver-re en

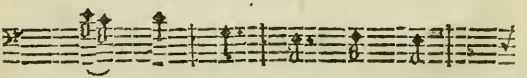


main, D'un Sou-ve-rain, J'ai la



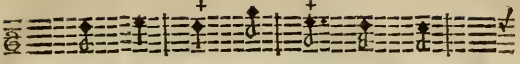
main, D'un Sou-ve-rain, J'ai la

ri-chef-fe; mon bon-heur

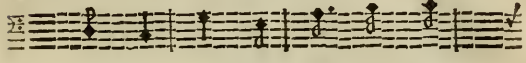


ri-chef-fe; mon bon-heur

eſt

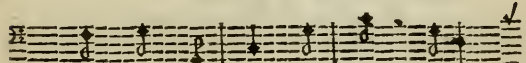


eſt cer- tain, Tin, tin, re - lin-



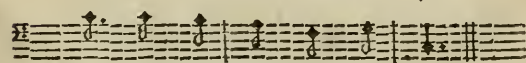
eſt cer- tain, Tin, tin, re - lin-

tin, tin, tin, tin; Tin, tin, tin,



tin, tin, tin, tin; Tin, tin, tin,

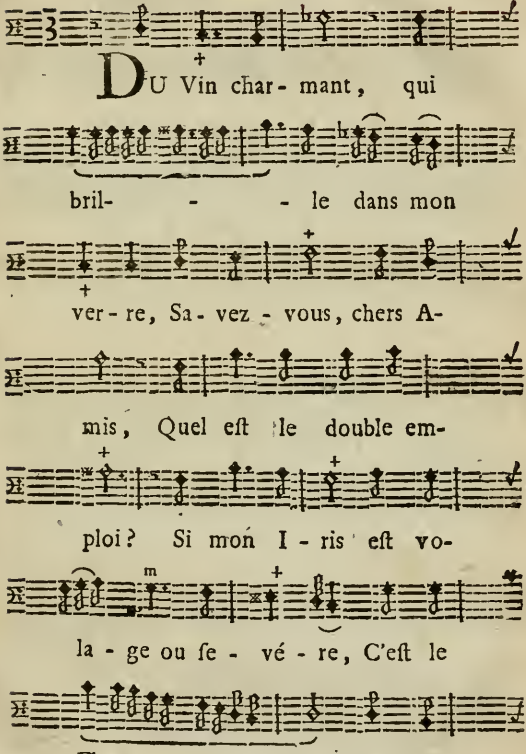
tin, re - lin - tin, tin, tin, tin.



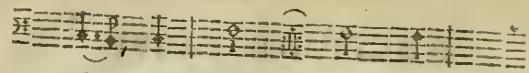
tin, re - lin - tin, tin, tin, tin.

Puiſſant Dieu du Raiſin,
Pere de la Jeuneſſe,
Soutien de la Vieilleſſe,
Anime ce Feſtin ;
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin ;
Nous voici tous en train ;
Amis, point de foibleſſe,
Ne craignons point l'Yvreſſe,
Buvons juſqu'au matin ;
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin.
Verſe tout plein,
Je veux ſans fin,
Plein d'allegreſſe,
Chanter comme un Lutin,
Tin, tin, relintin, tin, tin, tin.

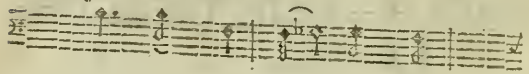
RECIT DE BASSE.



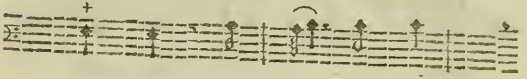
bli



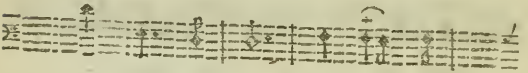
bli pour moi: moi: Mais,



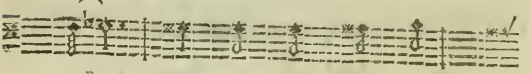
ſi la Beau - té qui m'en-



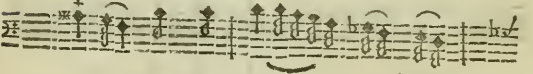
ga - ge Re - pond à mes



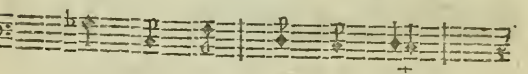
plus ten- dres feux, Ce Jus fla-



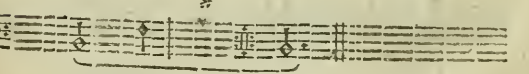
teur, Ce gra - ci - eux Breu-



va - ge, Eſt un Fil- - tre puiſ-



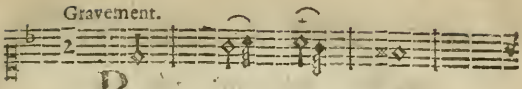
ſant qui re - dou - ble mes



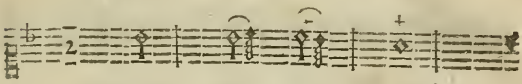
feux. Mais, &c. feux.

Bon

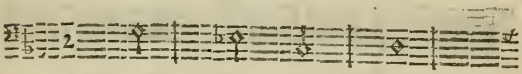
Gravement.



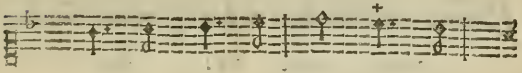
BOn Vin, bon Vin,



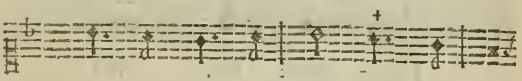
Bon Vin, bon Vin,



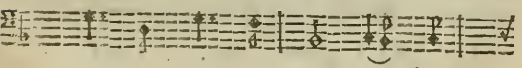
Bon Vin, bon Vin,



Quoi-que ton pou-voir ſoit di-

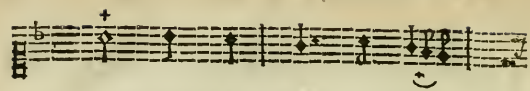


Quoi-que ton pou-voir ſoit di-

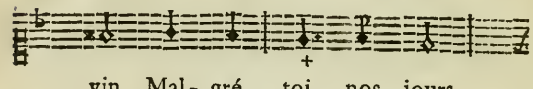


Quoi-que ton pou-voir ſoit di-

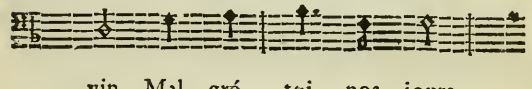
vin,



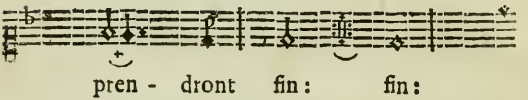
vin, Mal- gré toi nos jours



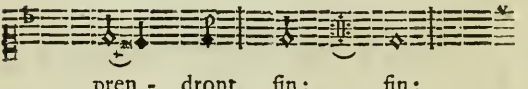
vin, Mal- gré toi nos jours



vin, Mal- gré toi nos jours



pren - dront fin: fin:



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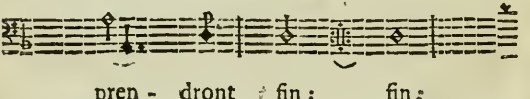
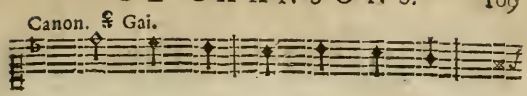
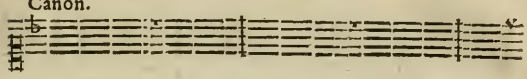


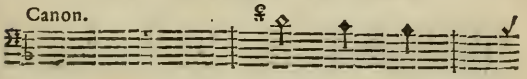
pren - dront fin: fin:

Mais

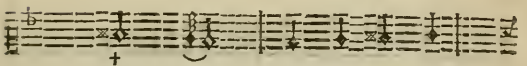


Mais pen-dant que le tems s'é-



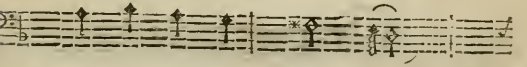


Mais pen-dant

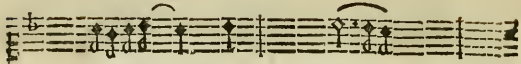


cou - le, Cou-le bon Vin,

Mais pen-dant que le tems s'é-

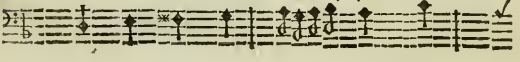


que le tems s'é - cou - le,

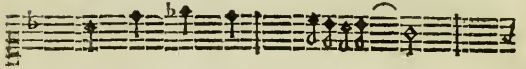


cou- - le, cou-

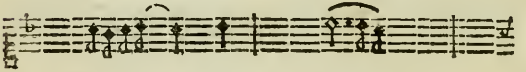
cou - le, Cou-le bon Vin,



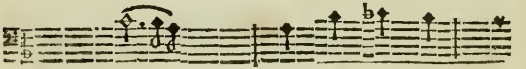
Cou-le, bon Vin, cou- - le,



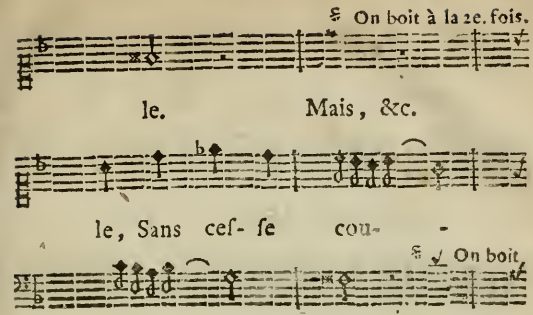
le, Sans ceſ-ſe cou- -

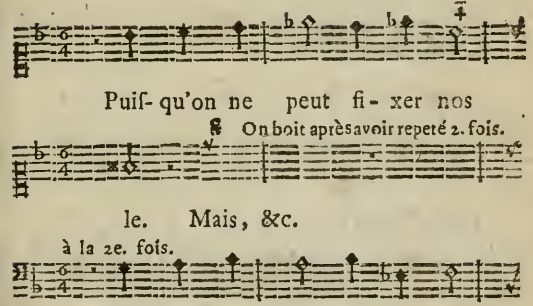


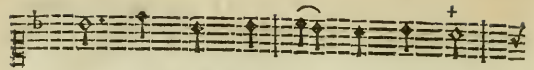
cou- - le, cou-



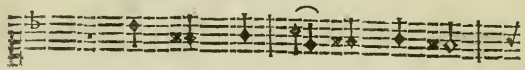
cou - le, Sans ceſ- ſe


On boit à la 2e. fois.
le. Mais, &c.
le, Sans ceſ- ſe cou-
On boit
cou- le. Mais, &c.

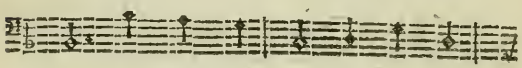

Puiſ- qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos
On boit après avoir repeté 2. fois.
le. Mais, &c.
à la 2e. fois.
Puiſ- qu'on ne peut fi- xer nos



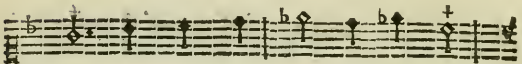
jours, Gar- dons- nous de fi - xer ton



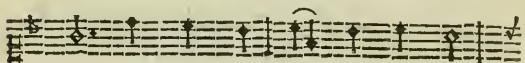
Gar- dons- nous de fi - xer ton



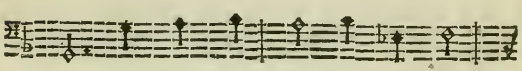
jours, Gar- dons- nous de fi - xer ton



cours; Puiſqu'on ne peut fi - xer nos

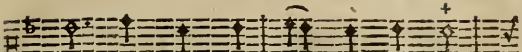


cours; Puiſqu'on ne peut fi - xer nos

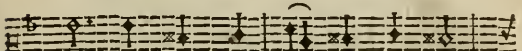


cours; Puiſqu'on ne peut fi - xer nos

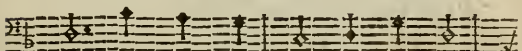
jours ;



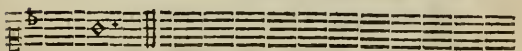
jours; Gar-dons-nous de fi-xer ton



jours; Gar-dons-nous de fi-xer ton



jours; Gar-dons-nous de fi-xer ton



cours.

cours.

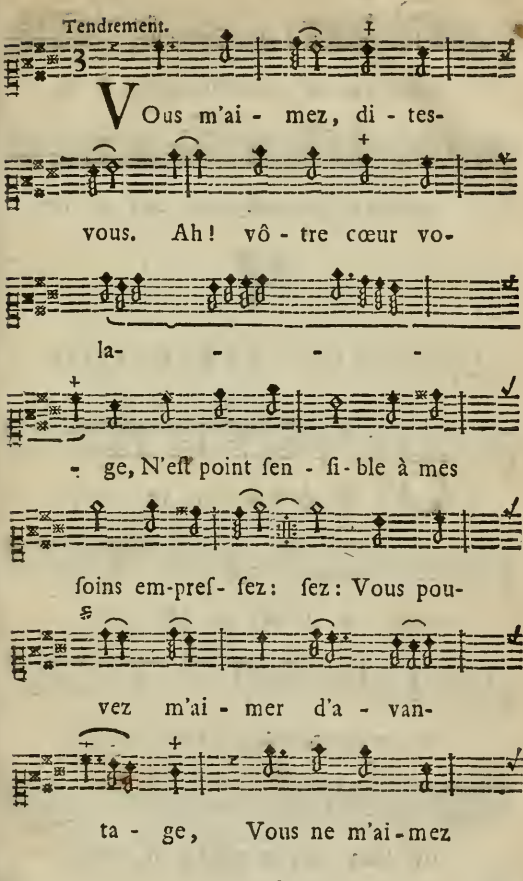
cours.

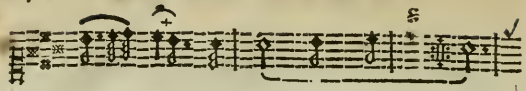
Bon ſens, bon ſens,
Te chercher parmi les Savans,
C'eſt perdre ſon huile, & ſon tems.
O toi, qui pâlis ſous ta Lampe,
Lampe, Lampe, Docteur Lampe,
Doctement Lampe,
Juriſconſulte ou Médecin,
Puiſe ton ſavoir dans le Vin.

Qu'entens-je, Hélas!
J'ai laiſſé ma Femme là bas,
Quelqu'un vient, & je n'y ſuis pas.
Pour me cacher ce qui s'y paſſe,
Paſſe, paſſe, bon Vin, paſſe,
Dans mes yeux paſſe;
Quand je ſuis Yvre, je ſuis bien,
Mes yeux ouverts ne verront rien.

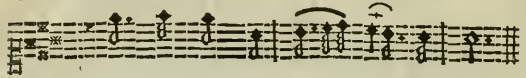
Que vois-je, ô Dieux,
Quel Fantôme vient à mes yeux,
Mouïller ſes doigts dans mon Vin vieux;
C'eſt la Parque que mes jours file,
File, file, bon Vin, file,
Doucement file;
Tant que mon bon Vin durera,
Pour moi la Parque filera.

Tendrement.


Vous m'ai - mez, di - tes-
vous. Ah! vô - tre cœur vo-
la- - - -
- ge, N'eſt point ſen - ſi - ble à mes
ſoins em-preſ- ſez: ſez: Vous pou-
vez m'ai - mer d'a - van-
ta - ge, Vous ne m'ai-mez

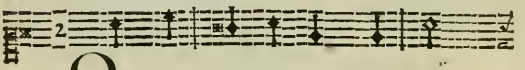


donc pas af- ſez. Vous pou-, &c. ſez,

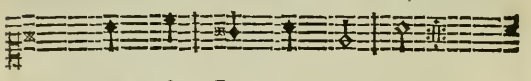


Vous ne m'ai-mez donc pas af- ſez.

CHANSON SATIRIQUE.

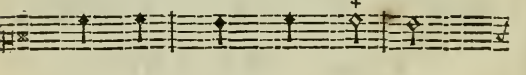


ON dit qu'il ar- ri- ve i - ci,



Gran - de Com- pa- gni - e:

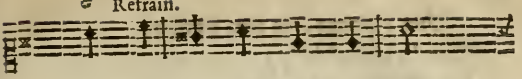
Qui vaut mieux que cel - le - ci,



Et bien mieux choi - ſi - e:

Va

℣ Refrain.



Va t'en voir s'ils vien-nent Jean,

Va t'en voir s'ils vien-nent. &c.

Un Abbé qui n'aime rien,
Que le Séminaire;
Qui donne aux Pauvres ſon Bien,
Et dit ſon Bréviaire;
Va t'en voir, &c.

℣

Un Magiſtrat curieux,
De Juriſprudence,
Et qui devant deux beaux Yeux,
Tient bien la Balance;
Va t'en voir, &c.

℣

Une Fille de quinze ans,
D'Agnès la pareille,
Qui penſe que les Enfans,
Se font par l'Oreille;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une

Une Femme, & ſon Epoux;
Couple bien fidelle;
Elle le préfere à tous,
Et lui n'aime qu'elle;
Va t'en voir, &c.

❦

Un Chanoine dégouté,
Du bon jus d'Octobre;
Un Poëte ſans vanité:
Un Muſicien ſobre;
Va t'en voir, &c.

❦

Un Breton qui ne boit point,
Un Gaſcon tout Bête,
Un Normand franc de tout point,
Un Picard ſans tête;
Va t'en voir, &c.

❦

Une Belle, qui cherchant
Compagnie fidelle,
La choiſit en la trouvant
Plus aimable qu'elle;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Une Nonne de Longchamp,
Belle comme Aſtrée,
Qui brûle en courant les champs,
D'être recloîtrée,
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un Médecin ſans grands mots,
D'un ſavoir extrême,
Qui n'envoye point aux Eaux,
Et guérit lui-même;
Va t'en voir, &c.

Un jeune Homme humble & bien fait,
Sage Mouſquetaire,
Qui en dit moins qu'il n'en fait,
Content de le faire;
Va t'en voir, &c.

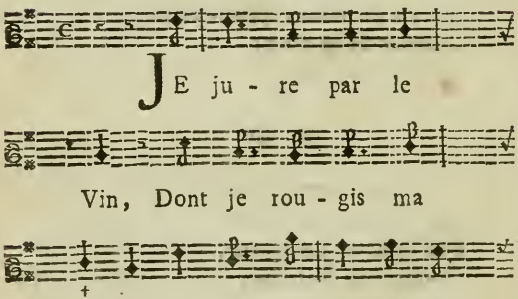
Et pour Bénediction,
Il nous vient un Moine,
Fort dans la Tentation,
Comme St. Antoine;
Va t'en voir, &c.

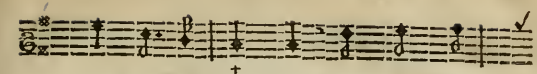
Un ſavant Prédicateur,
Comme Bourdalouë,
Qui ne veut prêcher qu'au Cœur;
Et craint qu'on le louë;
Va t'en voir, &c.

*

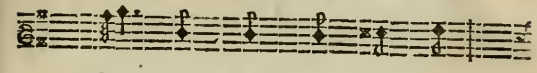
Une Femme que le tems,
A preſque flêtrie,
Qui voit des Appas naiſſans,
Sans aucune envie;
Va t'en voir, &c.

SERMENT BACHIQUE.

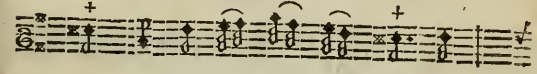




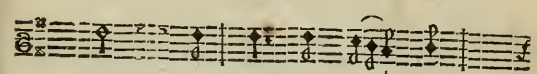
fort d'un Y- vro-gne; J'ai trop ſouf-



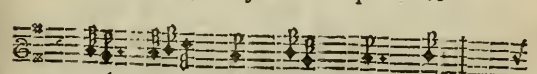
fert ſous l'a- mou- reu - ſe



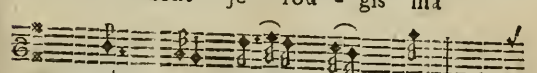
Loi, Il eſt aſ - ſez de fous ſans



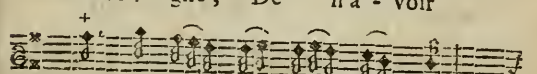
moi. Je ju - re par ce



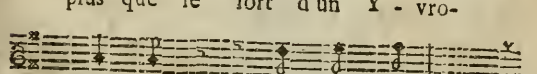
Vin dont je rou - gis ma



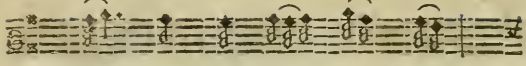
tro.- gne, De n'a - voir



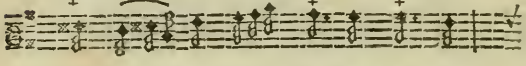
plus que le ſort d'un Y - vro-



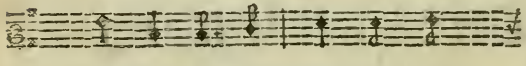
- gne J'ai trop ſouf-



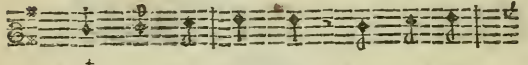
fert ſous l'a - mou - reu - ſe



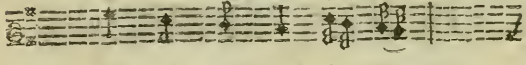
Loi, Il eſt aſ - ſez de ſous ſans



moi. Et ſi ja - mais je me

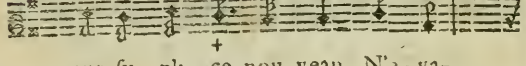


laiſ - ſe ſur - pren - dre ; Si pour I-

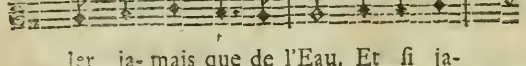


ris, on me voit le cœur

ten - dre, Je veux, je veux

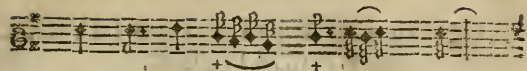


pour ſu - pli ce nou - veau, N'a - va-

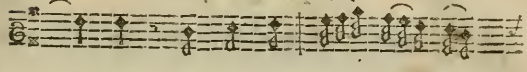


ler ja - mais que de l'Eau. Et ſi ja-

mais

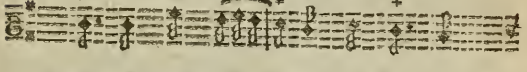


mais je me laif - ſe ſur - pren-

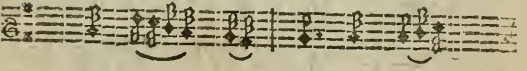


- dre, Si pour I - ris, on me

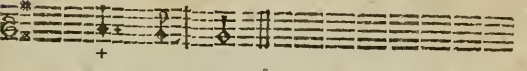
voit le cœur ten - dre, Je



veux, je veux, pour ſu - pli - ce nou-



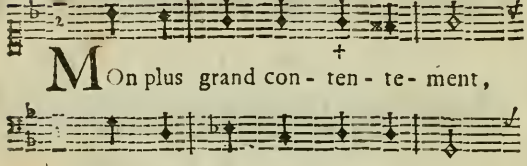
veau, N'a - va - ler ja - mais

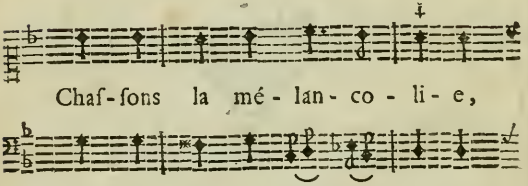


que de l'Eau.

RONDE DE TABLE, TENDRESSE BACHIQUE.

D U O.

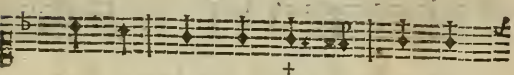




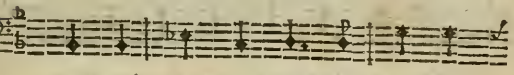
Re-

Re - ſo - lus juſ-qu'à la fin,

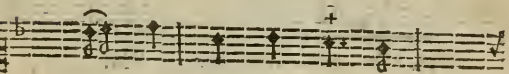
Re - ſo - lus juſ-qu'à la fin,



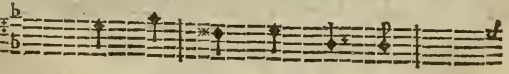
De tou-jours rou-ler la vi - e,



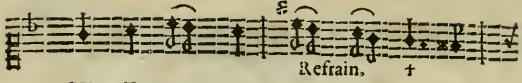
De tou-jours rou-ler la vi - e,



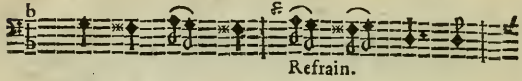
Par-mi les Fem'es & le



Par-mi les Fem'es & le



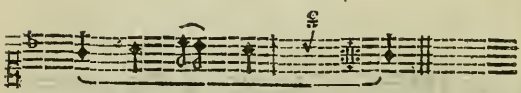
Vin: Et rou- lons, rou- lons no- tre



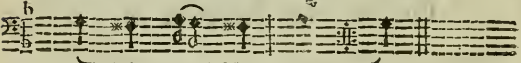
Vin: Et rou- lons, rou- lons no- tre

vi - e, Par- mi les Fem'es & le

vi - e, Par- mi les Fem'es & le



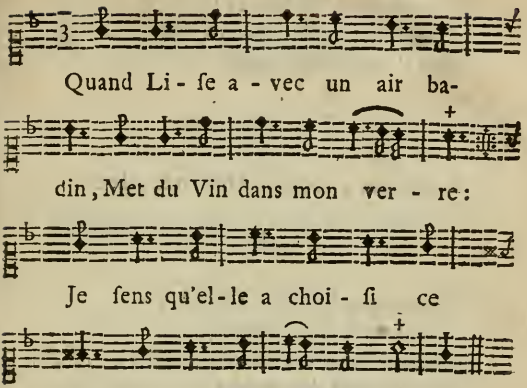
Vin. Et rou- lons, &c. Vin.



Vin. Et rou- lons, &c. Vin.

Le Chœur repète ce Refrain.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.



CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

❧

Lorſqu'elle veut bien à ſon tour,
Prendre plaiſir à boire,
C'eſt-là que Bachus & l'Amour
Sont dans toute leur gloire.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Iris, je bois à tes beaux yeux,
Sources de mille flâmes :
L'Amour y puise tous les feux,
Dont il brûle nos ames.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Buvons à l'Hôte de Céans,
Buvons tous à la Ronde ;
Oublions dans ces doux momens,
Tout le reste du monde.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Que manque-t-il dans ce séjour,
Pour contenter nos ames ?
Je tiens Bachus, & vois l'Amour,
Dans les yeux de ces Dames.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Dans

Dans ce séjour délicieux,
Restons long-tems à table :
Que les mortels y sont heureux,
Que l'Hôtesse est aimable !

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Deuxieme Couplet du Duo page 184.

Si l'Amour du haut des Cieux,
Descendoit en ces beaux Lieux :
Il se croiroit à Cythere,
En voyant dans ces Festins,
Les Favoris de sa Mere,
Parmi les Fem'es & le Vin.
Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie,
Parmi les Fem'es & le Vin.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Con-

Continuation des Couplets dont l'Air eſt à la page 187.

Amis, ſans regreter Paris,
Où tout plaiſir abonde;
Avec du Vin & mon Iris,
J'irois au bout du monde.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Que j'eſtime, mon cher Voiſin,
L'Honneur de te connoître;
Chez toi, l'on y boit du bon Vin,
J'y voudrois toujours être.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Vivons comme le Voiſin vit,
Sa maniére eſt aimable;
Sa Femme eſt la Maitreſſe au Lit,
Il eſt le Maitre à Table.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Phi-

Philis, c'eſt un plaiſir charmant,
Que de te voir à table :
Je trouve encor certain moment,
Cent fois plus délectable.

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

Je bois cent coups avec Bachus,
Sans faire aucune Pauſe :
Ah ! que ne puis-je avec Venus,
Faire la même choſe !

CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

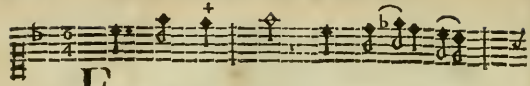
Troiſieme Couplet du Duo, page 184.

Célebrons donc tour à tour,
Bachus & le Dieu d'Amour :
Le reſte n'eſt que folie :
Eſt-il un plus beau deſtin,
Que de rouler nôtre vie,
Parmi les Fem'es & le Vin ?
Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie,
Parmi les Fem'es & le Vin.

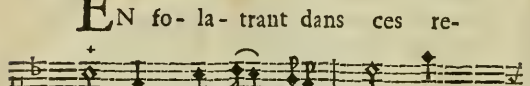
CHOEUR.

Et roulons, roulons nôtre vie, &c.

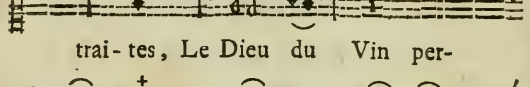
EN



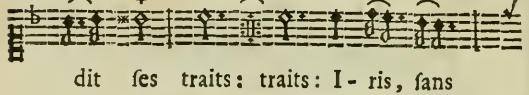
EN fo- la- trant dans ces re-



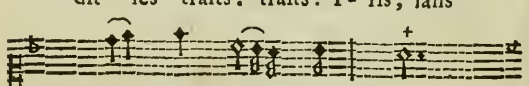
trai- tes, Le Dieu du Vin per-



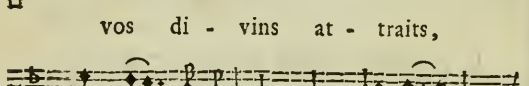
dit ſes traits: traits: I- ris, ſans



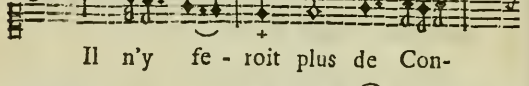
vos di- vins at- traits,



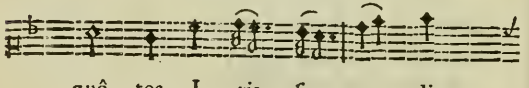
Il n'y fe- roit plus de Con-



quê- tes, I- ris, ſans vos di-



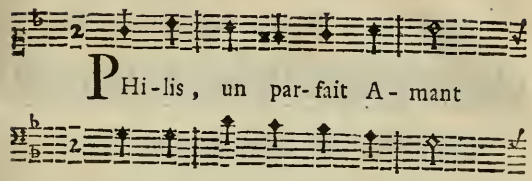
vins at- traits, Il n'y fe-



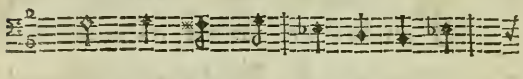
roit plus de Con- quê- tes,

CON-

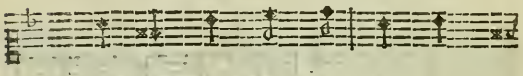
CONSEILS.


PHi-lis, un par-fait A-mant
Phi-lis, un par-fait A-mant
Se fait u-ne Loi du Miſ-
Se fait u-ne Loi du Miſ-
te-re, C'eſt tout l'aſ-ſai-ſon-ne-
te-re, C'eſt tout l'aſ-ſai-ſon-ne-

ment D'un A- mour con-ſtant & fin-

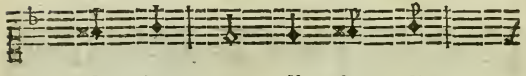


ment D'un A- mour con-ſtant & fin-

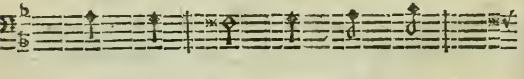


ce - re: Pour goû - ter un Plai-

ce - re: Pour goû - ter un Plai-

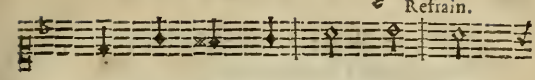


ſir char - mant, Il faut di-

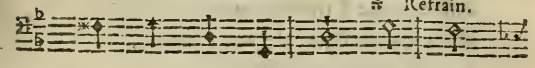


ſir char - mant, Il faut di-

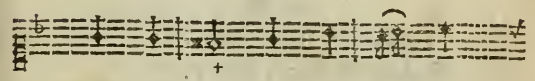
re



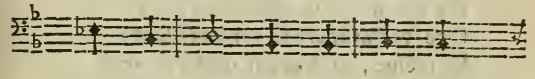
re ſe - cre - te - ment; Ai - mons,



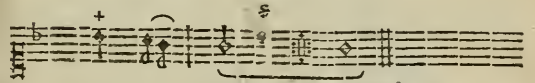
re ſe - cre - te - ment; Ai - mons,



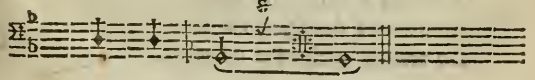
ai - mons-nous, trom-pons les yeux



ai - mons-nous, trom-pons les yeux



des ja - loux. loux.



des ja - loux. loux.

D'une ſévere Maman,
Pour amuſer la Vigilance,
En parlant à votre Amant,
Affectez de l'Indifférence;
Mais qu'un ſigne de votre main,
Ecrive deſſus votre ſein,
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des Jaloux.

Si dans un galant Repas,
Bachus & l'Amour vous appellent,
Au feu d'un Jus plein d'appas,
Que vos ardeurs ſe renouvellent;
Et même, en buvant que vos yeux
Diſent d'un air miſterieux;
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des Jaloux.

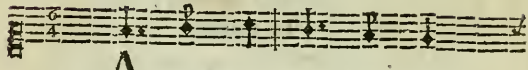
A chanter ce Jus divin,
A Table ſi l'on vous engage,
Empruntez du Dieu du Vin,
Le tendre & ſincere langage,

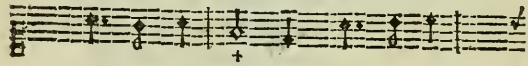
En buvant tout eſt de ſaiſon,
Adreſſez lui cette Chanſon;
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des Jaloux.

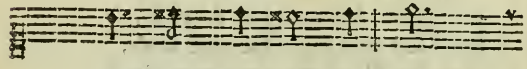
Sur tout n'écrivez jamais;
Mais que vôtre Amant puiſſe lire,
Sur un Ruban mis exprès,
Tout ce que votre cœur veut dire,
Et que tout juſqu'à la couleur,
Peigne votre ſincere ardeur;
Aimez, aimez-vous,
Trompez les yeux des Jaloux.

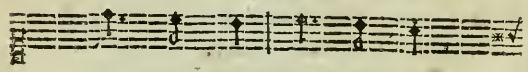
Si d'un heureux Rendez-vous,
Le tendre Amour vous favoriſe,
Qu'il ſoit tout ſeul avec que vous,
Que ſon Flambeau vous y conduiſe;
Là, repetez en Liberté,
A l'ombre d'un Bois écarté,
Aimons, aimons-nous,
Trompons les yeux des Jaloux.

Mais, dans la moindre faveur,
Que peut exiger la conſtance,
Ménagez votre pudeur,
Faites aſſez de réſiſtance:
On riſque à faire un Inconſtant,
En faiſant un heureux Amant;
Aimez, aimez-vous,
Trompez les yeux des Jaloux.

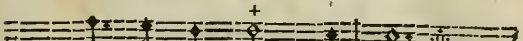




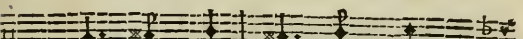




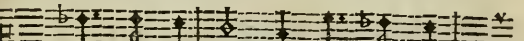
de ce re - pas, Pour dé - mê-



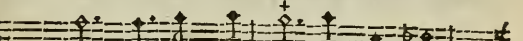
ler ce doc-te em - ba - ras?



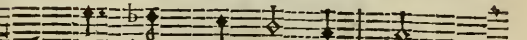
Que nous tour - nions ſans ceſ-



ſe a - vec la Ter - re, Que le So-

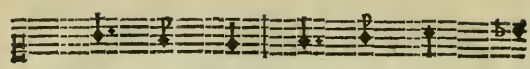


leil tour-ne ſans fin, Ce - la doit

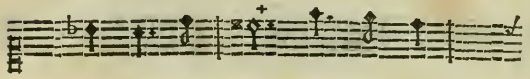


peu don - ner de cha - grin,

Pour - veu qu'en - fin l'un &

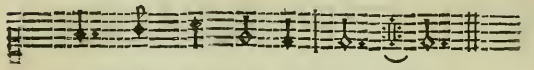


l'au-tre en tour - nant pro - dui-



ſe le Rai - ſin; Pour-vû qu'en-

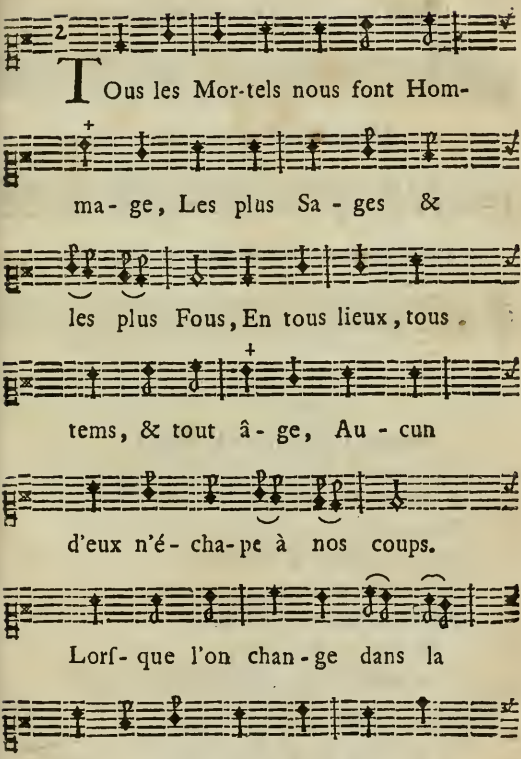
fin l'un & l'au-tre en tour-



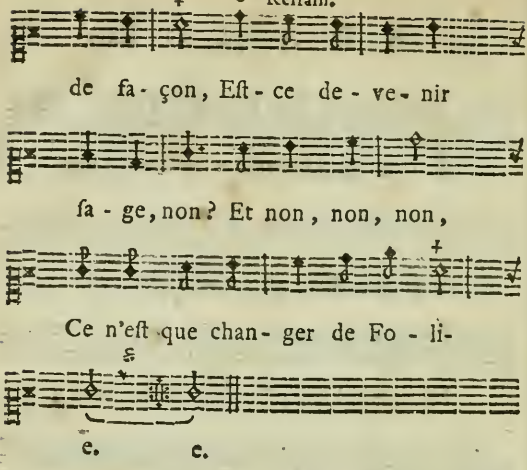
nant Nous don - ne du Vin, Vin.

BRAN-

BRANLE.


TOus les Mor-tels nous font Hom-
ma- ge, Les plus Sa - ges &
les plus Fous, En tous lieux, tous
tems, & tout â- ge, Au - cun
d'eux n'é- cha-pe à nos coups.
Lorſ- que l'on chan-ge dans la
vi - e, De goût d'hu- meur &

de



Damon jeune avoit la manie
De vouloir mourir vieux Garçon,
A trente ans il paſſoit ſa vie,
Plus retiré qu'un vieux Barbon:
Puis à ſoixante il ſe marie,
Et devient Courtiſan, dit-on.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de Folie.

Un

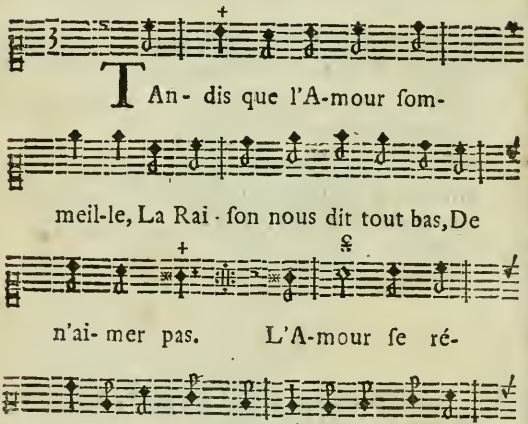
Un Amant las d'une Cruelle,
Dont il eſſuya les refus,
Dompte l'Amour qu'il a pour elle,
Et ſe donne tout à Bachus :
Dans les flots du Vin il oublie
L'Amour qui troubla ſa raiſon.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non ?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de Folie.

Un Blondin à leſte équipage,
Grand Adorateur de Venus,
Diſſipe d'un gros héritage,
Les Fonds avec les Revenus ;
Puis à Vieille Riche il s'allie,
Afin de ſe remettre en fond.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, non ?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de Folie.

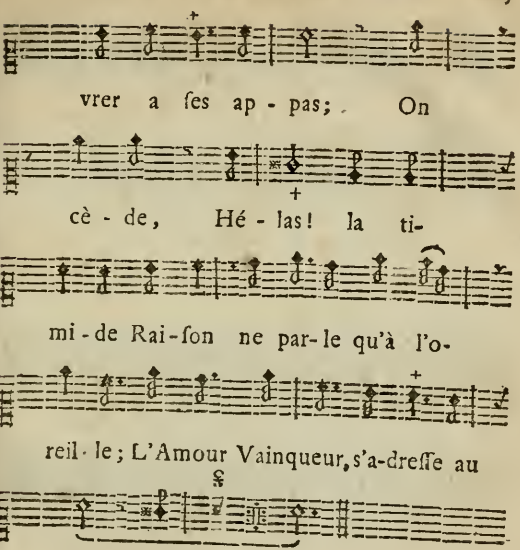
Chacun où ſon plaiſir l'appelle,
Se porte dans le Carnaval,
Soit au Jeu, ſoit près d'une Belle ;
L'un au Cabaret, l'autre au Bal ;

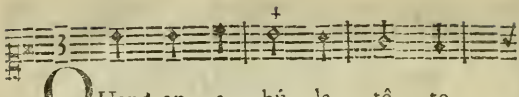
Vous venez à la Comedie,
Quand un Opera n'eſt pas bon.
Eſt-ce devenir ſage, Non?
Et non, non, non,
Ce n'eſt que changer de Folie.

CHANSONNETTE.

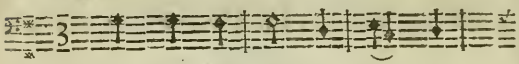


vrer

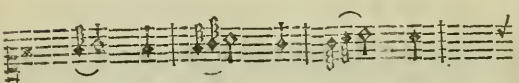

vrer a ſes ap - pas; On
cè - de, Hé - las! la ti-
mi - de Rai-ſon ne par-le qu'à l'o-
reil - le; L'Amour Vainqueur, s'a-dreſſe au
cœur. L'A-, &c. cœur.



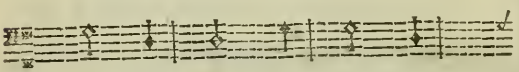
QUand on a bú, la tê - te



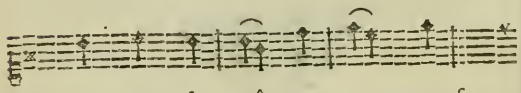
Quand on a bû, la tê - te



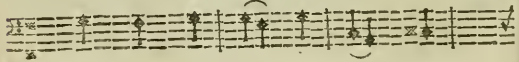
tour - ne, tour - ne, tour - ne:



tour - ne, tour - ne, tour - ne:



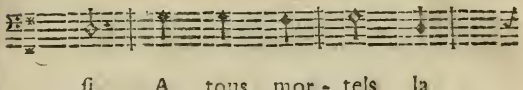
A jeun la tê - te tour-ne auſ-



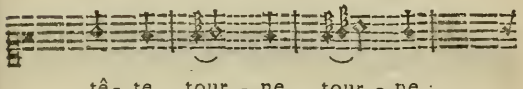
A jeun la tê - te tour-ne auſ-

ſi

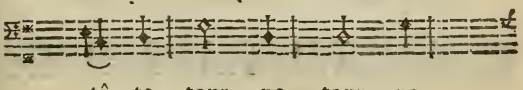
ſi. A tous mor - tels la



ſi. A tous mor - tels la

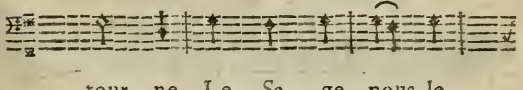


tê - te tour - ne, tour - ne,

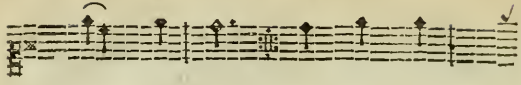


tê - te tour - ne, tour - ne,

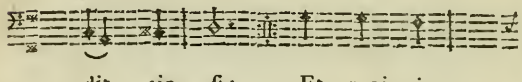
tour - ne, Le Sa - ge nous le



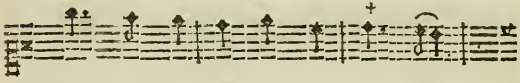
tour - ne, Le Sa - ge nous le



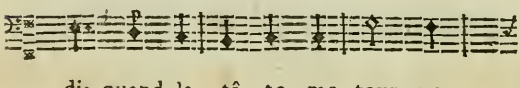
dit ain - si: Et moi je



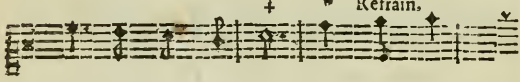
dit ain - si: Et moi je



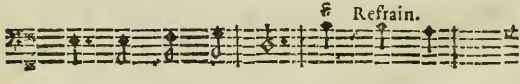
dis, quand la tê - te me tour - ne,



dis, quand la tê - te me tour - ne,

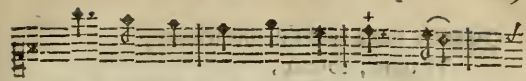


sa - ge - ment je dis; Heu - reux ce -

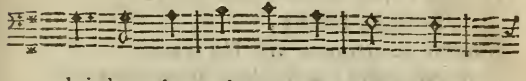


sa - ge - ment je dis; Heu - reux ce -

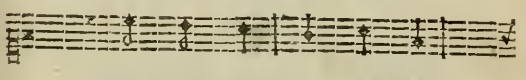
lui



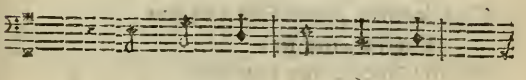
lui dont la tê - te ne tour - ne,



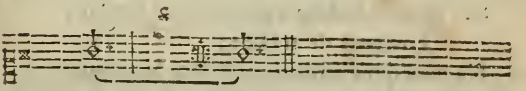
lui dont la tê - te ne tour - ne,



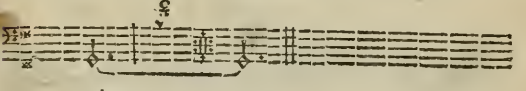
Qu'à Ta-ble a - vec ſes A-



Qu'à Ta-ble a - vec ſes A-



mis. mis.



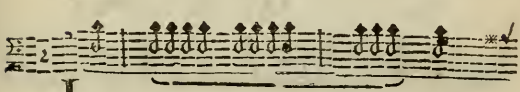
mis. mis.

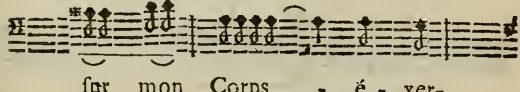
Qu'entre nous la Bouteille tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Et nous ennyvre à coups égaux;
Qu'à la ronde ſon beau feu tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Tourne & retourne vôs Cerveaux:
Si de Sang froid le meilleur Eſprit tourne,
Toujours de travers;
Ne craignons point que le Vin le retourne:
Sera-t'il pis à l'envers?

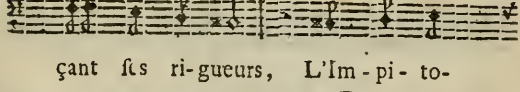
Ce Courtiſan dont l'Eſprit tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Paroîtra ſincere aux plus fins;
En vous careſſant il vous tourne,
Tourne, tourne,
Il vous fait aller à ſes fins;
Son cœur, à froid jamais au vrai ne tourne,
Toujours de travers;
Ne craignons point que le Vin le retourne:
Sera-t'il pis à l'envers.

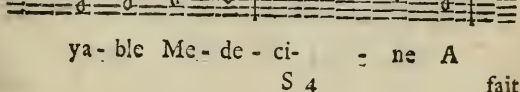
Près de Philis, la tête tourne,
Tourne, tourne;
Que je ſuis las de ſa rigueur!
Grand Dieu du Vin, qui les cœurs tourne,
Tourne, Tourne,
Ennyvre-là de ta Liqueur.
Qu'elle en prend bien! Déja ſon bel œil tourne,
Quaſi vers le mien:
Pour peu qu'à la Bouteille elle retourne,
Elle va tourner à bien.

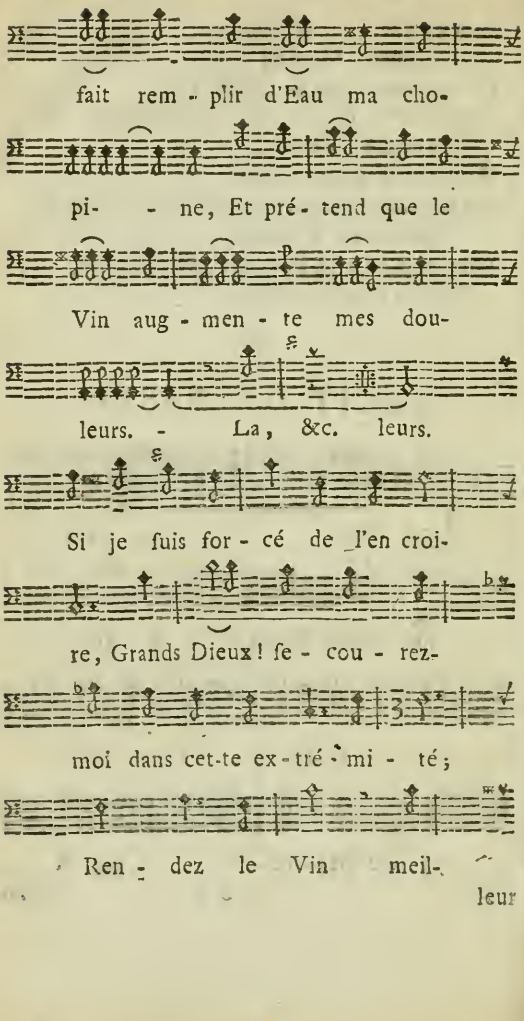
RECIT DE BASSE.

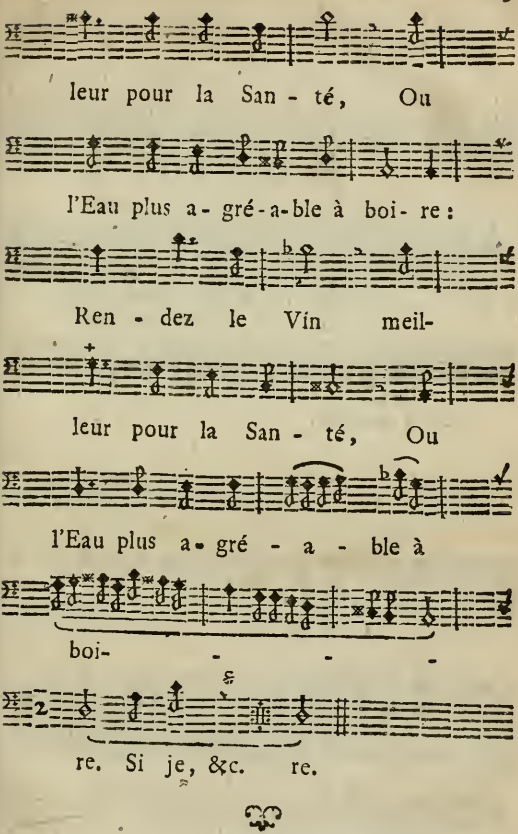






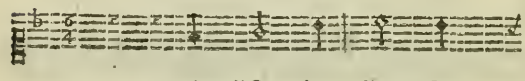


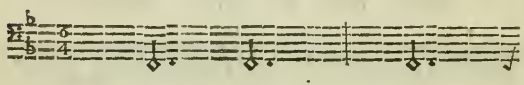

fait rem - plir d'Eau ma cho-
pi- - ne, Et pré - tend que le
Vin aug - men - te mes dou-
leurs. - La, &c. leurs.
Si je fuis for - cé de l'en croi-
re, Grands Dieux! ſe - cou - rez-
moi dans cet-te ex-tré - mi - té;
Ren - dez le Vin meil-
leur


leur pour la San - té, Ou
l'Eau plus a - gré - a - ble à boi - re:
Ren - dez le Vin meil-
leur pour la San - té, Ou
l'Eau plus a - gré - a - ble à
boi- - - -
re. Si je, &c. re.

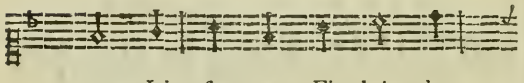
MU-

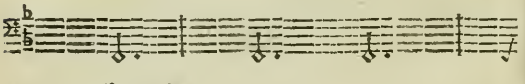
MUSETTE.





Baſſe continue.

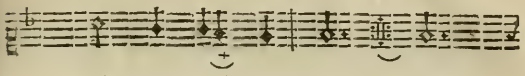




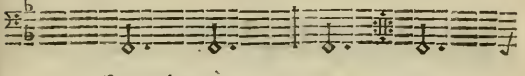
Baſſe continue.

Lin

Lin tran-qui-le-ment: ment:



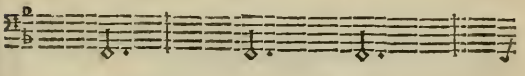
Lin tran-qui-le-ment- ment:



Baſſe continue.

Son Ber-ger la trou-vant ſeu-

Son Ber-ger la trou-vant ſeu-



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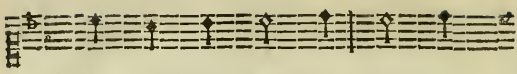

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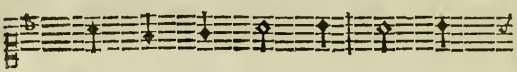

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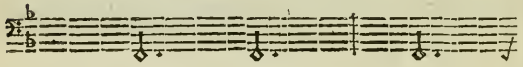

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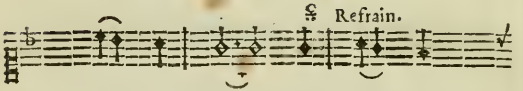
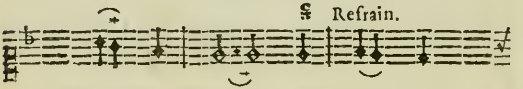


ten - dre - ment, Bru - net - te



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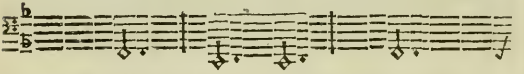

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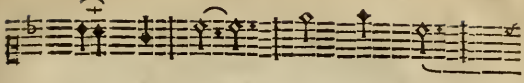

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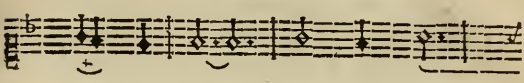

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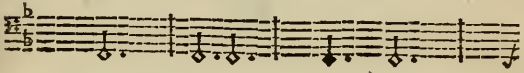

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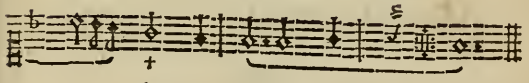
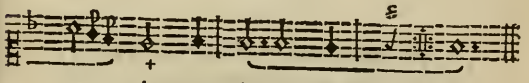


- je tou- jours? Bru-, &c. jours?



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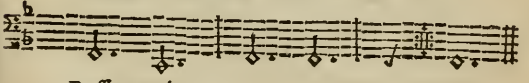


Baſſe continue.

Si quelquefois ſur ma Muſette,
Je me plains de ta Cruauté,
C'eſt des plaintes qu'au vent je jette;
Tu ne m'as jamais écouté:
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Ce jour qu'on danſoit au Village,
Je fus pour te donner la main;
Mais auſſi-tôt, ſur ton Viſage,
Je vis paroitre un air chagrin.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Un autre jour, qu'il t'en ſouvienne,
Je vins t'aporter un Agneau,
Qu'un Loup, dans la Forêt prochaine,
T'enlevoit de ton cher Troupeau;
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

En

En vain je crus que ce ſervice,
Toucheroit ton barbare Cœur;
Il me fut un nouveau ſuplice,
Tu n'en eus que plus de rigueur.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai je toujours?

Si pour te faire une Careſſe,
Tu vois même aprocher mon Chien;
Tu le traites avec rudeſſe,
Et le fais mordre par le tien.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Quand ſeul dans nos Bois je ſoupire,
Senſible à mon cruel tourment;
Zéphire à l'Echo va le dire;
L'Echo repond en ſoupirant,
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Ce Ruiſſeau, dont l'Eau vive & pure,
Groſſit des pleurs que je répans;
Rédit auſſi par ſon murmure,
Qu'il mêle à mes triſtes accens.
Brunette, mes Amours,
Languirai-je toujours?

Le Berger, de ſi bonne grace,
Contoit ſon amoureux tourment;
Qu'un jeune Cœur, fût-il de glace,
Se fut rendu dans le moment.
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

Auſſi Liſette dans ſon ame,
Sentit naître une vive ardeur,
L'Amour, avec un trait de flamme,
Venoit de lui percer le Cœur:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

Liſette, ſentant ſa défaite,
Peut-être ne l'eut jamais dit,
Sans que la trop tendre Liſette
Fit un ſoupir qui la trahit;
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

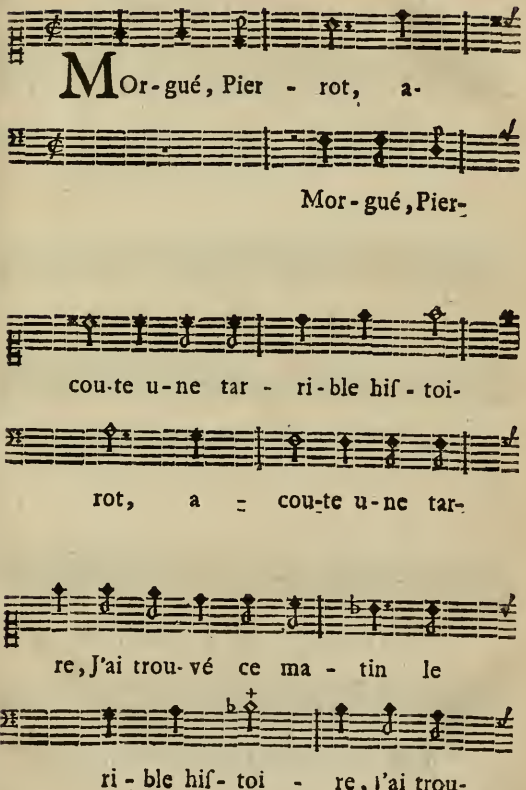
Ils étoient ſeuls dans ce Boccage;
On ne ſait ce qui s'y paſſa;
Mais Tircis eut été peu ſage,
S'il en étoit demeuré-là:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

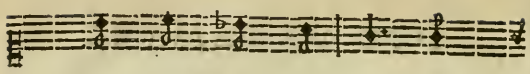
Beauté, dont la rigueur extrême
Réduit mille Amans aux Abois,
Un jour vous aimerez de même;
L'Amour ne perd jamais ſes droits:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

Quand une fois ſous ſon Empire
Ce petit Enfant nous ſoumet,
On a beau cacher ſon Martire,
Un rien trahit notre ſecret:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

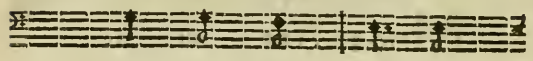
Amans, pour déſarmer vos Belles,
Profitez de cette Leçon;
La plainte eſt utile auprès d'elles,
Vous l'avez vû par ma Chanſon:
Chacun doit à ſon tour,
Un Tribut à l'Amour.

DUO DE PAÏSANS.





gros Cou - fin Lu - cas, Qui



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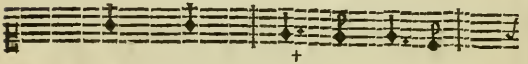

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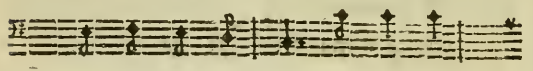

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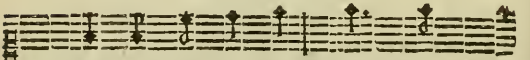
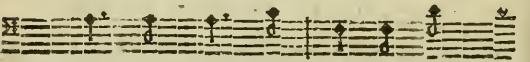


goi - re, Qui ſe gour - moit, Qui



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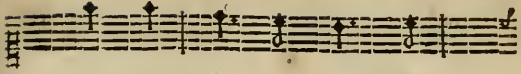

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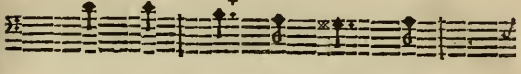

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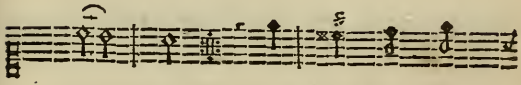
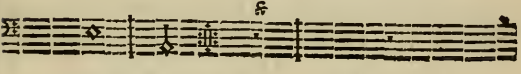


goi - re: En- tr'eux j'ai bou-



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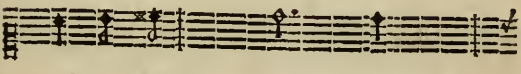
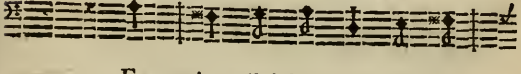
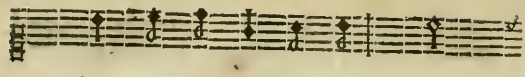


té les ho - las, En-



En - tr'eux j'ai bou- té les ho-

tr'eux



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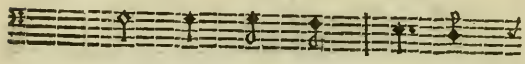
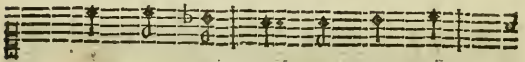
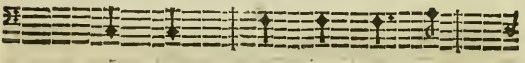


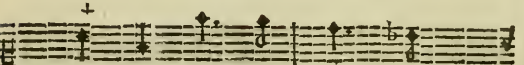
las; Mais ils ſe - ſont quit-



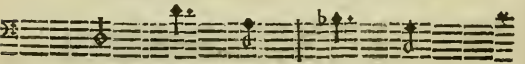
Mais ils ſe ſont quit-tez ſans



tez ſans boi - re; Cet- te



boi - re, Cet - te - Paix ne



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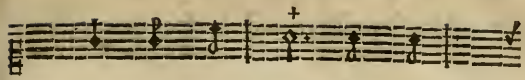

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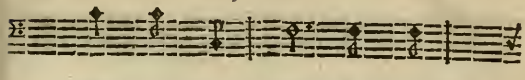

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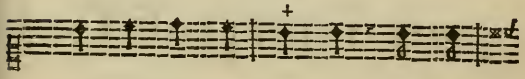

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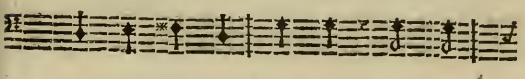

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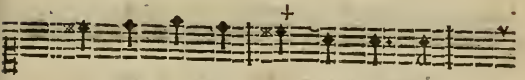

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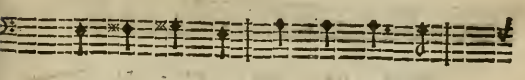

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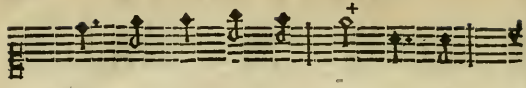

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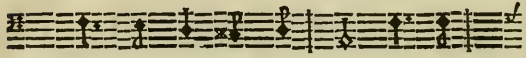

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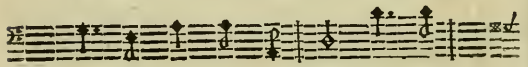

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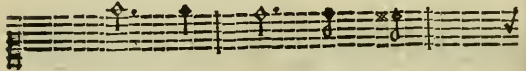

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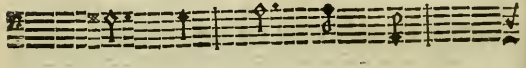
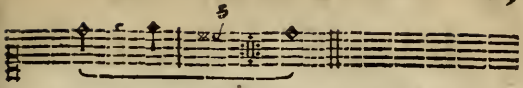
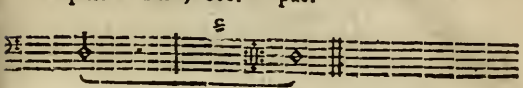


Paix ne du-re-ra

pas.

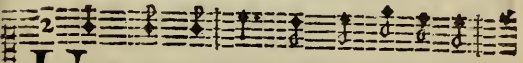


pas. En-, &c. pas.

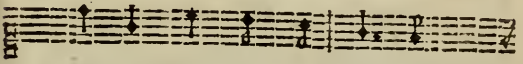


pas. pas.

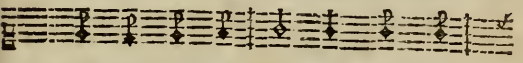
BRANLE.



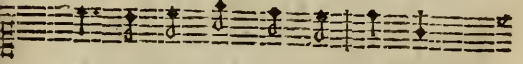
UN vieux Bi-chon, vou-lant de-ve-nir



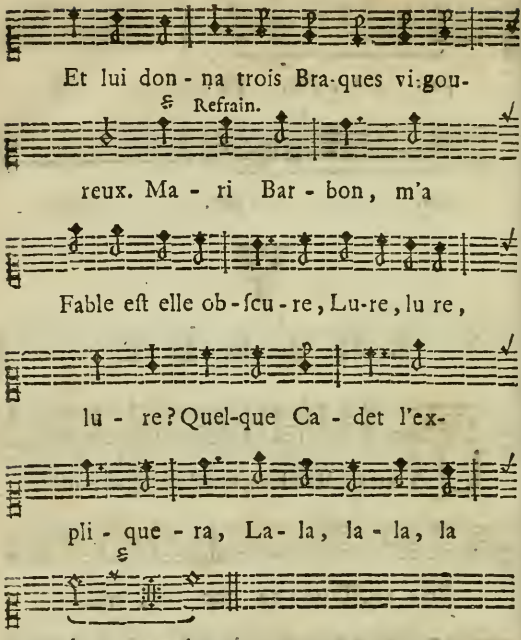
Pe-re, Trou-va par-ti, mal-



gré ſon poil craſ-ſeux. Dix jours a-



près, ſa Bi-chon-ne fut Me-re,



Rien n'eſt ſi beau qu'un cœur tendre & fidelle ;
L'Oiſeau Phenix fut copié d'après.
Il n'en eſt qu'un, c'eſt un rare modelle,
Il n'en eſt qu'un qu'on ne verra jamais.

Cœurs

Cœurs Papillons, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure ?
Lure, lure, lure,
Votre Belle l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

Un vieux Baudet, moyennant groſſe uſure,
Donna du foin à de jeunes Chevaux.
A l'Echeance il fit ſa Procedure,
Et ne tira Rente ni Capitaux.
Agioteurs, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure ?
Lure, lure, lure,
Un Gaſcon vous l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala,

Une Souris, très-jeune & ſans fineſſe,
Fut au conſeil ſur certain petit Chat.
Inſtruite alors à fuir avec adreſſe,
Pour la Souris, le Minet prit un Rat.
Momus, j'ai vû Zéphire, & je vous jure,
Lure, lure, lure,
La Dragée opere déja,
Lala, lala, lala.

Un Epervier, jeune Penſionaire,
Chez un Corbeau prenoit un ſi bon pié,
Que le Corbeau, Mari ſéxagenaire,
De ſa moitié n'avoit que la moitié.
Noirs Procureurs, ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure?
Lure, lure, lure,
Votre Clerc vous l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

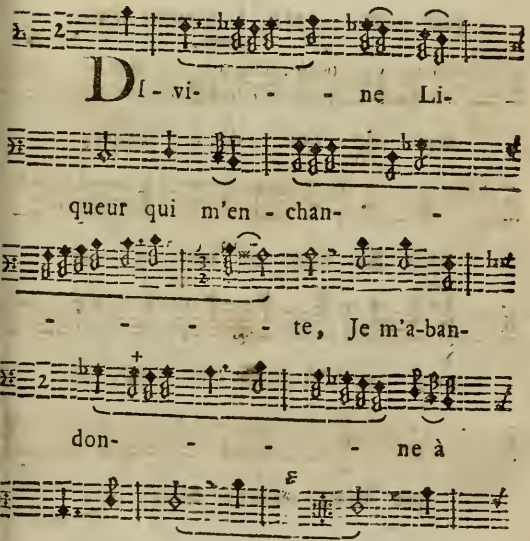
Un ſot Oiſon, entêté de Muſique,
D'une Fauvette étoit le Pourvoyeur.
Il ſe croyoit chez elle Acteur unique,
Et cependant il n'y chantoit qu'en Chœur.
Quoi qu'en Chanſon ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure?
Lure, lure, lure,
Le Chant n'obſcurcit point cela,
Lala, lala, lala.

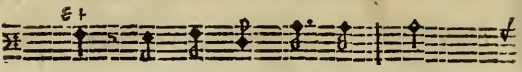
Un Chat fripon, quoiqu'en bonne Cuiſine,
Va dérober dans les Plats du Voiſin,
Morceau de Lard, qu'il croque à la ſourdine,
Le pique plus que le Rôt le plus fin.

Mari

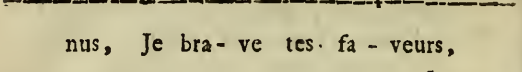
Mari Coquet ma Fable eſt-elle obſcure,
Lure, lure, lure,
Votre Femme l'expliquera,
Lala, lala, lala.

RECIT DE BASSE.



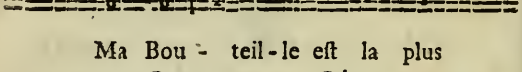


nus, Je bra- ve tes fa - veurs,

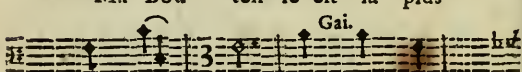


Ma Bou - teil-le eſt la plus

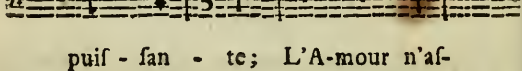
puiſ - ſan - te; L'A-mour n'aſ-



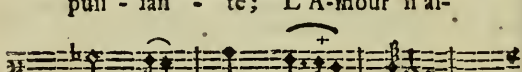
ſem - ble que deux cœurs;



Mais Ba- chus en peut u - nir

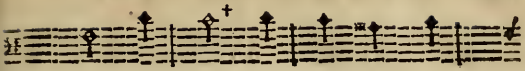


tren - te; L'A-mour n'aſ- ſem - ble

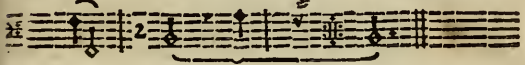


que deux cœurs; Mais Ba-

chus



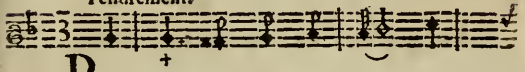
chus, Ba - chus, en peut u - nir



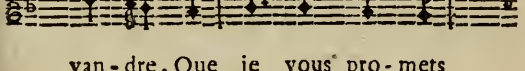
tren - te. Ve-, &c. te.

PETIT AIR SERIEUX.

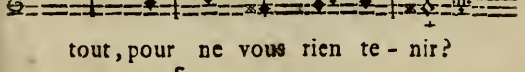
Tendrement.



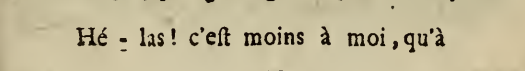
Pour-quoi me re - pro - cher, Sil-



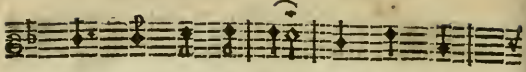
van - dre, Que je vous pro - mets



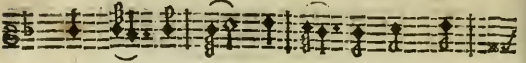
tout, pour ne vous rien te - nir?



Hé - las! c'eſt moins à moi, qu'à

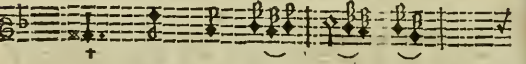


vous qu'il faut s'en pren-dre. Pour rem-

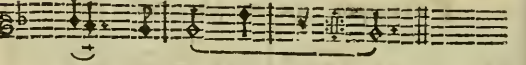


plir vos dé- firs, j'at-tens un mo-ment

ten-dre: Que ne le fai- tes vous ve-

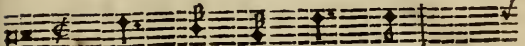


nir, Que ne le fai - tes



vous ve- nir? Hé-, &c. nir.

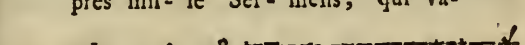
LE MARQUIS SCELERAT.



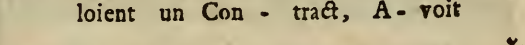
PRès de la bel-le I-

ris, un Mar-quis Scé-le rat, A-

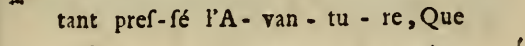
près mil-le Ser-mens, qui va-



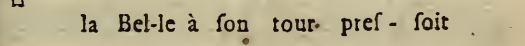
loient un Con-tract, A-voit



tant pref-fé l'A-van-tu-re, Que

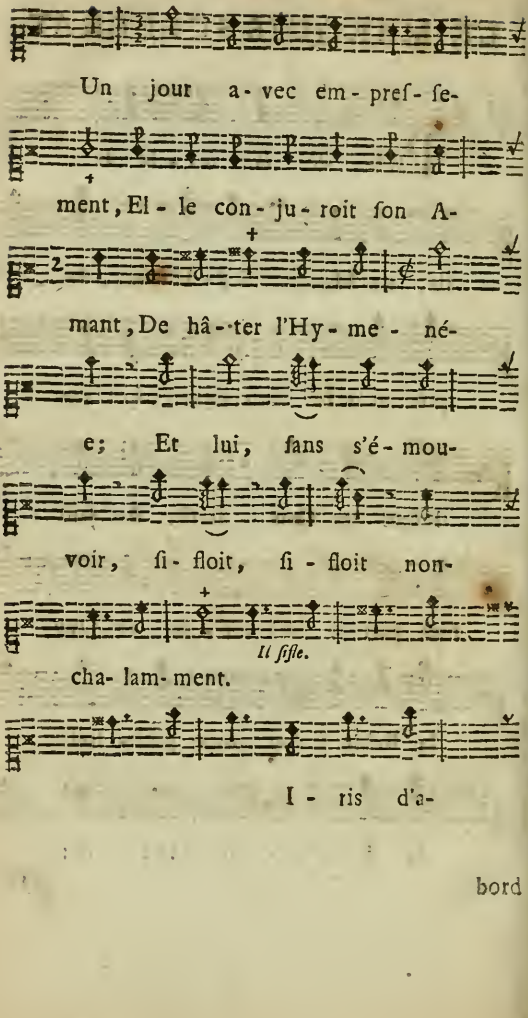


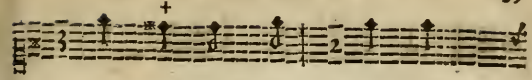
la Bel-le à ſon tour pref-ſoit



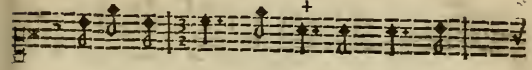
la ſi-gna-tu-re: re:

Un

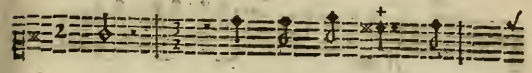

Un jour a-vec em-pref-fe-
ment, El-le con-ju-roit ſon A-
mant, De hâ-ter l'Hy-me-né-
e; Et lui, ſans s'é-mou-
voir, ſi-floit, ſi-floit non-
Il ſifle.
cha-lam-ment.
I-ris d'a-
bord



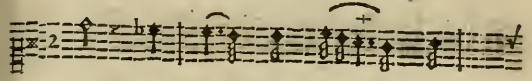
bord fut al - lar - mé - e,



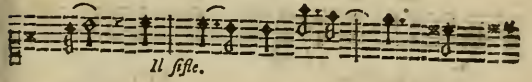
El- le fré- mit pleu-rant a- mé- re-



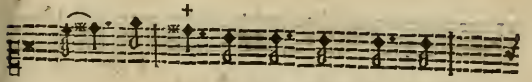
ment; Mais le Mar quis tou-



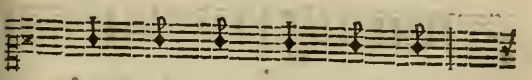
ché fi - fla plus ten- - dre-



ment.

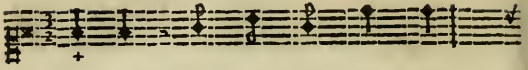


Et mê-me par pi-

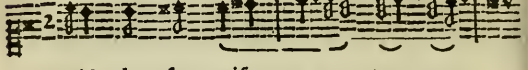


tié pour l'ai - ma- ble a - fli-

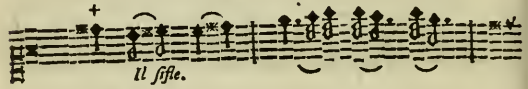
gée,



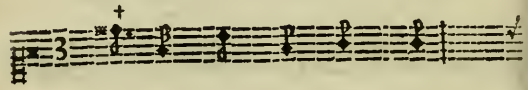
gé - e, Si - fla l'E - cho plain-



tif de ſes triſ- - tes ac-

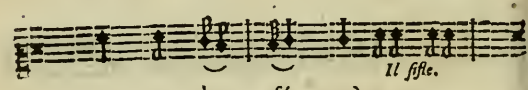


cents.

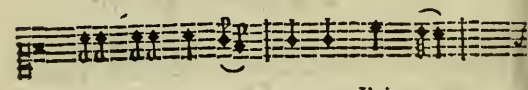


Par - lez - moi donc, dit-

el-le, hé - las! M'au riez

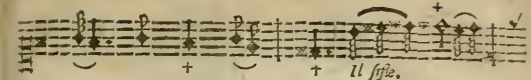


vous a - bu - ſé - e?

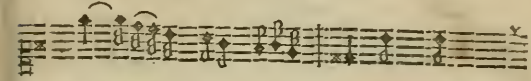


J'ai comp-

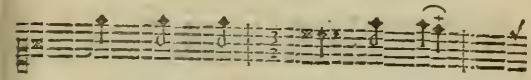
té



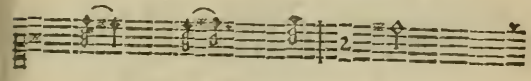
té ſur vos Ser-mens.



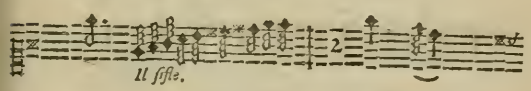
Il eſt



tems de mon-trer que vous



m'a-vez ai-mé-



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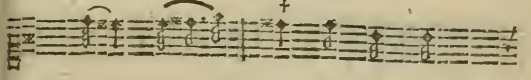
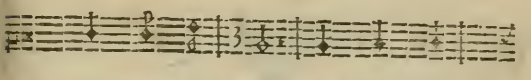
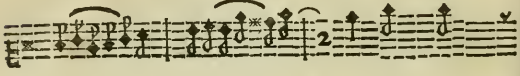


Il eſt

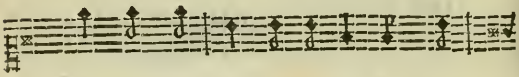


tems de fi-nir. Je veux fi-

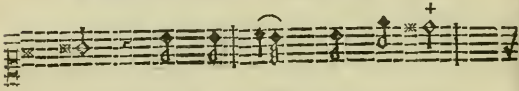
nir auſ - ſi.



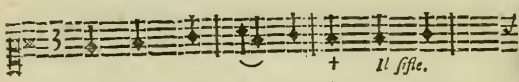
Mes Pa-



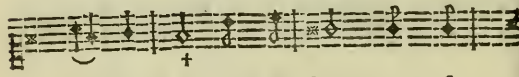
rens ſont d'ac-cord, le No-tai-re eſt i-



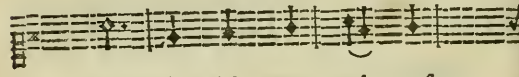
ci : Ter-mi - nez, Tout eſt prêt.



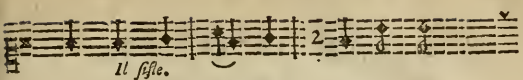
Je ſuis tout prêt auſ - ſi.



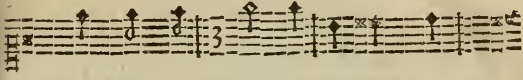
Al-lons donc, tout eſt



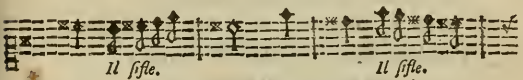
prêt. Je ſuis tout prêt auſ-



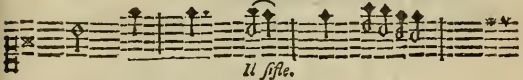
ſi. Ma Fa-



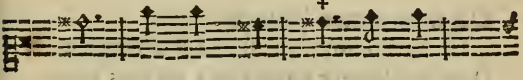
mil-le aſ-ſem - blé - e. Je ſuis tout



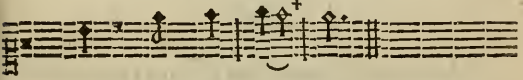
prêt, Tout prêt,



Tout prêt.



Je ſuis tout prêt à par-



tir pour l'Ar- mé - e,

PARODIE.

Sur l'Air précédent.

PRès d'un Chaſſeur, de Cour, l'autre jour un [Auteur,
Auteur en même tems Héroïque & Flateur,
Le flatant briguoit ſon ſuffrage,
Et pour être flaté lui liſoit ſon Ouvrage.
Pendant que l'Auteur déclamoit,
Et que lui-même il ſe charmoit
De ſa propre Eloquence,
Le Chaſſeur attentif ſiffloit nonchalamment.

LE CHASSEUR *ſifle.*

L'Auteur picqué lui recommence
Le bel endroit avec des tons nouveaux;
Dont le Chaſſeur ſiflant imite les plus beaux.

Il ſifle.

L'Auteur croit que ſes Vers par leur vive cadence,
Du Sifleur déclament excite les Echos.

LE CHASSEUR.

Il ſifle.

L'AU-

L'AUTEUR.

Voici un des beaux traits.

LE CHASSEUR.

Il siffle.

L'AUTEUR.

Suivez-vous la pensée...

LE CHASSEUR.

Il siffle.

L'AUTEUR.

De la Strophe que voici?

LE CHASSEUR.

Il siffle.

L'AUTEUR.

Elle est en même tems Poëtique & Sensée.

LE CHASSEUR.

Il siffle.

L'AUTEUR.

Je ſuis toujours au fait.

LE CHASSEUR.

Je ſuis au fait auſſi.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

Tous les autres Auteurs n'expriment point ainſi. Je ſens ce que je dis.

LE CHASSEUR.

Et moi je ſens auſſi.

Il ſifle.

L'AUTEUR.

J'entens le fin. . .

LE CHASSEUR.

Et moi j'entens auſſi.

Il ſifle.

L'AU-

L'AUTEUR.

Ecoutez-moi, de grace!

LE CHASSEUR.

J'entens, j'entens,

Il ſifle.

J'entens,

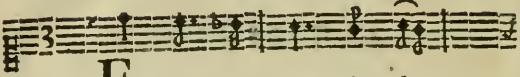
Il ſifle.

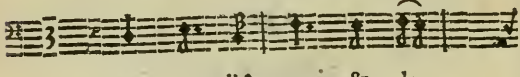
J'entens,

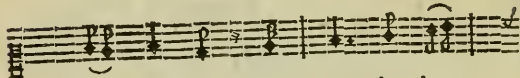
Il ſifle.

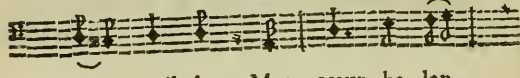
J'entens la voix des Chiens qui m'appelle à la [Chaſſe.

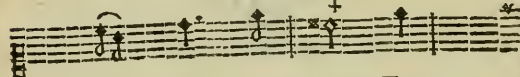
DUO.

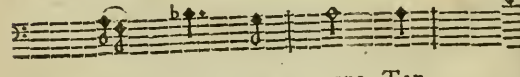

EN-tre l'A-mour & la


En-tre l'A-mour & la

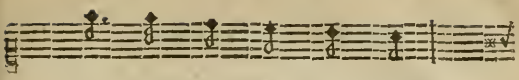

Bou-teil-le, Mon cœur ba-lan-


Bou-teil-le, Mon cœur ba-lan-

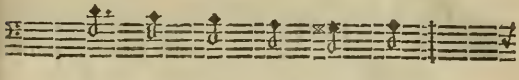

ce à tous mo-mens, Tan-


ce à tous mo-mens, Tan-

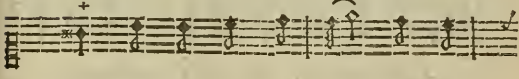
tôt



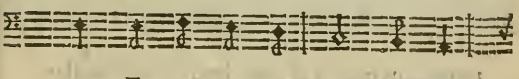
tôt vers un ob - jet char-



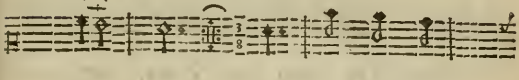
tôt vers un ob - jet char-



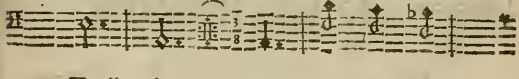
mant, Et tan-tôt je tiens pour la



mant, Et tan-tôt je tiens pour la

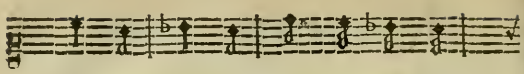


Treil - le: le: Près d'une ai-

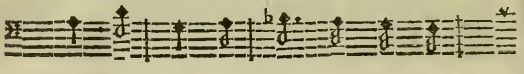


Treil - le: le: Près d'une ai-

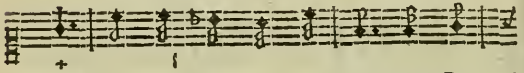
mable



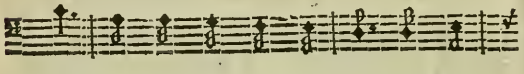
mable I - ris, je ſuis fort a - mou-



mable I - ris, je ſuis fort a - mou-

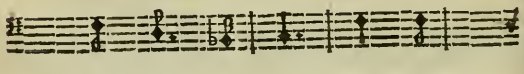


reux; Lorsque j'ai de bon Vin pour Ba-



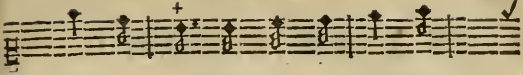
reux; Lorsque j'ai de bon Vin pour Ba-

chus je ſou - pi - re, Et

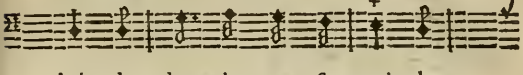


chus je ſou - pi - re, Et

loin



loin des deux je ne ſau-rois plus



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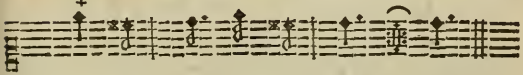
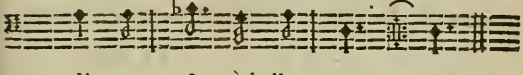


di-re, A qui j'en veux. veux.

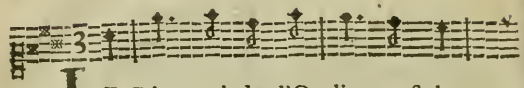


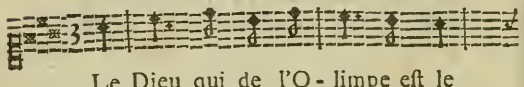
di-re, A qui j'en veux. veux.

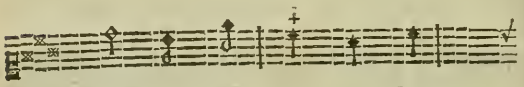
Dans cette aimable incertitude,
Qu'il eſt doux de vivre toujours!
Je veux ainſi paſſer mes jours;
On n'a jamais d'inquiétude.
Enfin, mes chers Amis, il faut pour être heureux,
Boire quand on a ſoif, aimer quand l'Amour preſſe,
Et ſans choiſir donner nôtre tendreſſe
A tous les deux.

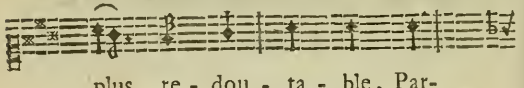
DUO

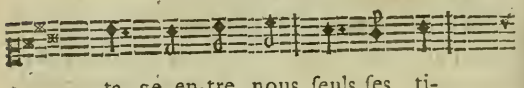
DUO TENDRE.

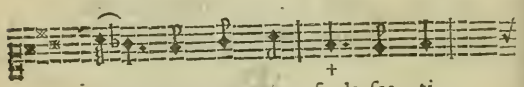












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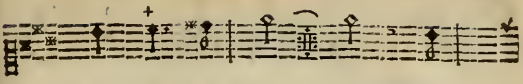
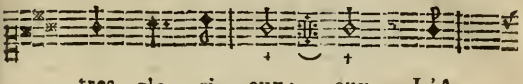
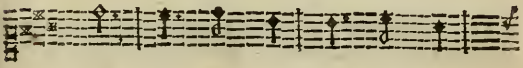


tres glo - ri - eux: eux: L'A-

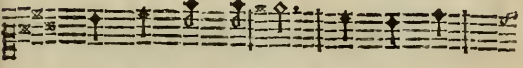


tres glo - ri - eux: eux: L'A-

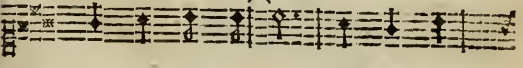


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus

mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus



puiſ-ſant des Dieux, Et dans vos



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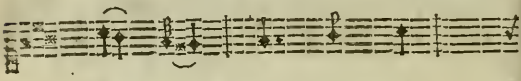

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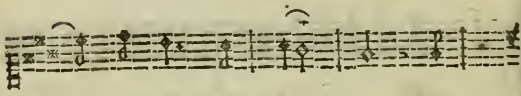
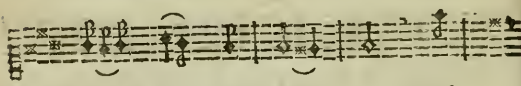
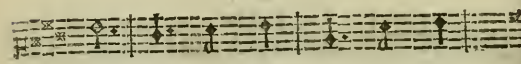


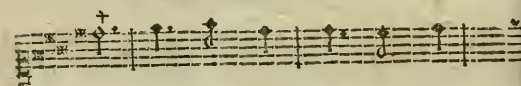
- le plus ai - ma - ble. L'A-



le plus ai - ma - ble. L'A-

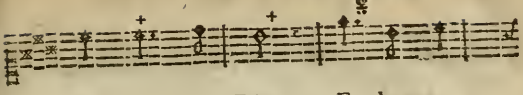


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus

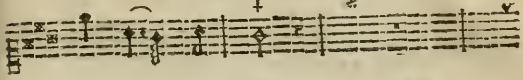


mour eſt dans mon cœur le plus

puiſ-



puiſ-ſant des Dieux, Et dans vos



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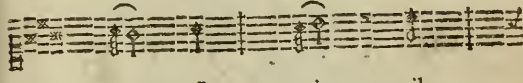

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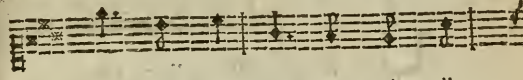
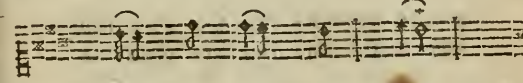


Et dans vos yeux, I - ris, il



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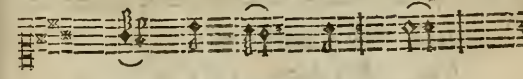

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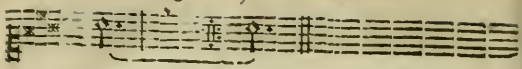

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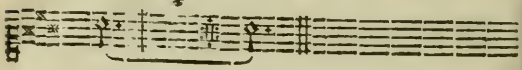
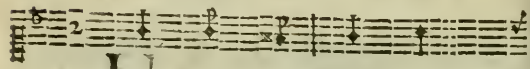


ble. ble.

GAVOTTE.



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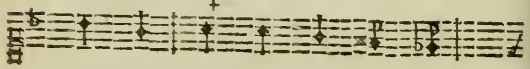
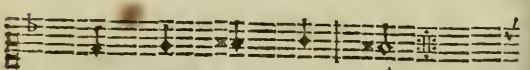


grot-te ob - scu - re, Où d'un Ruis-
ſon mur - mu - re, Les plain - tes



ſeau le cours ſe - crèt,
d'un A - mant diſ - crèt:

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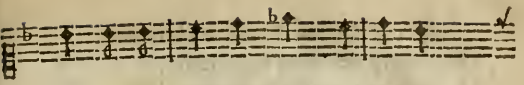
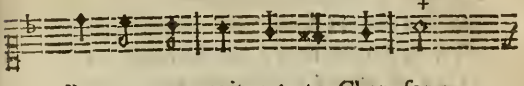
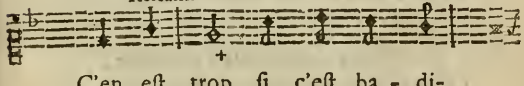
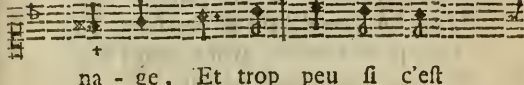
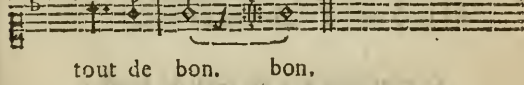










Piqué de ton indifférence,
Je cherche enfin à me vanger;
Bien-tôt tu me rends l'eſperance,
C'eſt aſſez pour me r'engager:
Après tu m'abats le courage,
Par des rigueurs hors de ſaiſon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Quand ſur ma Muſette plaintive,
Je chante des Airs rigoureux,
Je vois ton oreille attentive,
A mes préceptes amoureux:
Si je veux les mettre en uſage,
Tu deviens ſourde à ma Leçon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

De Fleurs fraichement amaſſées,
Quand je te préſente un Bouquet,
Dans ton ſein je les voi placées
D'un Air complaiſant & coquet:
Veux-je en faire un galant pillage?
A peine j'en obtiens pardon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Quelquefois par un trait de flamme
Tes yeux aux miens font entrevoir,
Qu'Amour qui captive mon ame
Te tient auſſi ſous ſon pouvoir:
Si j'en veux un baiſer pour gage,
Je n'en puis obtenir le don:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Piqué

Piqué de quelque jalouſie,
Si je te découvre mes maux,
Tu te ris de ma Phrénefie,
Tu plaiſantes de mes Rivaux:
Avec eux ſous l'épais ombrage
Tu danſes pourtant ſans façon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Pour me prouver toute la force
Du trait dont ton cœur eſt bleſſé,
Tu graves ſur la tendre écorce
Ton Chiffre au mien entrelacé:
Mais ſoudain d'une main volage
Tu vins l'effacer ſans raiſon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

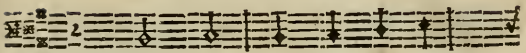
Ingrat, interrompt la Bergère
Avant qu'il fut prêt d'achever,
Eſt-ce véritable colère,
Ou la feins-tu pour m'éprouver?
Je t'aime, & tu le ſais; ſois ſage,
Chaſſe un injurieux ſoupçon:
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

Un Faune habitant de cet Antre,
Qui les regardoit par un trou,
Couché tout à plat ſur le ventre,
S'en mit à rire comme un Fou:
D'une voix moqueuſe & ſauvage
Rediſant ſur le même ton;
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

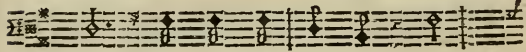
Cette Hiſtoire par la contrée,
Se repandit en peu de tems,
Et du galant Païs d'Aſtrée,
Réjouït fort les Habitans:
Tous y chantoient dans leur Village,
Menant paître Chévre & Mouton,
C'en eſt trop ſi c'eſt badinage,
Et trop peu ſi c'eſt tout de bon.

LE

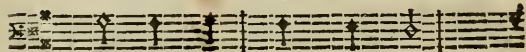
LE CARILLON DES COQUETTES.



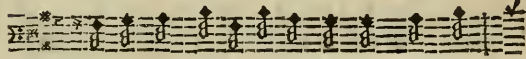
TOn tems, ton tems eſt paſ-



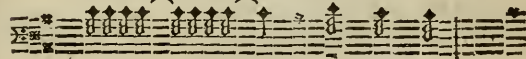
ſé, Viel-le Co-quet-te, Ton



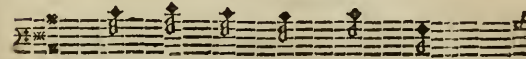
tim, ton tim-bre eſt caſ-ſé,



Vieille Pen-du-le, tu re-pette A cinquan-



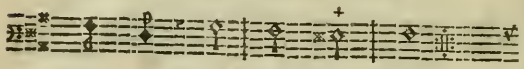
te ans - - Le Ca-ril-



lon de la Clo-chet-te,

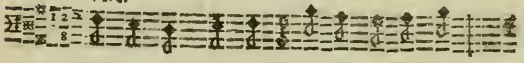
Qui

Qui ſon-noit l'heu-re d'a-mou-

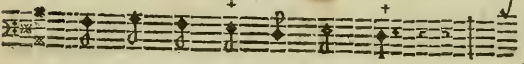


ret-te, Dans ton Prin-tems:

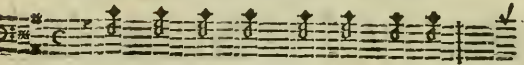
Vîte.



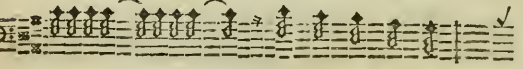
Tu n'avois qu'à tinter, & ta douce Son-



net-te At-ti-roit mil-le A-mans;

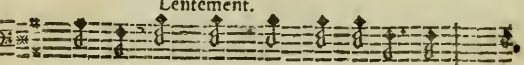


Mais à pré-ſent, Ton toc-ſin tin



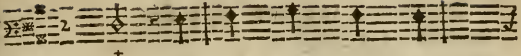
tant - - Ne re-veil-le per-

Lentement.

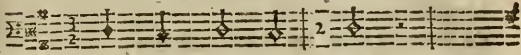


ſon-ne. Dis-moi, quand ſur le ten-dre

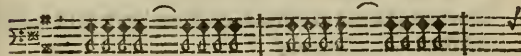
ton,



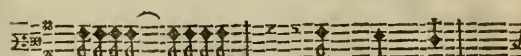
ton, Ta grof - ſe Clo - che



ſon - ne, T'en-tend - t-on?

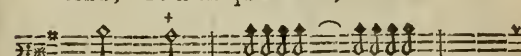


Non, - - non, - -

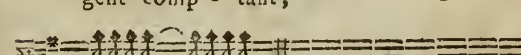


non. - - Si l'on t'en-

tend, Ce n'eſt qu'au ſon, De ton ar-



gent comp - tant, - -

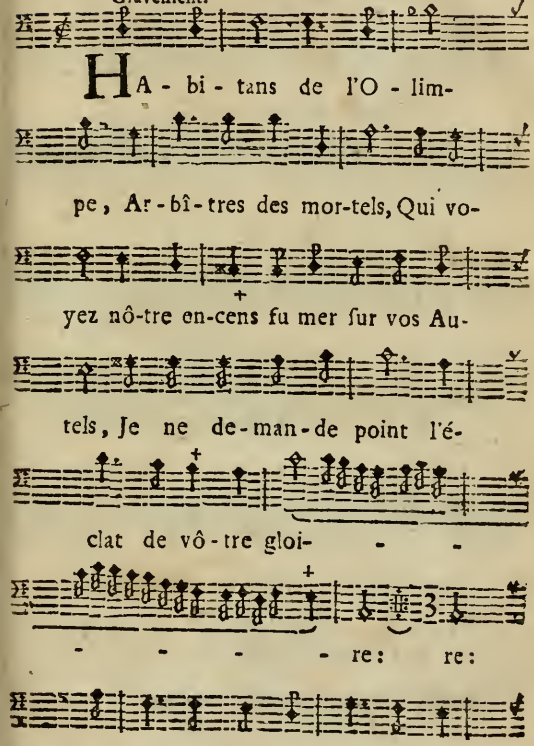


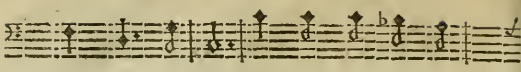
tant. - -

Ton

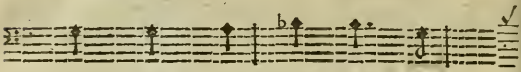
Ton tems, ton tems eſt paſſé,
Mari ſauvage,
Ton tim, ton timbre eſt caſſé;
Tu veux qu'après le Mariage,
Après deux ans,
Ta Femme pour toi ſoit conſtante;
Et pour tout autre indiférente,
Dans ſon Printems.
Crois-tu que ton couroux, que ton bruit éclatant,
Chaſſera ton Amant?
Elle l'attend;
Ton tocſin-tintant
N'éfrayera perſonne.
Dis-moi, quand ſur le triſte ton,
Ta groſſe cloche ſonne,
Te plaint-on?
Non, non, non.
De tes tourmens,
Dans ma Chanſon,
L'on rira deux cent ans.

RECIT DE BASSE.

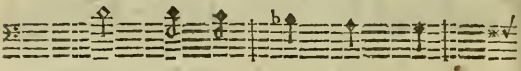




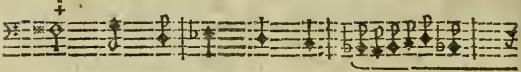
ſuis point ja-loux; Et ſi je vou-lois



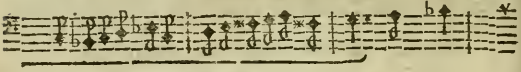
ê-tre im-mor-tel com-me



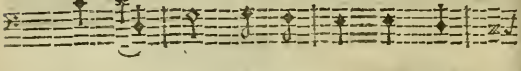
vous, Ce ſe-roit ſeu-le-



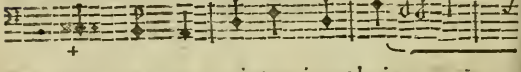
ment pour pou-voir tou-jours boi-



re, tou-

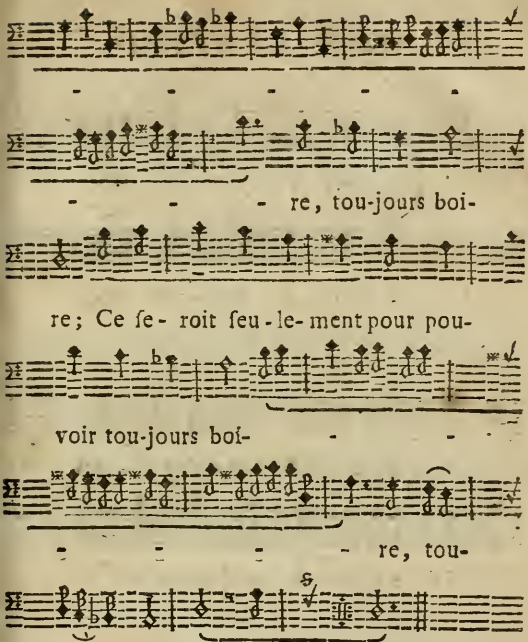


jours boi-re; Ce ſe-roit ſeu-le-

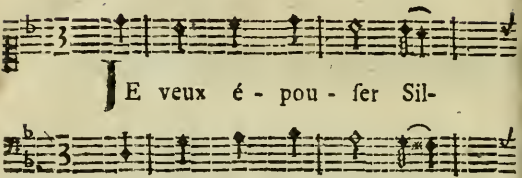


ment pour pou-voir tou-jours boi-

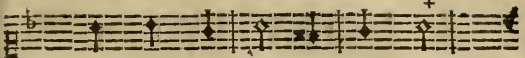
re,


- - - - -
- - - re, tou-jours boi-
re; Ce ſe- roit ſeu-le-ment pour pou-
voir tou-jours boi- - -
- - - - re, tou-
jours boi - re. De, &c. re.

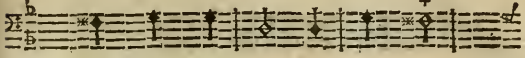
CONSULTATION.



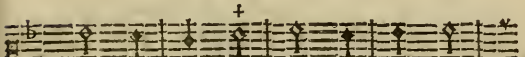
ne



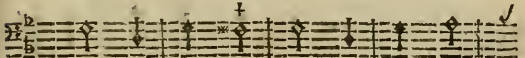
ne, el-le eſt jo - li - e, Et j'au-



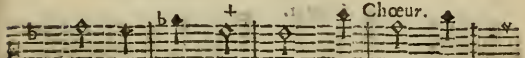
ne, el-le eſt jo - li - e, Et j'au-



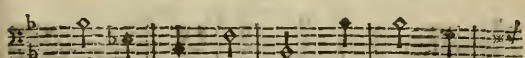
rai tou - te ma - vi - e, De quoi



rai tou - te ma vi - e, De quoi

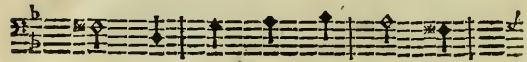


fai - re des ja - loux. *Cou - cou, Cou-*

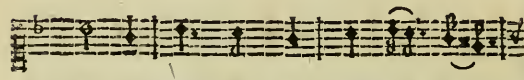


fai - re des ja - loux. *Cou - cou, Cou-*

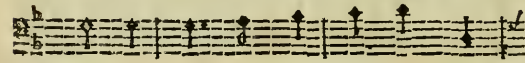
cou. Je veux é - pou - ſer Sil-



cou. Je veux é - pou - ſer Sil-

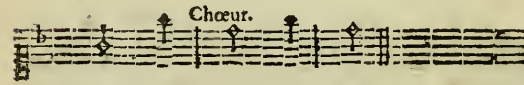


vi - e, Chers A - mis, qu'en di - tes



vi - e, Chers A - mis, quen di - tes

Chœur.



vous? *Cou - cou, Cou - cou.*

vous? *Cou - cou, Cou - cou.*

Si

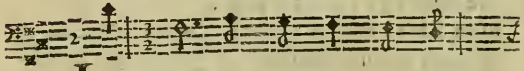
Si jamais l'Hymen nous lie,
Que nos plaiſirs ſeront doux ! *Coucou, Coucou.*
Elle aime la Compagnie,
J'aurai ſelon ſon envie,
Toujours nos Voiſins chez nous : *Coucou, Coucou.*
Je veux épouſer Silvie,
Chers Amis, qu'en dites vous ? *Coucou, Coucou.*

Une Femme ſi jolie,
Me viendra ſauter au cou ; *Coucou, Coucou.*
Mes Enfans, dans leur ſaillie,
Me diront je vous en prie,
Mon Papa, faiſons joujou : *Coucou, Coucou.*
Je veux épouſer Silvie,
Chers Amis, qu'en dites vous ? *Coucou, Coucou.*

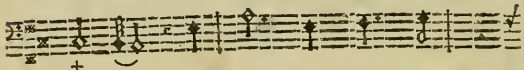
Tircis, quitte ton envie,
Nous te le conſeillons tous, *Coucou, Coucou.*
L'Amour n'eſt qu'une folie ;
Pour paſſer ta fantaiſie,
Entens l'Oiſeau des Epoux ; *Coucou, Coucou.*
Tircis, quitte ton envie,
Nous te le conſeillons tous. *Coucou, Coucou.*

Ce Chant de mauvais préſage,
Eſt une Leçon pour nous; *Coucou, Coucou.*
N'en parlons pas d'avantage,
Je renonce au Mariage,
Il n'eſt fait que pour les Fous: *Coucou, Coucou.*
Ce Chant de mauvais préſage,
Eſt une Leçon pour nous. *Coucou, Coucou.*

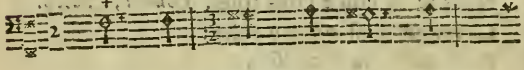
RECIT DE BASSE.



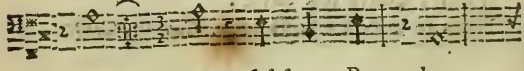
L'Af - ſé d'u - ne chai - ne trop



ru - de, Je cherche à ſou - la-

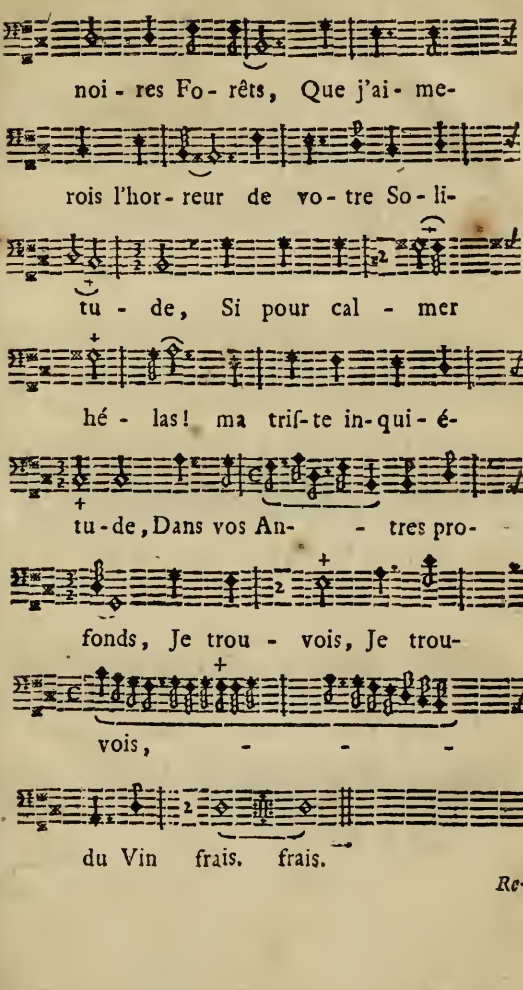


ger mes dé - plai - ſirs ſe-



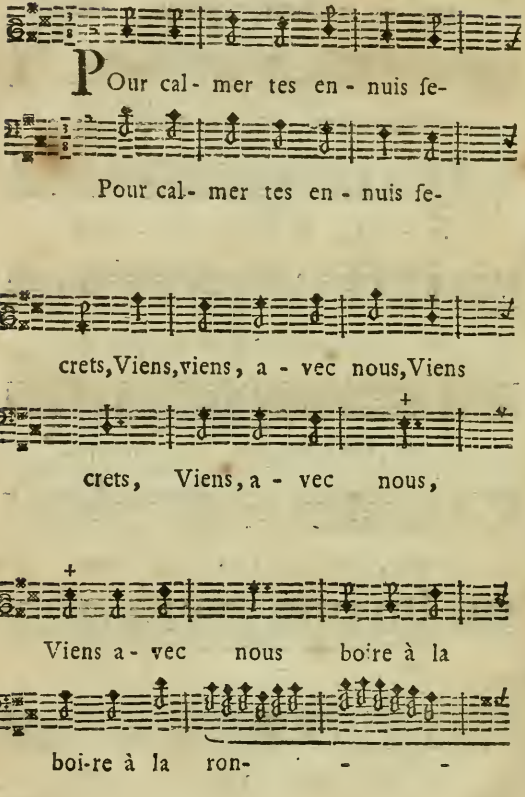
crets: crets: Af-freux Ro - chers,

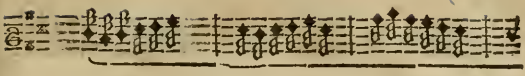
noi-


noi - res Fo - rêts, Que j'ai - me-
rois l'hor - reur de vo - tre So - li-
tu - de, Si pour cal - mer
hé - las! ma triſ-te in-qui - é-
tu-de, Dans vos An- - tres pro-
fonds, Je trou - vois, Je trou-
vois, - - -
du Vin frais. frais.

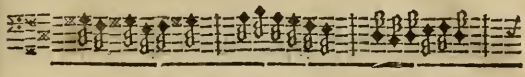
Re-

Reponſe à l'Air précédent.





ron- - - - -



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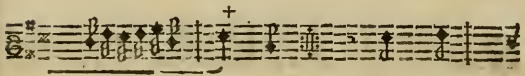
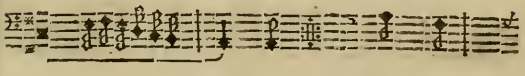
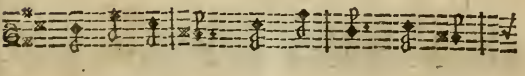


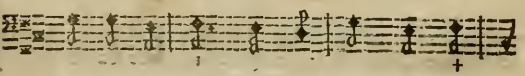
- - de: Ces Fla-



- - de; Ces Fla-

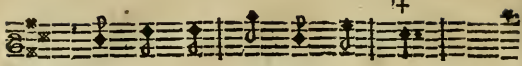


cons à tes yeux pa-roi-tront des Fo-

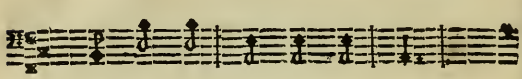


cons à tes yeux pa-roi-tront des Fo-

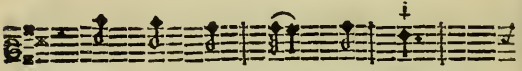
rêts,



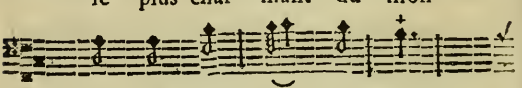
rêts, Ce Jam-bon un Ro- cher,



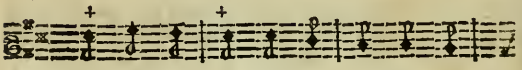
rêts, Ce Jam-bon un Ro- cher,



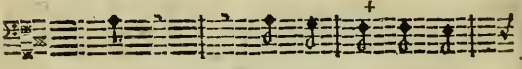
le plus char - mant du mon-



le plus char - mant du mon-

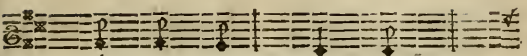


de, Et ma Ca-ve ſe - ra cet-te



de, Et ma Ca-ve ſe-

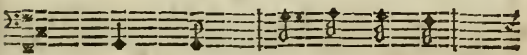
grot-



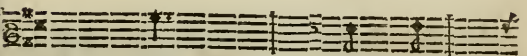
grot - te pro - fon - de,

ra cet - te grot - te pro-

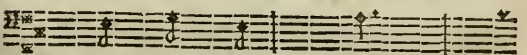
Où tu trou-ve - ras du Vin



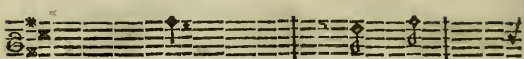
fon - de, Où tu trou-ve-



frais, du Vin



ras du Vin frais,



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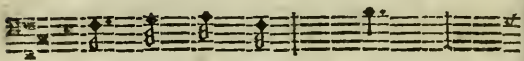

Où tu trou-ve - ras,

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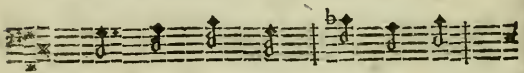
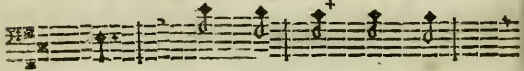


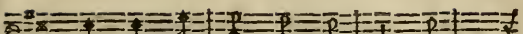
Où tu trou - ve - ras du Vin

frais. Et ma Ca - ve ſe-



frais. Et ma Ca - ve ſe-

ra



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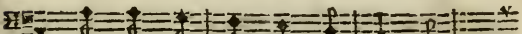

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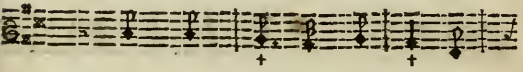

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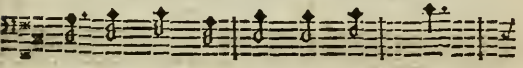
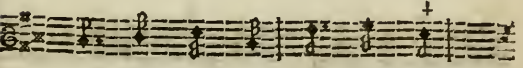


Où tu trou-ve-ras du Vin frais,



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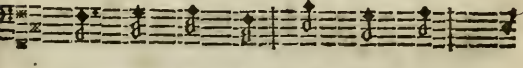
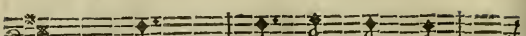


Où tu trou-ve-ras du Vin



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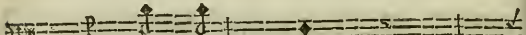

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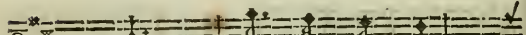

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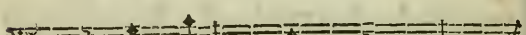
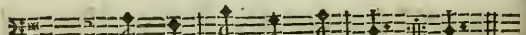


du Vin frais,

ras du Vin frais, du Vin frais. frais.

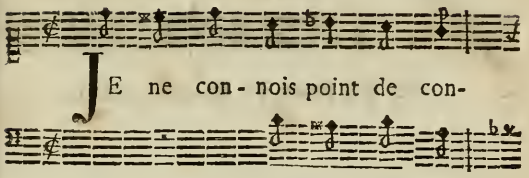


du Vin frais, du Vin frais. frais.

AIR

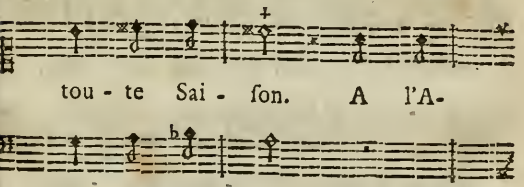
AIR A BOIRE.

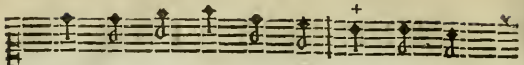
DUO.



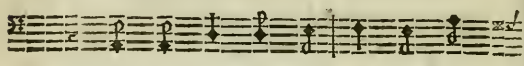
train- te, J'ai- me & bois en

point de con-train- te, J'aime & bois en





mour, à Ba-chus, j'en im - po - ſe dans



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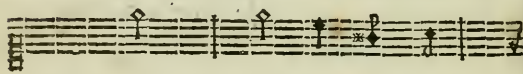
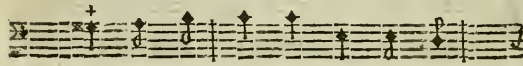


crain - te; L'un eſt a-



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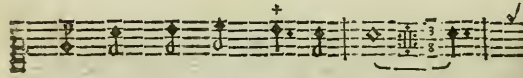

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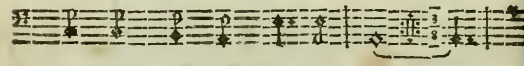
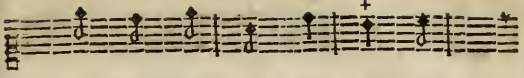


veugle, & l'autre eſt ſans rai - ſon: ſon:

Quand



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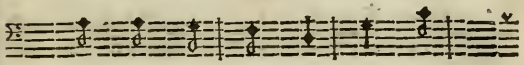

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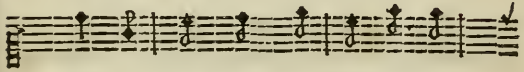

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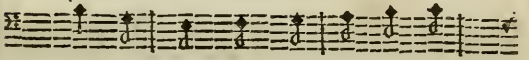

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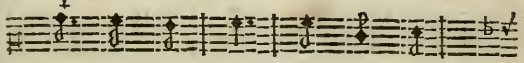
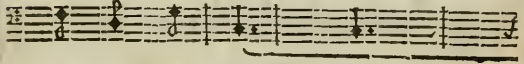
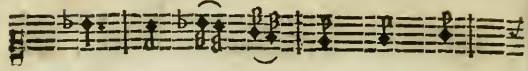


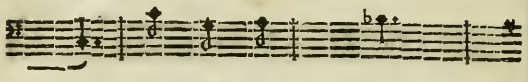
bois à longs traits? Ba-chus fait-



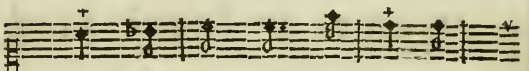
bois à longs traits?



il ce que je fais, Quand je



- Ba-chus fait - il



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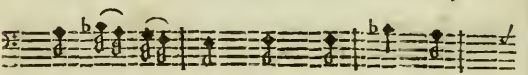
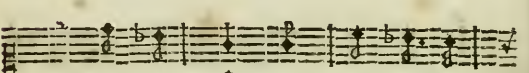
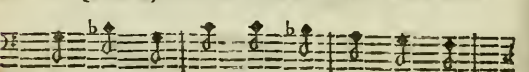


ce qui je fais, Quand je ſuis a-

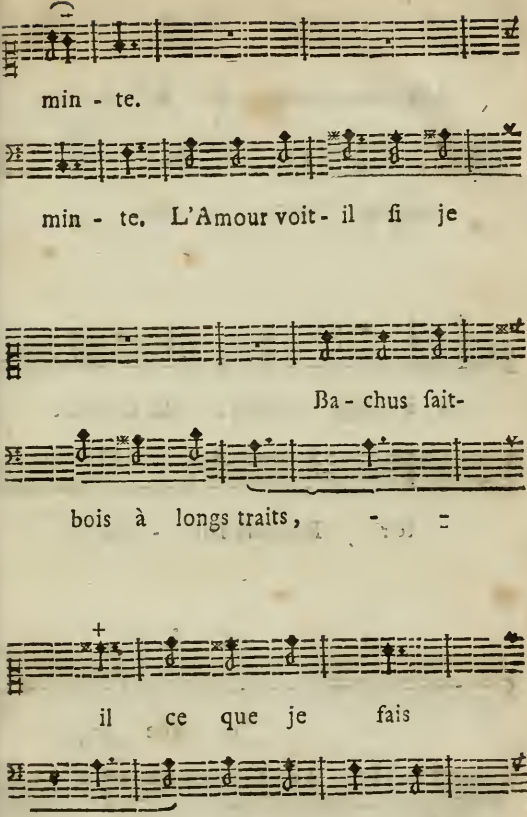


Quand je ſuis a - vec mon A-

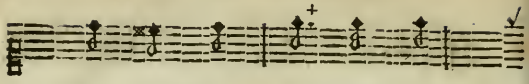


vec mon A - min-te, A- vec mon A-

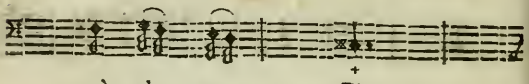
minte.


min - te.
min - te. L'Amour voit-il ſi je
Ba - chus ſait-
bois à longs traits, - -
il ce que je fais
- - Quand je ſuis au-

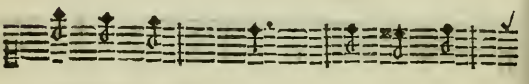
L'A-



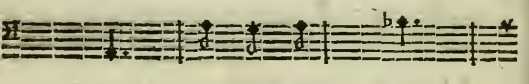
L'A mour voit - il ſi je



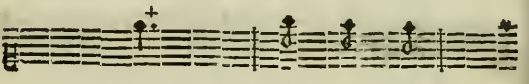
près de ma Pin-



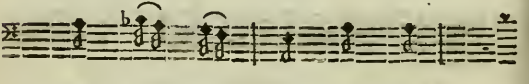
bois à longs traits, Ba-chus ſait-



te? Ba-chus ſait - il

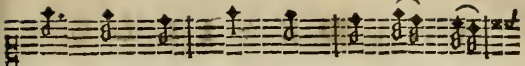


il ce que je



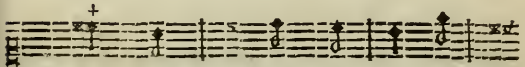
ce que je fais, Quand je

fais,



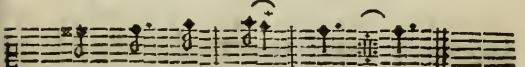
fais, Quand je ſuis a - vec mon A-

ſuis a - vec mon A - min-

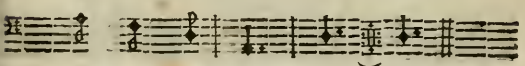


min - te, Quand je ſuis a-

te, Quand je ſuis, Quand je ſuis a-



vec mon A - min - te? te?

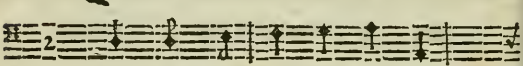


vec mon A - min - te? te?

VAU-

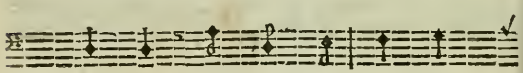
VAUDEVILLE.

QUe par les biens de la For-

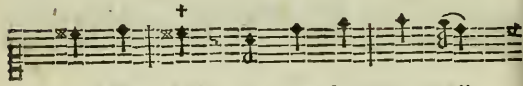


Que par les biens de la For-

tu - ne, Un au - tre ſe laiſ-



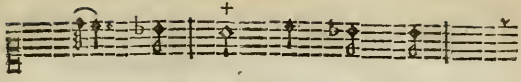
tu - ne, Un au - tre ſe laiſ-



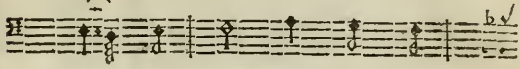
ſe char - mer, Je ne ſon - ge qu'à

ſe char - mer, Je ne ſon - ge qu'à

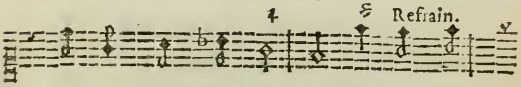
bien



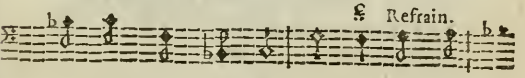
bien ai - mer, Tou-te au-tre af-



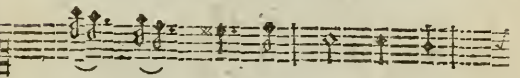
bien ai - mer, Tou-te au-tre af-



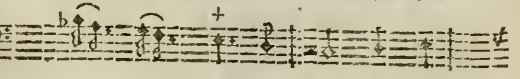
fai - re m'im - por-tu - ne, Et c'eſt dans



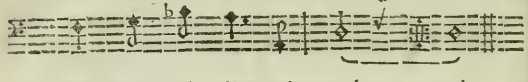
fai - re m'im - por-tu - ne, Et c'eſt dans



ma ſi - dé - li - té, Que je



ma ſi - dé - li - té, Que je



Que l'Ambitieux ſe tourmente,
Pour rendre ſon ſort glorieux,
Je ne demande rien aux Dieux,
Qu'une flamme toujours conſtante;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidelité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Courtiſans ſans relache,
Soir & matin faſſe ſa Cour.
Je ne la fais qu'au tendre Amour,
C'eſt à lui ſeul que je m'attache;
Et c'eſt dans ma fidelité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que

Que l'Avare, comme une dupe,
Aime un inutile trésor.
Je ne suis point tenté par l'or,
Silvie est tout ce qui m'occupe;
Et c'est dans ma fidelité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Buveur mette à bien boire
Son bien, son suprême bonheur.
Ce goût ne flatte point mon cœur:
Bien aimer fait toute ma gloire:
Et c'est dans ma fidelité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Coquet forme sans cesse,
Nouveaux Projets, nouveaux Desirs.
Ma constance fait mes plaisirs,
Je n'adore qu'une Maitresse;
Et c'est dans ma fidelité,
Que je mets ma félicité.

PARODIE BACHIQUE.

Sur l'Air précédent.

QUe par les biens de la Fortune,
Tout homme ſe laiſſe charmer:
Je ne ſonge qu'à m'enyvrer,
Tout autre affaire m'importune;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que l'homme ambitieux ſe gêne,
Pour rendre ſon nom glorieux.
Je ne demande rien aux Dieux,
Qu'une Bouteille toujours pleine;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Courtiſan ſans relâche,
Soir & matin faſſe ſa Cour.
Bachus ſeul, la nuit & le jour,
Fait tout mon ſoin & mon attache;
Car c'eſt dans ce Jus ſi vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

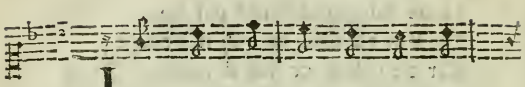
Que

Que l'Avare comme une dupe,
Cherche un inutile trésor.
Je ne suis point tenté par l'or,
Le Vin est tout ce qui m'occupe;
Car c'est dans ce Jus si vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

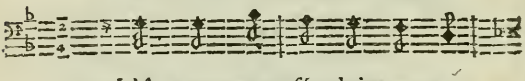
Que l'Amoureux mette sa gloire
A bruler d'une vive ardeur,
Ce goût ne flatte point mon cœur,
Je n'ai de vrai plaisir qu'à boire;
Car c'est dans ce Jus si vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

Que le Coquet cherche sans cesse,
A satisfaire ses désirs.
Ma Bouteille fait mes plaisirs,
Elle me tient lieu de Maitresse;
Car c'est dans ce Jus si vanté,
Que je mets ma félicité.

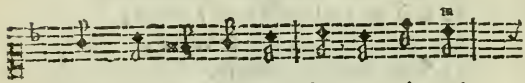
VAUDEVILLE.



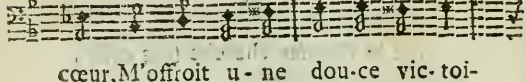
L'Amour pour sé- dui- re mon



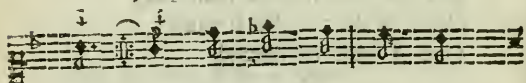
L'A-mour pour sé- dui- re mon



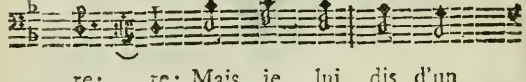
cœur, M'offroit u- ne dou ce vic-toi-



cœur, M'offroit u- ne dou-ce vic- toi-

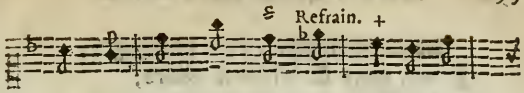


re: re: Mais je lui dis d'un

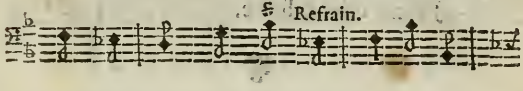


re: re: Mais je lui dis d'un

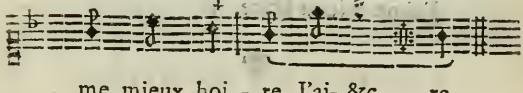
Air



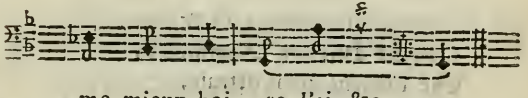
Air moqueur, J'ai-me mieux boi-re, J'ai-



Air moqueur, J'ai-me mieux boi-re, J'ai-



me mieux boi - re. J'ai-,&c. re.



me mieux boi - re. J'ai-,&c. re.

Son Empire a trop de rigueur,
Tous ses sujets ont l'humeur noire.
Qu'un autre en fasse son Vainqueur?
J'aime mieux boire.

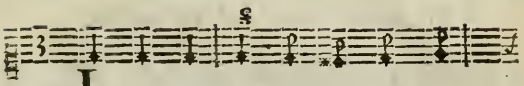
Le Dieu Mars croyant m'engager,
A mes yeux fit briller sa gloire,
Je lui dis je crains le danger,
J'aime mieux boire.

S'il faut affronter le trépas,
Pour éterniser sa mémoire,
Des Lauriers je fais peu de cas;
J'aime mieux boire.

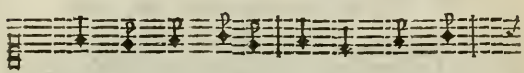
Que le Chimiste jour & nuit,
Cherche dans son Laboratoire,
Une Fortune qu'il détruit;
J'aime mieux boire.

Qu'un Savant aime à raisonner,
De Philosophie ou d'Histoire,
Il ne font que m'importuner,
J'aime mieux boire.

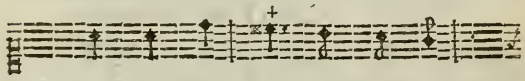
MENUET.



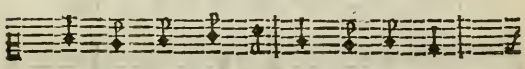
JE le ſens bien, Que c'eſt un grand



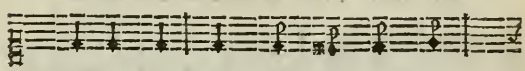
bien, D'ai-mer & de plai- re; D'un re-



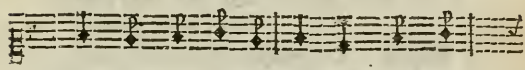
gard, d'un Sou - ris, L'A-mant é-



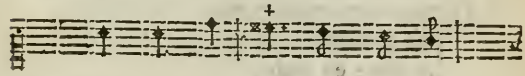
pris Con-noit tout le charme & le prix,



Je le ſens bien, Que c'eſt un grand

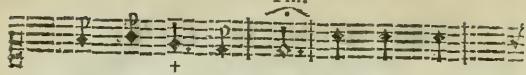


bien, D'ai-mer & de plai-re; Mais ce

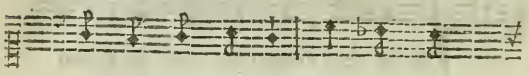


bien ſi van - té, Sans vous ne

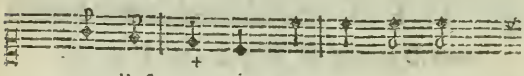
m'eut



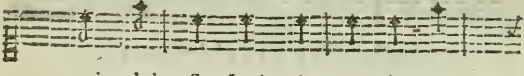
m'eut ja-mais ten - té. C'eſt par vous



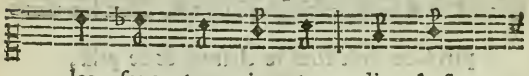
que j'ai des dé- ſirs, C'eſt par vous



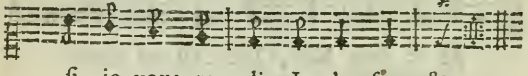
que j'eſ - pe- re, Vous fai-tes mes



vrais plai - ſirs, Loin de vous je me



les ſens tous in - ter - dits, Auſ-



ſi je vous re - dis, Je le ſens, &c.

Bachus, Amour,
Tour à tour,
Je vous conſacre ma vie.
J'en attendrai la fin,
Le verre en main,

Ou

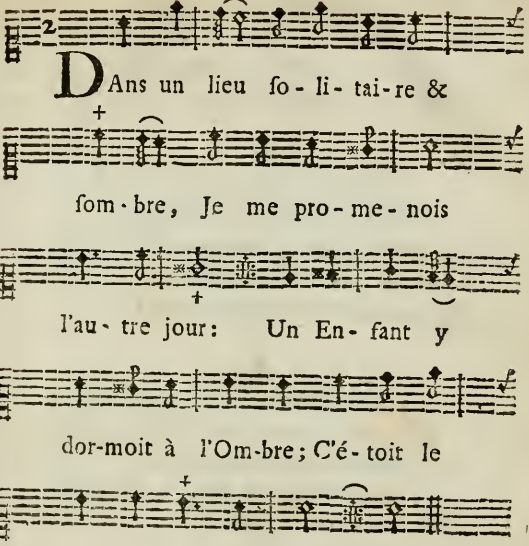
Ou dans les bras de ma Catin.
Bachus, Amour,
Tour à tour,
Je vous consacre ma vie.
Par vous j'aurai toujours,
D'heureuses nuits & de beaux jours.
Des plaisirs les plus ravissans,
Vous flattez mon envie,
Vous enchantez tous mes sens,
Vos faveurs m'élevent jusques dans les Cieux;
Vous êtes mes Dieux.
Bachus, Amour, &c.

Quand une fois,
Sous ses dures Loix,
L'Amour nous engage,
Ce Dieu trop inhumain,
Dans notre sein,
Se plait à verser son Venin.
Quand une fois,
Sous ses dures Loix,
L'Amour nous engage,
Les Plaisirs & les Ris,
Nous sont pour jamais interdits.

Les cris, les larmes, la fureur,
Le déſeſpoir, la rage,
S'emparent de notre cœur,
Et nous font reſſentir toute leur rigueur.
Grand Dieu, quel malheur.
Quand une fois, &c.

Abſent de vous,
Le bien le plus doux,
Ne ſauroient me plaire,
Un ſeul de vos regards,
Eſt bien plus doux,
Que tous ceux qui charmèrent Mars.
Abſent de vous,
Le bien le plus doux,
Ne ſauroit me plaire,
Adorable Philis,
C'eſt pour vous ſeule que je vis.
Quoique ſoumiſe à Licidas,
Par une Loi ſevère,
Songez toujours dans ſes bras,
A ces momens pour nous ſi remplis d'appas,
Ne m'oubliez pas.
Abſent de vous, &c.

Dans



J'aprochai, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais j'aurois dû m'en défier:
J'y vis tous les traits d'une Ingrate,
Que j'avois juré d'oublier.

Il avoit la bouche vermeille,
Le tein auſſi beau que le ſien;
Un ſoupir m'échape, il s'éveille:
L'Amour s'éveille de rien.

Auſſi-tôt, déployant ſes aîles,
Et ſaiſiſſant ſon Arc vengeur,
D'une de ces Flêches cruelles,
En partant il me bleſſe au cœur.

Va, dit-il, aux pieds de Silvie,
De nouveau languir & bruler:
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,
Pour avoir oſé m'éveiller.

Sur le même Air.

On peut chanter cette Chanſon-ci ſur l'Air, *Reveillez-vous, Belle Endormie.*

QU'il eſt doux de paſſer ſa vie,
Auprès d'une jeune Beauté!
Aimable Serin, que j'envie
Ton ſort & ta félicité!

Que de Baiſers ſur ſon Viſage,
Tu vas cueillir impunement!
Pour toi ſeul, Iris, moins ſauvage,
Préviendra ton empreſſement.

De mille careſſes piquantes,
Naîtront mille Plaiſirs nouveaux;
Ah! Grands Dieux, ces douceurs charmantes
Sont-elles donc pour des Oiſeaux?

Belle, quel eſt vôtre Siſtême ?
Un Animal obtient de vous
Des Careſſes, dont les Dieux mêmes,
S'ils les voyoient, ſeroient jaloux.

Il faut montrer plus de ſageſſe,
Je le ſoutiens, charmante Iris ;
Le ſel des Plaiſirs en tendreſſe,
C'eſt d'en connoître tout le prix.

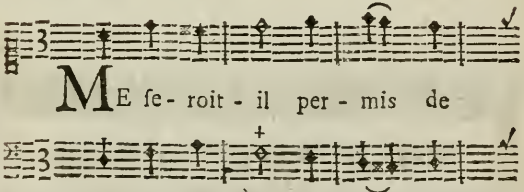
Sur le même Air.

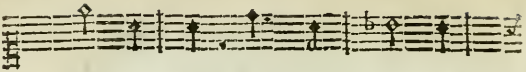
PHilis, plus avare que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuſer,
Un jour exigea de Liſandre,
Trente Moutons pour un Baiſer.

Le lendemain, ſeconde affaire,
Pour le Berger le troc fut bon ;
Il exigea de la Bergère,
Trente Baiſers pour un Mouton.

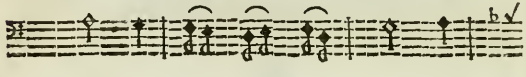
Le lendemain, Philis plus tendre,
Craignant de moins plaire au Berger,
Fut trop heureuſe de lui rendre
Tous les Moutons pour un Baiſer.

Le lendemain, Philis peu ſage,
Voulut donner Moutons & Chien,
Pour un Baiſer que le volage
A Liſette donna pour rien.



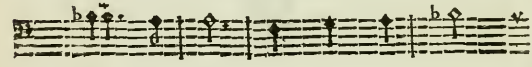


di - re, Sans at - ti - rer vô-

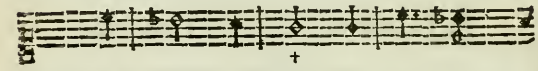


di - re, Sans at - ti - rer vô-

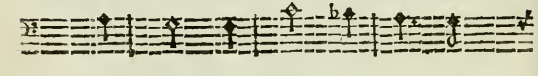
tre cou-roux, Que pour vos beaux



tre cou-roux, Que pour vos beaux

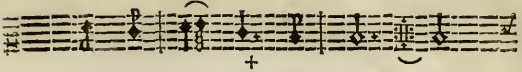


yeux je ſou - pi - re, Et que

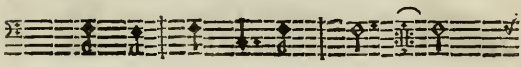


yeux je ſou - pi - re, Et que

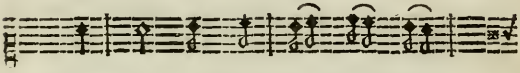
je



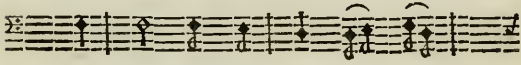
je n'a - do - re que vous. vous.



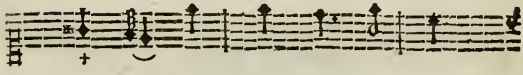
je n'a - do - re que vous. vous.



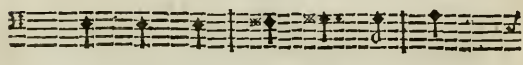
Mon cœur, pe - ne - tré de ten-



Mon cœur, pe - ne - tré de ten-

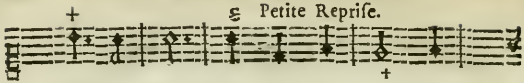


dref - fe, Pré - tend vous che - rir



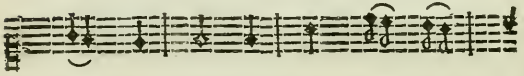
dref - fe, Pré - tend vous che - rir

Petite Repriſe.



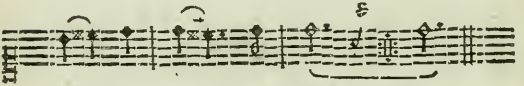
à ja - mais; Si ce ſin - ce-re a-

à ja - mais; Si ce ſin - ce-re a-



veu vous bleſ- ſe, N'en ac - cu-

veu vous bleſ- ſe, N'en ac - cu-



ſez que vos at - traits. traits.

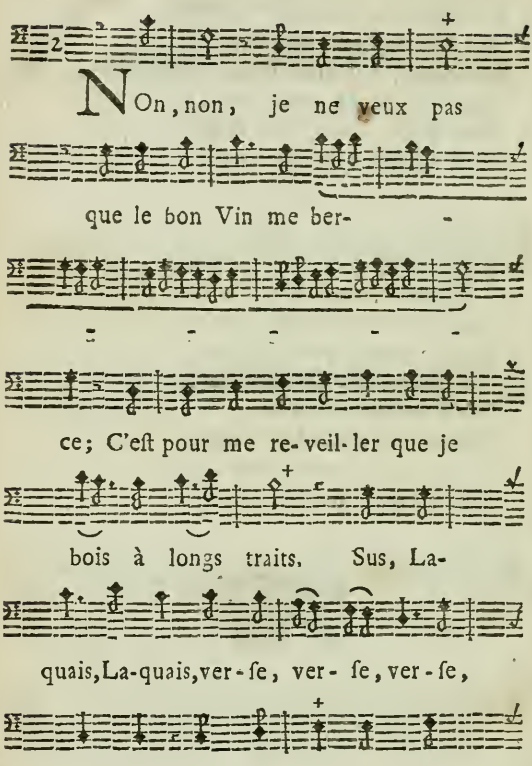
ſez que vos at - traits. traits.

Lorſ-

Lorſque l'on voit briller vos charmes,
Peut-on garder ſa liberté?
Sans balancer on rend les armes,
A vôtre naiſſante beauté;
L'Amour, qui pour vous s'intéreſſe,
Dans vos beaux yeux choiſit ſes traits:
Si ce ſincere aveu vous bleſſe,
N'en accuſez que vos attraits.

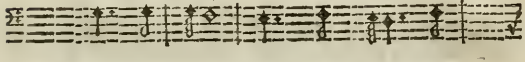
Je mets mon bonheur à vous plaire,
Aprouvez mon extrême ardeur,
Jamais aucune autre Bergère,
Ne triomphera de mon cœur.
Si vôtre ſevère ſageſſe
Blâme nos ſentimens ſecrets,
Iris, ſi mon amour vous bleſſe,
N'en accuſez que vos attraits.

RECIT DE BASSE.

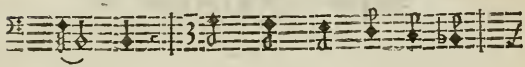


jours & ne dor-mir ja-mais: mais:

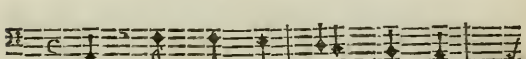
Lentement.



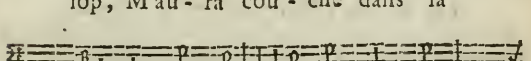
Quand la mort sous qui tout suc-



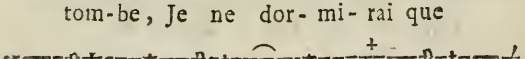
com-be, Et qui me suit au ga-



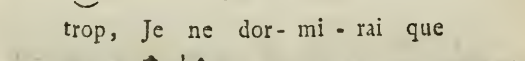
lop, M'au-ra cou-ché dans la



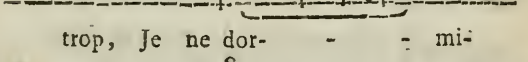
tom-be, Je ne dor-mi-rai que



trop, Je ne dor-mi-rai que

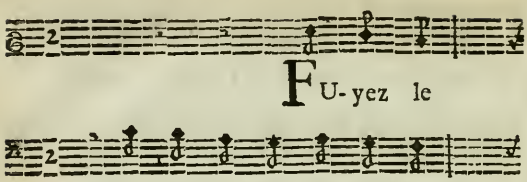


trop, Je ne dor- - - mi-

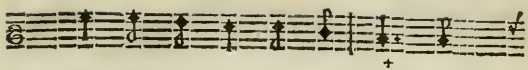


- rai que trop. trop.

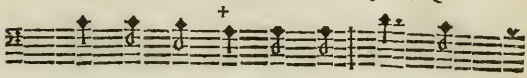
Fuyez


Fu-yez le
Fu-yez le Vin, fu-yez le
Vin & la Ten-dref-ſe, Re-dou-
Vin & la Ten-dref-ſe,
tez, Re-dou-tez leur I-vref-ſe, Voi-
iez, Re-dou-tez leur I-vref-ſe, Voi-

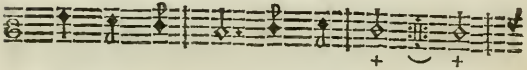
là



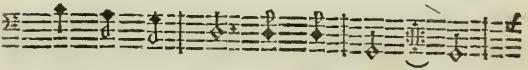
là l'in-u-ti-le Le-çon, Que



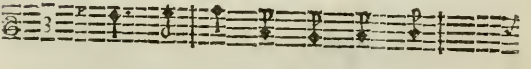
là l'in-u-ti-le Le-çon, Que



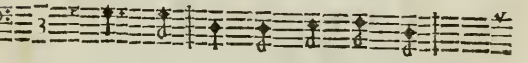
fait l'en-nuy-eu-se Rai-son: son:



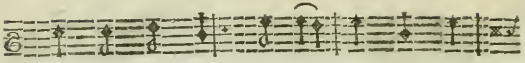
fait l'en-nuy-eu-se Rai-son: son:



Mais, que dit la Phi-lo-so-

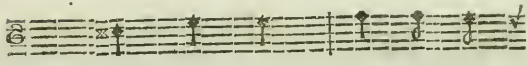


Mais, que dit la Phi-lo-so-

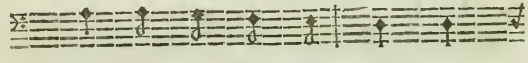


phi - e La mieux ſui - vi - e? Prens du

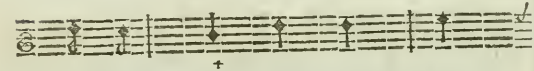
phi - e La mieux ſui - vi - e? Prens du



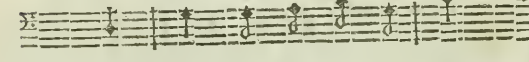
Vin, Prens du Vin, tant que



Vin, tant que tu vou - dras, De

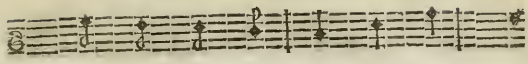


tu vou - dras, De l'A - mour



L'A - mour, tant que tu pou - ras;

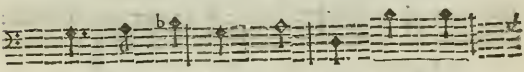
tant



tant que tu pou - ras; C'eſt l'ex-

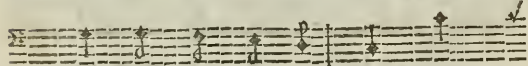
C'eſt l'ex - cès, C'eſt l'ex-

cès, qui juſ-ti - fi - e. Prens du



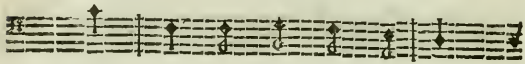
cès, qui juſ-ti - fi - e. Prens du

Vin, prens du Vin, tant que

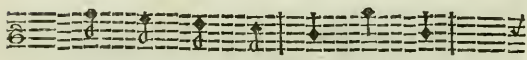


Vin, tant que tu vou - dras, De

tu vou - dras, De l'A - mour,



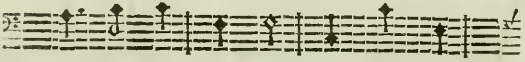
l'A - mour, tant que tu pou- ras;



tant que tu pou - ras; C'eſt l'ex-

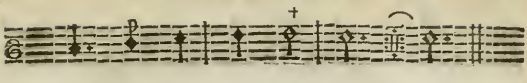
C'eſt l'ex - cès, C'eſt l'ex-

cès qui juſ - ti - fi - e; C'eſt l'ex-

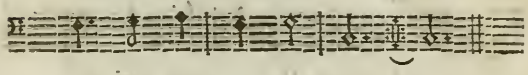


cès qui juſ - ti - fi - e; C'eſt l'ex-

cès

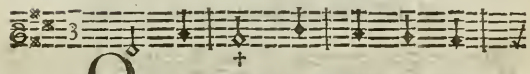


cès, qui juſ - ti - fi - e. e.

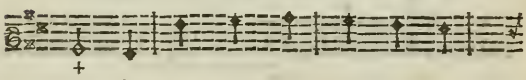


cès, qui juſ - ti - fi - e. e.

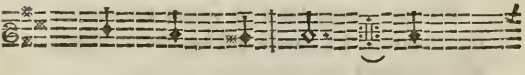
MENUET.



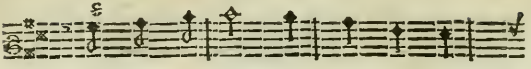
ON di- roit, Bel-le, à vous en-
Ai - fé - ment pouroient vous dé-



ten - dre, Que qua - tre coups pré-ſen-
fen - dre Des traits lan - cez par le



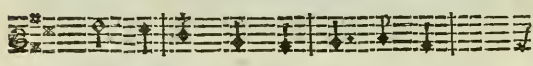
tez par Ba - chus, chus,
Fils de Vé - nus: nus:



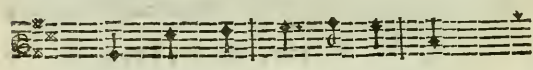
Dé- fi- ez vous qu'un jour, Au Dieu

de l'A- mour, Vo- tre cœur mal- gré

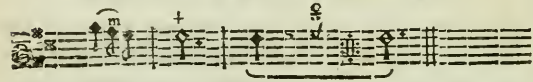
lui ne ce- de; Car ſi vous



en pre- nez, Com- me vous en don-



nez, Vo- tre mal ſe- ra ſans



re- me- de. de.

Bachus rompt les plus fortes chaines,
Il ſait guerir les maux qu'Amour a faits;
Recherchons ces heureuſes peines,
Dont le plaiſir eſt de boire à longs traits:

Amour

Amour, ſi ton ardeur
Regne dans mon cœur,
Ce triomphe accroit peu ta gloire:
Je cede à ſon pouvoir,
Seulement pour avoir
Une raiſon de plus pour boire.

Votre erreur, Iris, eſt extrême,
De croire aimer pour l'honneur de Bachus;
Nous ſavons qu'il cede lui-même,
A la puiſſance du Fils de Vénus:
Du petit Dieu malin,
Craignez le deſſein;
Par le vin il veut vous ſurprendre,
Lors que par ſon poiſon,
Perdant la raiſon,
Vous ne pourez plus vous défendre.

Tu te ris, ingrate Climene,
Des maux cruels que tu me fais ſouffrir;
Mais, j'ai pour remede à ma peine,
Une Liqueur qui ſaura me guerir.

Bachus, à mon ſecours!
Si tu veux qu'Amour
Ne remporte ici la victoire.
Tu ſeras de mon cœur,
Deſormais le Vainqueur;
Je t'en donne toute la gloire.

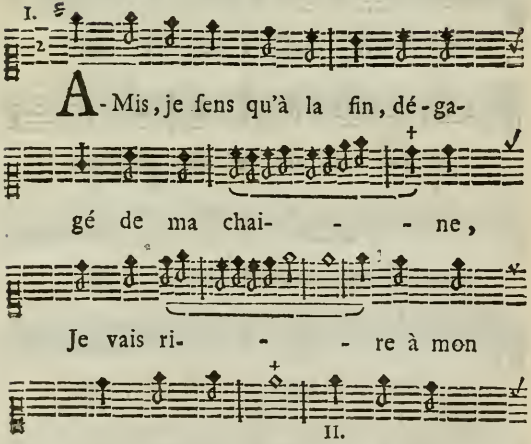
Si, Tircis, tu veux être ſage,
Tu jouïras d'un bien-heureux deſtin;
A Venus il faut rendre hommage,
Et quitter pour jamais le Dieu du Vin:
Pour prix de ton ardeur,
Poſſede mon cœur,
En demande tu d'avantage?
Mais ſouvien toi toujours,
Que le Dieu d'Amour,
Ne ſauroit offrir de partage.

Pour ſavoir combien je vous aime,
Voyez mes yeux, conſultez ma langueur:
Ma crainte, mon ſilence extrême,
Découvre aſſez le ſecret de mon cœur:

Que

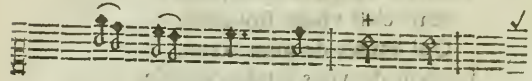
Que je ſerois heureux,
Si des mêmes feux,
Vous pouviez être ſuſceptible!
Mais c'eſt vôtre froideur;
Qui bannit de mon cœur,
L'eſpoir de vous rendre ſenſible.

CANON A III.

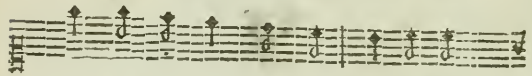


nis

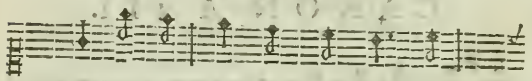
nis le deſ - tin, Qui me van-



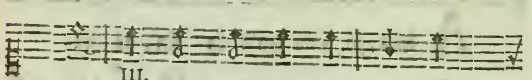
ge de l'in - hu - mai - ne,



En vain l'Amour veut fai - re le Mu-

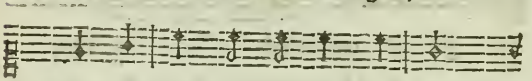


tin, Je le chaſſe a - vec ce bon

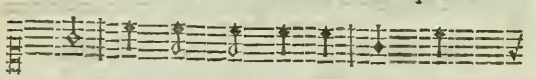


III.

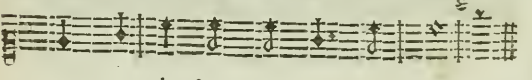
Vin. Ban - niſ - ſons le cha - grin, Bu-



vons, bu-vons tous à taſ - ſe plei-



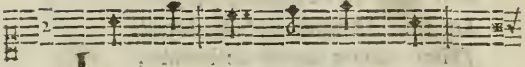
ne, Ban - niſ - ſons le cha - grin, Ou



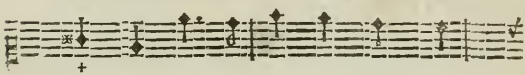
no-yons le dans ce Jus di - vin.

VAU-

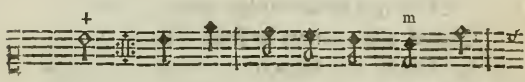
VAUDEVILLE.



LA Ber - gè - re qui m'en-



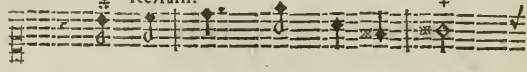
ga - ge Bril - le de mil - le a - gré-



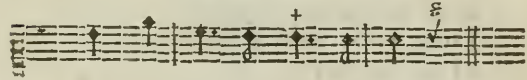
mens; Mais ſon cœur à trop d'A-mans,

En mê - me tems ſe par - ta - ge,

Refrain.



J'ai - me mieux moins de beau - té,



Et plus de fi - dé - li - té. &c.

Ses

Ses yeux n'exemptent perſonne,
Du pouvoir de ſes appas,
Son cœur ne s'exempte pas,
De tout l'Amour qu'elle donne.
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

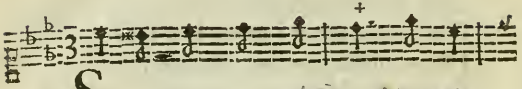
Si Vénus étoit moins belle,
Quand elle obtient le fruit d'or,
La Déeſſe avoit encor
Le cœur un peu plus fidelle.
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

En vain un Berger eſpère,
D'en être aimé plus d'un jour;
Toujours le nouvel Amour,
Eſt le plus ſûr de lui plaire.
J'aime mieux moins de béauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

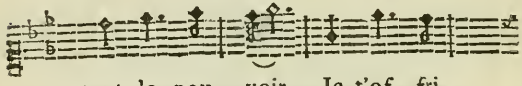
De même que l'Onde chaſſe
L'Onde qui coule devant,
Ainſi le nouvel Amant
D'un autre Amant prend la place;
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

C'eſt ainſi que ſur l'Herbette,
Tircis chantoit aux Forêts,
L'inconſtance & les attraits
De la Bergère Liſette;
J'aime mieux moins de beauté,
Et plus de fidélité.

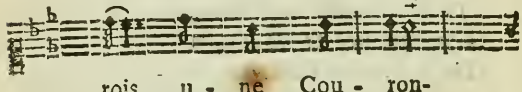
PETIT AIR TENDRE.



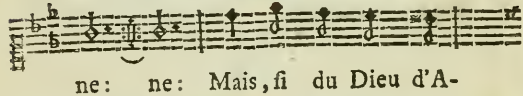
Si du plus grand des Dieux j'a vois



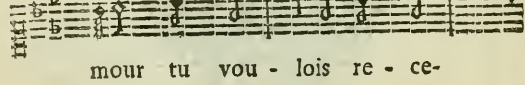
tout le pou - voir, Je t'of- fri-



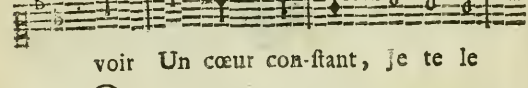
rois u - ne Cou - ron-



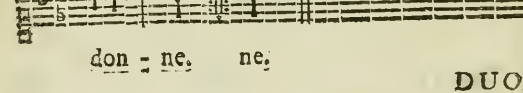
ne: ne: Mais, si du Dieu d'A-



mour tu vou - lois re - ce-



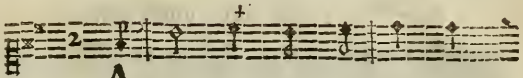
voir Un cœur con-stant, je te le



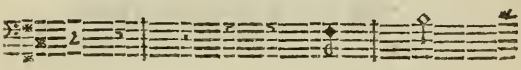
don - ne. ne.

DUO.

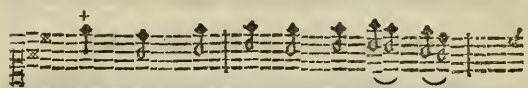
DUO.



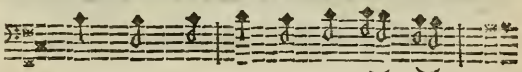
A - Mi, c'eſt grand dom-ma - ge,



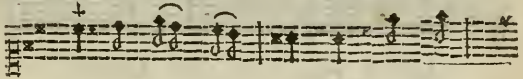
A - mi,



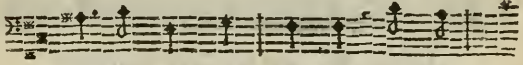
C'eſt grand dom-ma-ge, De te ver-



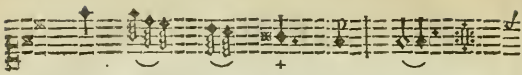
C'eſt grand dom-ma-ge, De te ver-



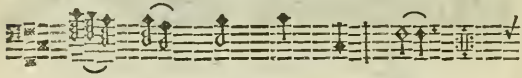
ſer de ce Breu - va - ge; Tu l'a-



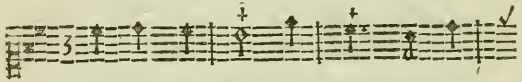
ſer de ce Breu - va - ge; Tu l'a-



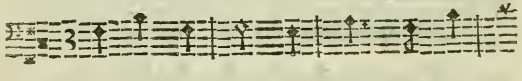
va - les trop bruſ- que - ment.



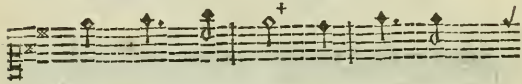
va - les trop bruſ- que - ment.



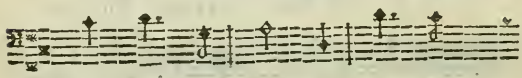
De ce Nec-tar char-mant fais un



De ce Nec-tar char-mant fais un



plus di-gne u - ſa - ge, Laiſ- ſe



plus di-gne u - ſa - ge, Laiſ- ſe

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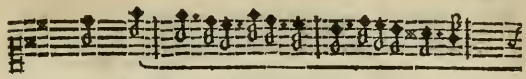
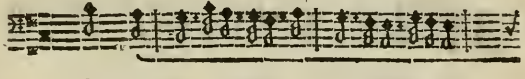
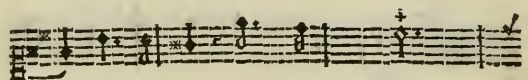


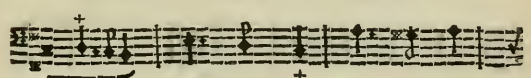
le cou- - - -



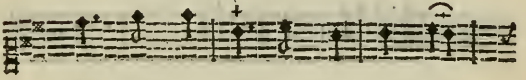
le cou- - - -



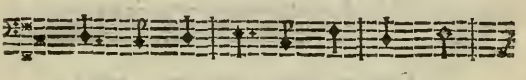
- dou-ce-ment, dou - ce - ment,



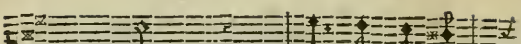
- - dou - ce - ment, Tout le plai-



Tout le plai - ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-



Tout le plai - ſir eſt au paſ- ſa-



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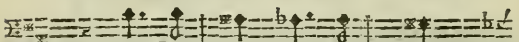

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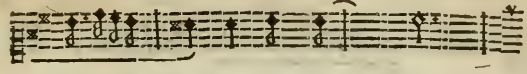

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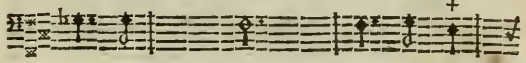

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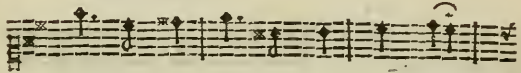

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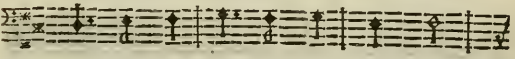

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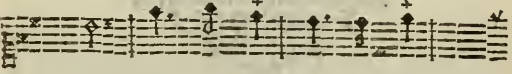

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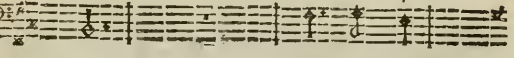

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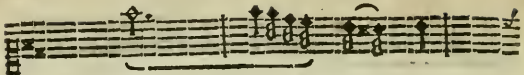

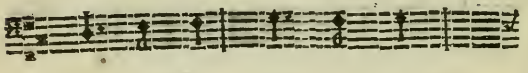

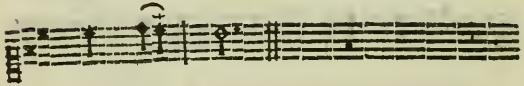

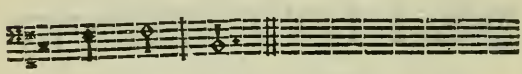

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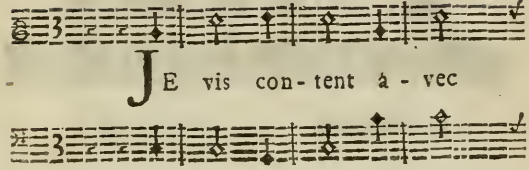
LA VIELLE.



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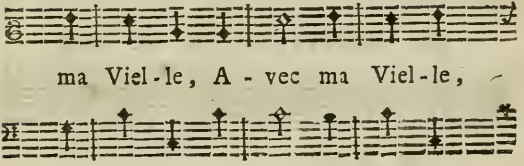

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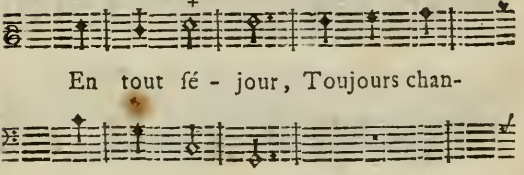

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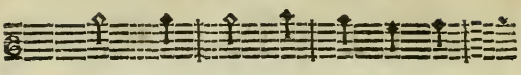
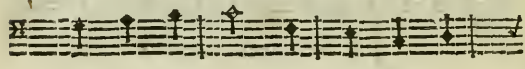


tant, Je fais mer-veil-le, je



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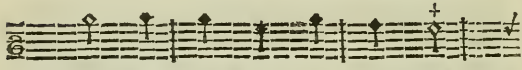
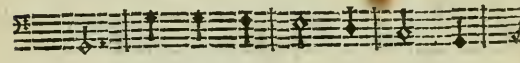


fais mer-veil-le, Et de bons

Baſſe continue.

tours; La moi-tié de la nuit je



Baſſe continue.

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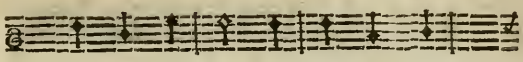
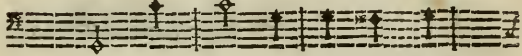


veil-le, la nuit je veil-le, à



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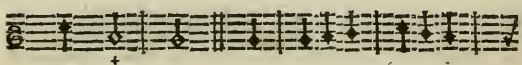

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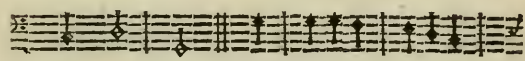

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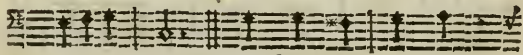
Le ma-tin quand



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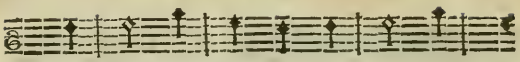
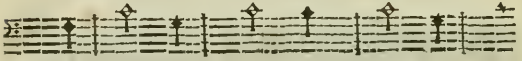


je me re- veil-le, je me re-



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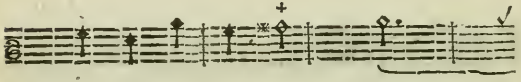

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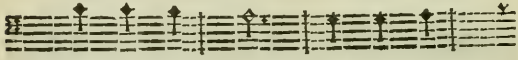
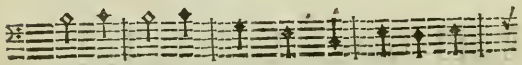


Baſſe continue.

- - Je fais la Cour,



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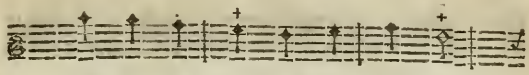
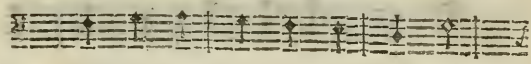


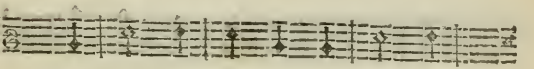
A ma Bou - teil - le; Pen - dant le



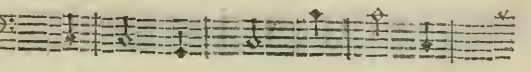
Basse continue.

jour. *La Vielle.*

Basse continue.



Qui - conque é - pi - e, La fan - tai -



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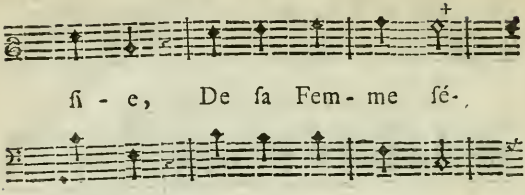
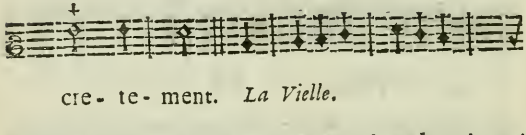

ſi - e, De ſa Fem - me ſé-
Baſſe continue.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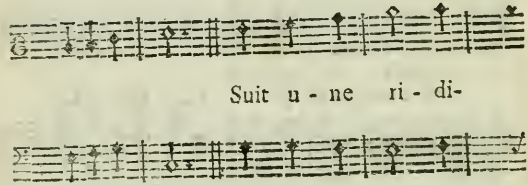
Baſſe continue.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Baſſe continue.

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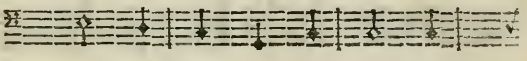
cu-le en-vi-e, Qui-conque é-



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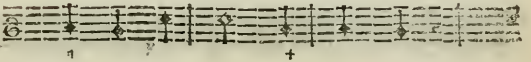

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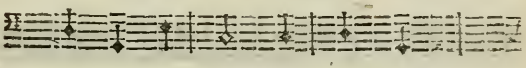

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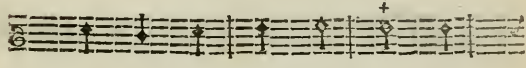
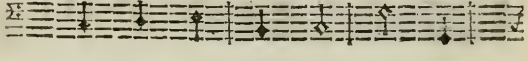


Et ſe don-ne bien du tour-

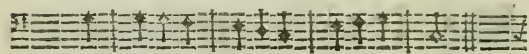


Baſſe continue.

ment.

Basse continue.

La Vielle.



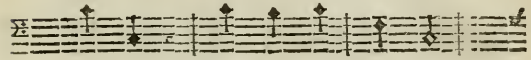
Basse continue.

Qui ne voit gou-te, En ce-la

Basse continue.

goute,

gou-te, Un tran-qui-le con-



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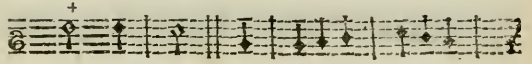

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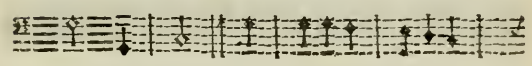

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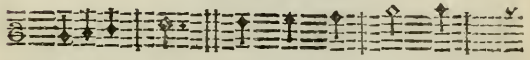
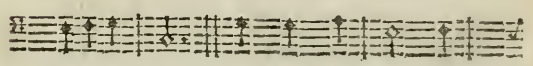


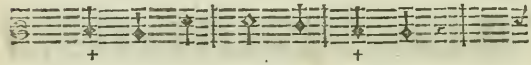
Ma-ris, c'eſt la plus



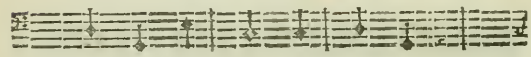
Baſſe continue.

sû - re rou - te, De ne voir

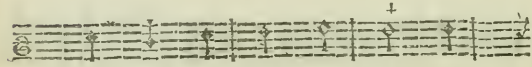
Basse continue.



gou - te, De ne voir gou - te,



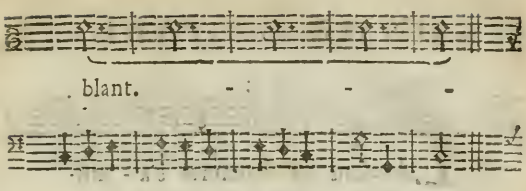
Basse continue.



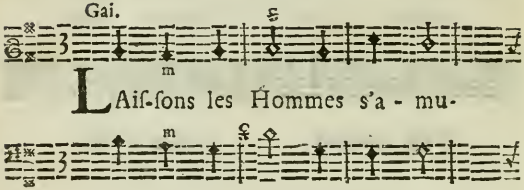
Ou bien d'en fai - re le fem-

Basse continue.

blant.


blant.
Basse continue.
La Vielle.
Basse continue.

RONDE DE TABLE.



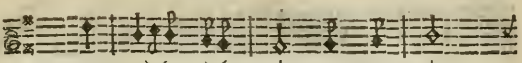
ſer De vains Pro-jets & de Chi-

ſer De vains Pro-jets & de Chi-

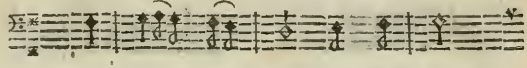
mè - res: res: Du tems ſon - geons

mè - res: res: Du tems ſon - geons

à



à mieux u - ſer, Les fa - veurs

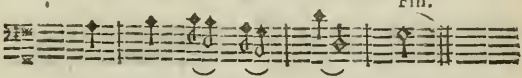


à mieux u - ſer, Les fa - veurs

Fin.

en ſont paſ - ſa - gè - res.

Fin.



en ſont paſ - ſa - gè - - res.

Le Chœur repète ceci.

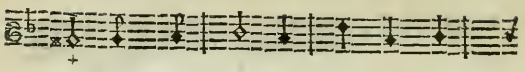
DEUX BUVEURS.

Tendrement.

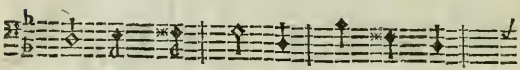
Jou - ïſ - ſons, & qu'à nos plai -

Jou - ïſ - ſons, & qu'à nos plai -

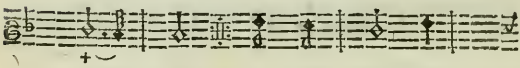
ſirs,



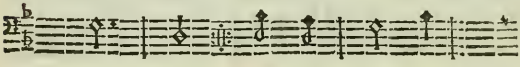
firs, Les Dieux mê mes por-tent en



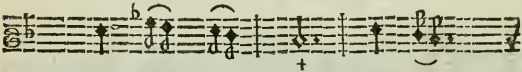
firs, Les Dieux mê-mes por-tent en



vi - e: Les re - grets, les



vi - e: Les re - grets, les



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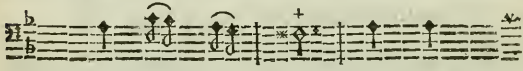
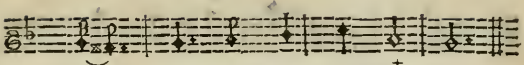
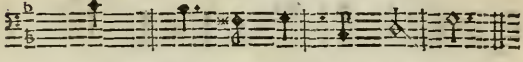


ſoins, les dé - firs, ſont le

poi-

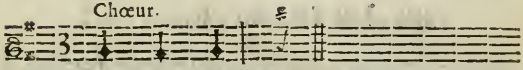


poi - ſon de nô - tre vi - e.

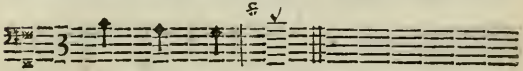


poi - ſon de nô - tre vi - e.

Chœur.



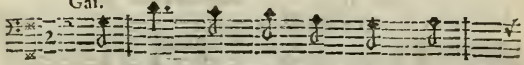
Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page* 344.



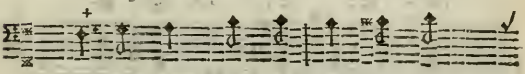
Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

UN BUVEUR SEUL.

Gai.



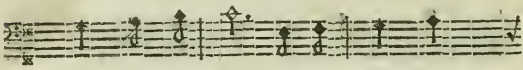
Ai-mons lorſ- que l'A-mour nous



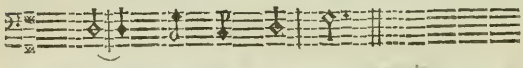
rit, Bu-vons quand Ba-chus ſe pré-

ſente ;

fen - te: Le Vin que l'on

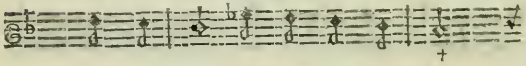


gar - de s'ai - grit, Et l'A - mour lan-

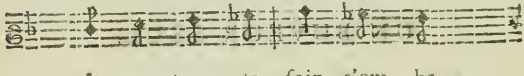


guit dans l'at - ten - te.

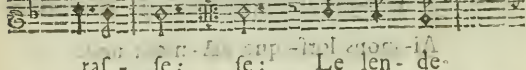
AUTRE SEUL.



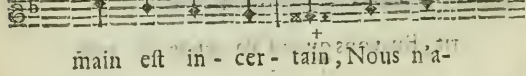
Mal-heu - reux qui du len - de - main,



A - vec trop de foin s'em - ba-

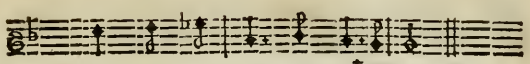


raf - fe: fe: Le len - de-

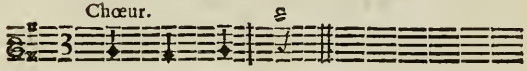


main eſt in - cer - tain, Nous n'a-

vons

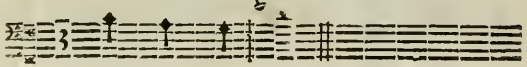


vons que l'in-ſtant qui paſ - ſe.



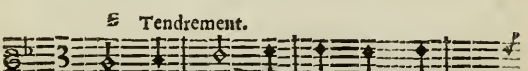
Chœur.

Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page* 344.



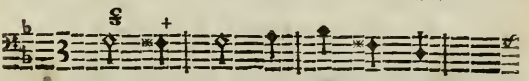
Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

RONDEAU, DEUX AMANS.

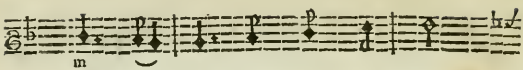


Tendrement.

Ai-mons-nous & bu vons ſans

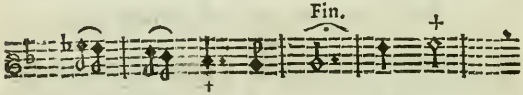


Ai-mons-nous & bu-vons ſans

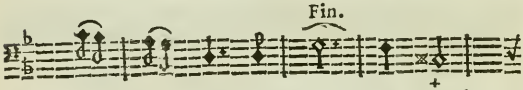


ceſ - ſe, Ser- vons tour à tour,

ceſ - ſe, Ser- vons tour à tour,



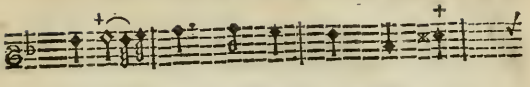
Ba- chus & l'A- mour. A leur



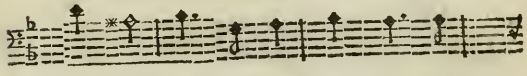
Ba- chus & l'A- mour. A leur

dou- ce & char- man- te Y- vreſ- ſe,

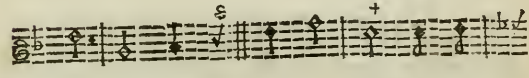
dou- ce & char- man- te Y- vreſ- ſe,



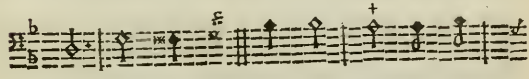
A longs traits li-vrons nous pour ja-



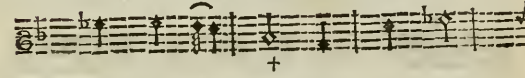
A longs traits li-vrons-nous pour ja-



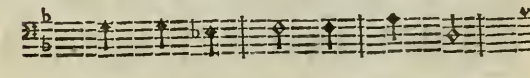
mais. Ai-mons,&c. De ton cœur je con-



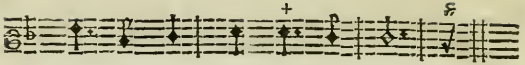
mais. Ai-mons,&c. De ton cœur je con-



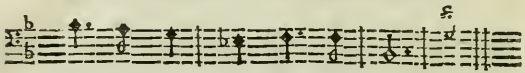
nois la ten - dref- fe, Dans mes



nois la ten - dref- fe, Dans mes



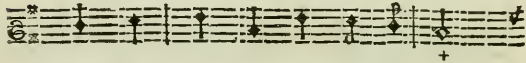
yeux tu peux voir ton bon-heur.



yeux tu peux voir ton bon-heur.

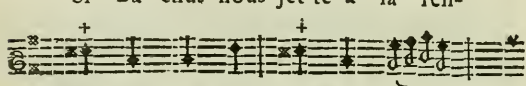
UN BUVEUR SEUL.

Ver- - ſe, ver- ſe, ver-

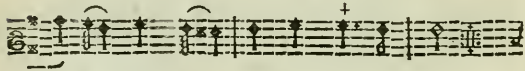


ſe à longs traits ce Nec-tar ſi doux.

Si Ba-chus nous jet-te à la ren-

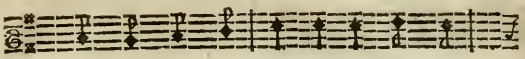


ver- ſe, ver- ſe, ver- ſe, ver- -

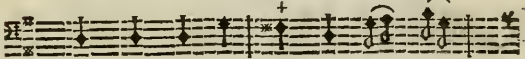


- ſe, L'A-mour au-ra ſoin de nous.

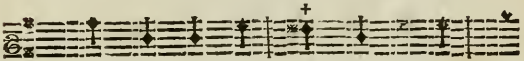
Heu-



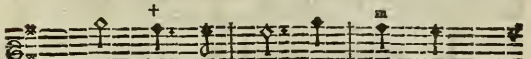
Heu-reux deux A-mans qui ſa-vent bien



boi-re! Quel tri-om-phe quel-le

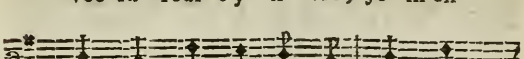


gloi-re! Le Vin mê-me, ac-

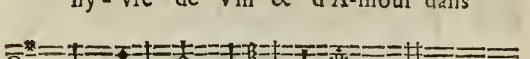


croit leurs dé-firs Mon cœur a-

vec fu-reur s'y li-vre, Je m'en-

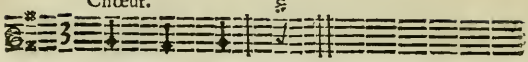


ny-vre de Vin & d'A-mour dans

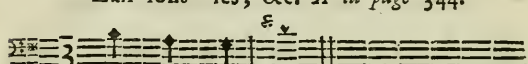


le ſein des plai-firs. firs.

Chœur.



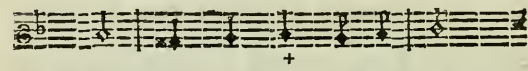
Laiſ-ſons les, &c. *A la page* 344.



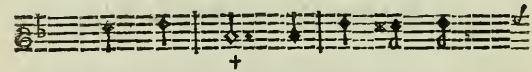
Laiſ-ſons les, &c.

BRANLE.

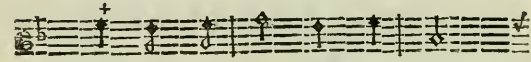
C'Eſt en vain que de leur ten-



dreſ - ſe, Deux jeu - nes A - mans

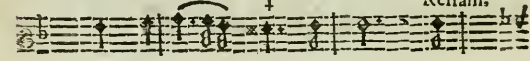


ſont char - mez; En vain ils ſe



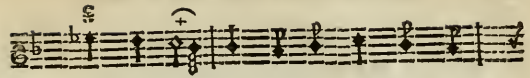
par - lent ſans ceſ - ſe, Des feux

Refrain.

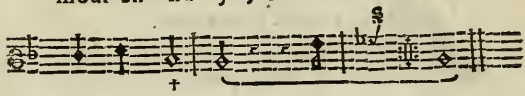


dont ils ſont en-flam-mez. L'A-

mour



mour en- nu- ye, Si Ba-chus n'eſt de



la par- ti- e. L'A-, &c. e.

C'eſt quand notre ardeur eſt extrême,
Qu'il faut ménager nos plaiſirs;
A voir trop ſouvent ce qu'on aime,
L'on uſe bien-tôt ſes déſirs.
L'Amour ennuye,
Si Bachus n'eſt de la partie.

Le Chœur repete ces deux Vers.

Le moment, où l'Amour ſommeille,
Eſt l'inſtant qui ſuit ſon bonheur:
Mais lors que le Vin ſe reveille,
Ce Dieu n'en a que plus d'ardeur.
L'Amour ennuye,
Si Bachus n'eſt de la partie.

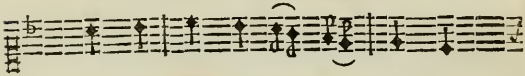
Si Bachus bannit nos allarmes,
S'il ſert aux plaiſirs de l'Amour,
En lui prêtant de nouveaux charmes,
L'Amour le ranime à ſon tour.
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

Mais, fuyons un excès nuiſible:
L'Yvreſſe eſt-elle un bien ſi doux?
Un plaiſir qui rend inſenſible,
Doit-il faire tant de jaloux?
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

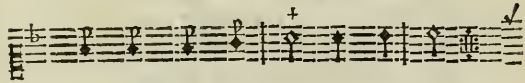
Ne cherchons qu'une Yvreſſe aimable,
Dont notre cœur ſoit enchanté:
Elle eſt la ſource délectable,
Où l'on puiſe la Volupté.
Bachus ennuye,
Si l'Amour n'eſt de la partie.

MUSETTE.

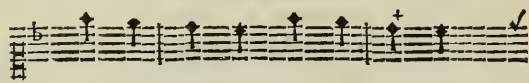
TAn-dis que la jeu-ne Annet-te,



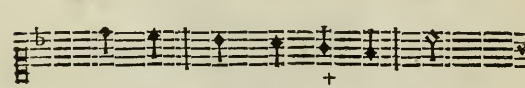
Dans nos Bois triſ-te & ſeu - let - te,



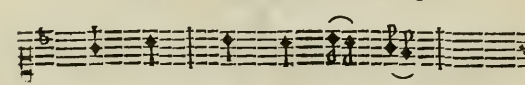
Cherchoit un Mou-ton é - ga - ré:



El - le trouve à ſon paſ- ſa - ge,

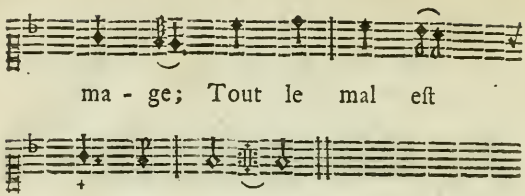


Un Ber - ger fait à ſon gré:



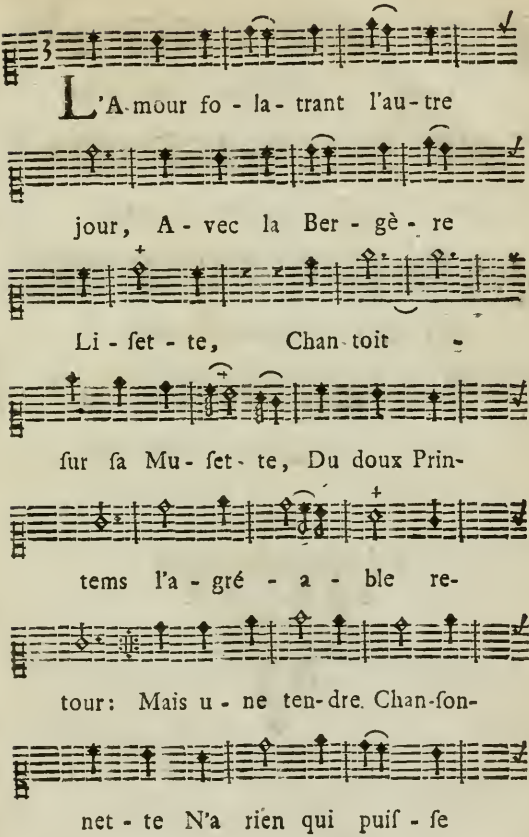
Il lui rend un ten-dre hom-

mage



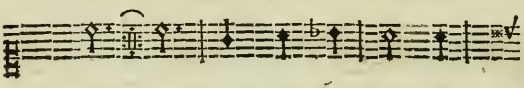
On voit par cette Avanture,
Qu'Amour paye avec uſure,
Dans cet aimable Canton:
Sous ces Loix chacun ſe range:
Et l'on dit d'un tendre ton,
N'eſt ce pas gagner au Change?
Un Berger pour un Mouton!

L'A-

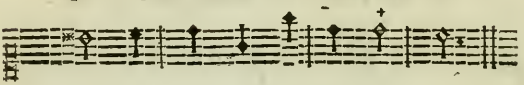

L'A-mour fo-la-trant l'au-tre
jour, A-vec la Ber-gè-re
Li-ſet-te, Chan-toit
ſur ſa Mu-ſet-te, Du doux Prin-
tems l'a-gré-a-ble re-
tour: Mais u-ne ten-dre. Chan-ſon-
net-te N'a rien qui puiſ-ſe
l'en-

l'en-ga-ger. Que peut l'A-mour a-

vec Li-ſet-te, Sans un Ber-

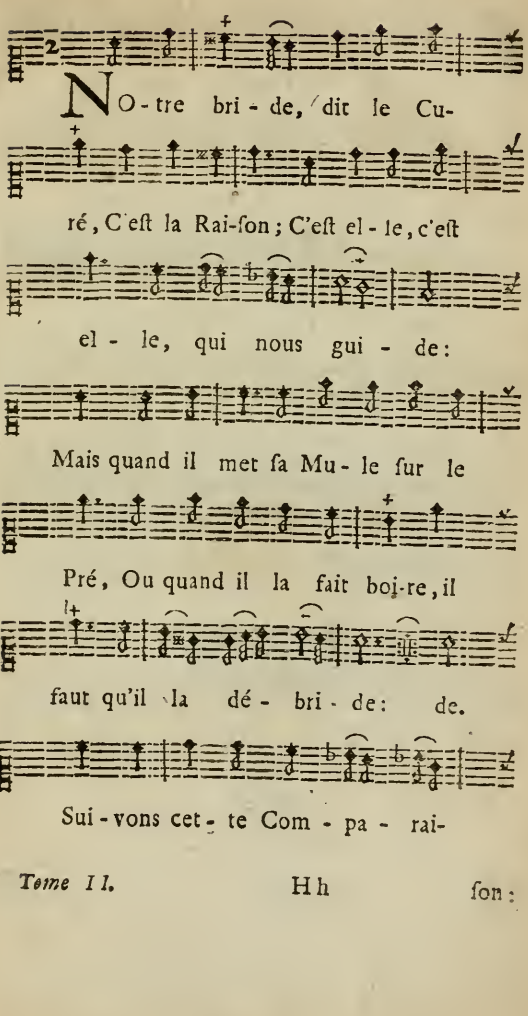


ger? ger? Que peut l'A-mour a-

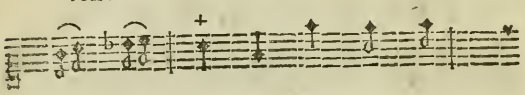


vec Li-ſet-te, Sans un Ber-ger?

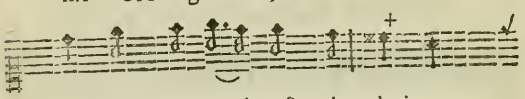
Notre


NO-tre bri-de, dit le Cu-
ré, C'eſt la Rai-ſon; C'eſt el-le, c'eſt
el-le, qui nous gui-de:
Mais quand il met ſa Mu-le ſur le
Pré, Ou quand il la fait boi-re, il
faut qu'il la dé-bri-de: de.
Sui-vons cet-te Com-pa-rai-

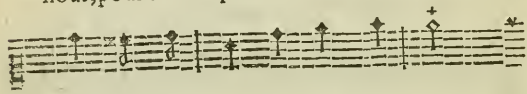
son: Dé - bri - dons - nous, A-



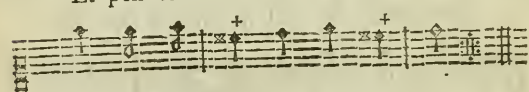
mi Gré - goi - re, Dé - bri - dons-



nous, pour mieux paître & mieux boi - re;



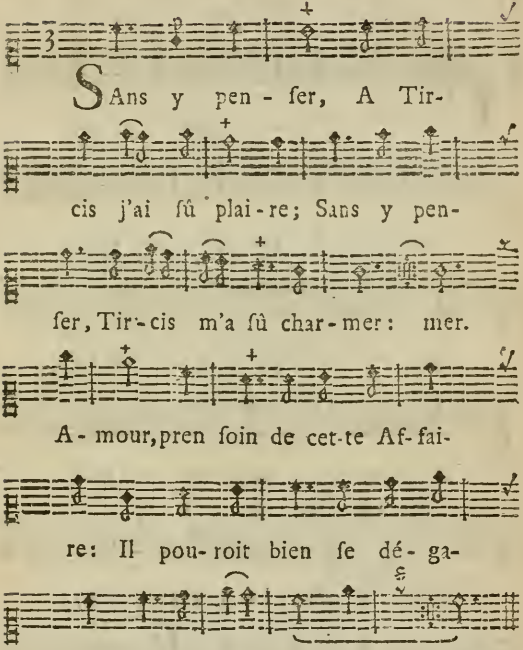
Et pen-dons au croc la Rai - son,



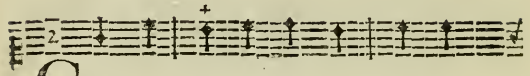
Et pen-dons au croc la Rai - son.

PE-

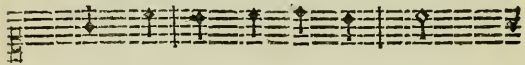
PETIT AIR.


SAns y pen - ſer, A Tir-
cis j'ai ſû plai - re; Sans y pen-
ſer, Tir - cis m'a ſû char - mer: mer.
A - mour, pren ſoin de cet-te Af - fai-
re: Il pou - roit bien ſe dé - ga-
ger, Sans y pen - ſer. A-, &c. ſer.

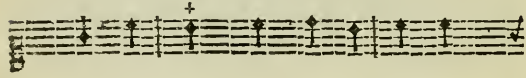
VAUDEVILLE.



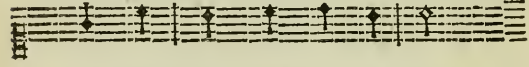
CHers A- mis de la Bou- teil-le,



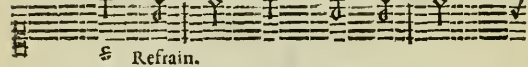
Sui- vons le Pe - re Ba - chus,



Dé-pê-chons qu'on la ré-veil-le,

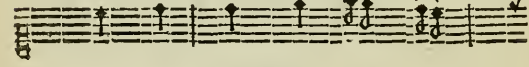


Et ſouf- flons tous de ce Jus;



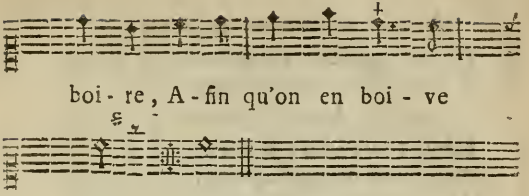
Refrain.

Haut le cu, Le - vez le cu,



a - fin qu'on en puiſ - ſe

boire,



Pour diſſiper l'humeur noire,
Que me cauſe ma Catin,
J'en veux jour & nuit reboire;
Ce remede eſt ſouverain.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

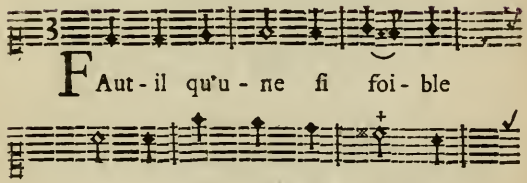
Tu charmes, belle Climeine,
Qui te voit le verre en main,
S'il te rend moins inhumaine,
Quel triomphe pour le Vin!
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

Vous, que l'Amour deſeſpere,
Par des tourmens rigoureux ;
Voulez-vous vous en défaire ?
Buvez tous de ce Vin vieux.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

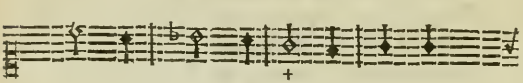
Toi, dont la vive tendreſſe,
Te fait aimer de Catin ;
Pour qu'elle t'aime ſans ceſſe,
Bois ſans ceſſe de ce Vin.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

Quand l'humeur mélancolique,
S'empare de mon Cerveau,
Pour faire au chagrin la nique,
J'ai recours à mon Tonneau.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.

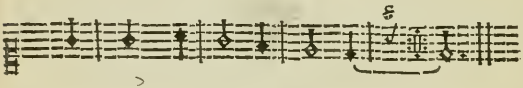
Que la Vie eſt ennuyeuſe,
Sans Bachus & les Amours;
Puiſqu'ils la rendent heureuſe,
Aimons & buvons toujours.
Haut le cu, levez le cu,
Afin qu'on en puiſſe boire,
Afin qu'on en boive plus.



dé-bi-le & boi-teux; Et le Vin,



ſon Fils, nous fait fai-re Des pas



tor-tus com-me ſa Me-re. re.

Aimer eſt ſouvent incommode,
Ne pas aimer eſt ennuyeux.
Amis, il eſt une méthode,
Qui fait accorder tous les deux.

Aimons celui qui nous fait faire
Des pas tortus comme ſa Mere.

Amis,

Amis, paſſons le tems à boire,
La Paix nous donne du repos,
Et ne cherchons plus d'autre gloire,
Que celle de vuider les Pots.

Et ſi l'Amour nous fait la Guerre,
Défendons-nous à coups de Verre.

J'ai mépriſé long-tems Silvie,
Quoiqu'elle ſoit belle en effet;
Mais, je l'aime autant que ma vie,
Depuis un Songe que j'ai fait.

Qui fut que deſſus une Treille,
Bachus la changeoit en Bouteille.

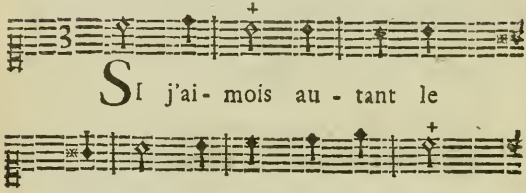
De ſon Corps de Lis & de Roſe,
Il n'en eſt reſté qu'un long cou,
Qui n'eſt bon à rien autre choſe,
Qu'à faire ſans ceſſe glouglou.

Auſſi ſans feindre je puis dire,
Que c'eſt tout ce que j'en déſire.

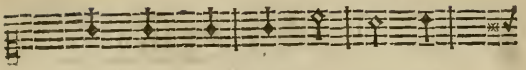
Eſt-

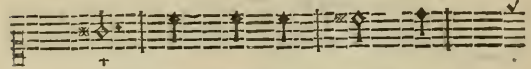
Eſt-il une Beauté pareille
A cette charmante Liqueur ?
Le tein de la Roſe vermeille,
Eſt moins brillant que ſa couleur.

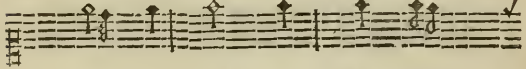
Amis, d'un Jus ſi délectable,
Ennyvrons-nous à cette Table.

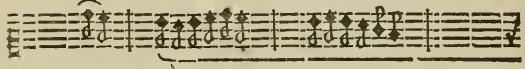


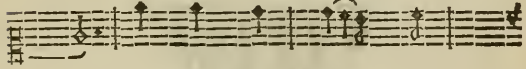
J'en

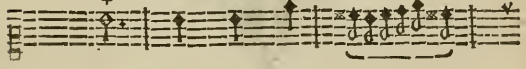

J'en boi - rois du ſoir au ma-

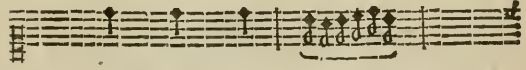

tin ; Et quand je ſe - rois


las de vi - vre, Je me

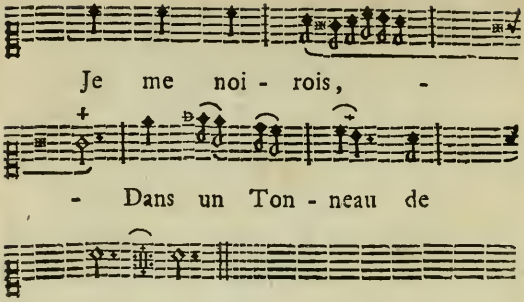

noi - rois - - -


- dans un Ton - neau de


Vin, Je me noi - rois, -


Je me noi - rois, -

Je



FIN.